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THE THEATRE

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1911. Feb.

THE THEATRE



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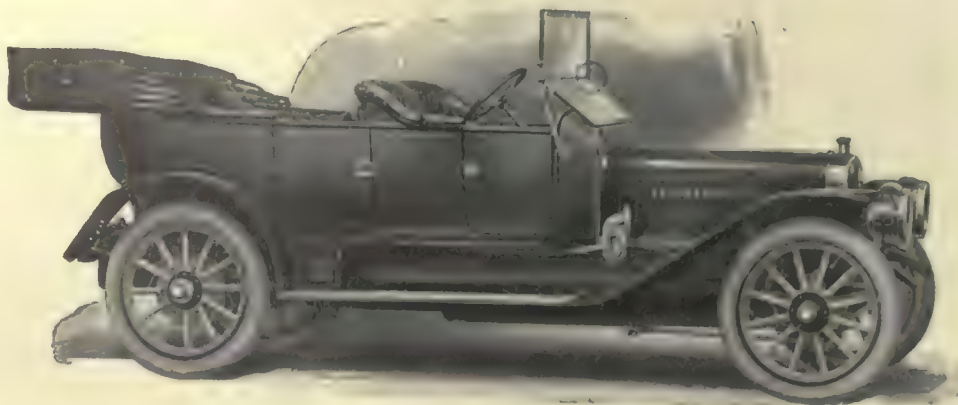
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS SISTER BEATRICE



White

SCENE IN "CLEOPATRE," SPECTACULAR BALLET PRODUCED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

TWO years ago when Mlle. Pavlova and M. Mordkine appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in their Russian dances, it was hinted that New York had been given only a taste of the genuine "Ballet Russe" and that next winter a much larger company with numerous star solo dancers would be seen here in all the elaborate productions of the repertoire. One ballet in particular, "Sheherazade," by Léon Bakst, a chapter from the Arabian Nights Entertainment, with all its settings of Oriental mysticism and costumes of barbaric splendor, would, it was announced, create a veritable sensation. Gertrude Hoffmann, an American dancer whose Salome performances are familiar to this public, saw the "Ballet Russe" in Paris and conceived the idea of organizing a company of her own and bringing it to New York in advance of the opening at the Metropolitan. She succeeded in prevailing upon certain members of the Russian Ballet Company to associate themselves with her, and the result is the present engagement at the Winter Garden.

There can be no question as to the success of the venture. On the opening night the spectators went wild with enthusiasm. Such dancing, such stage settings, had never before been seen on our stage. Even if the organization could boast of only one dancer of the artistic distinction of Lydia Lopoukova it would still be a notable one. This gifted little dancer, who is not yet nineteen years old, held the audience spellbound. In her youth and grace the spectators saw the reincarnation of Taglioni. Her every movement was a delight and she fairly danced her way into the audience's heart. Another marvel of the terpsichorian art was Alexander Volinine, *premier danseur* of the Russian Imperial Theatre, whose European reputation long ago put him at the head of his profession. He is a purely classic dancer, handsome of physique, and with a grace and strength that evokes wonder and admiration. He carried Lopoukova through the intricate figures of their dance with a skill and ease truly remarkable.

The entertainment is divided into three parts, each being a

ballet of different type. The first, "Cleopatre," is a love drama with a tragic finale; the second, "Les Sylphides," a series of dances to Chopin's music, and the third, "Sheherazade," an Oriental love drama well interspersed with tragedy.

The setting of "Cleopatre" shows a shrine in the desert. There is a high-columned hall of Egyptian type, affording a view of the Nile between the pillars at the back. Amoun, a young archer, loves a girl, but Cleopatra, the Queen, arrives, wins the archer from the girl, and condemns him to die the next morning. Before the Queen's curtained couch takes place the famous *Bacchanale* dance, executed by twenty dancers. This scene, with its whirling draperies, brilliant-colored costumes, solo marches and dances, was most striking and drew forth unrestrained applause from the spectators. Gertrude Hoffmann appeared as Cleopatra, while Marie Baldina was the archer's sweetheart. Theodore Kosloff played the archer. Mlle. Lopoukova executed a solo dance as leader of the *Bacchanale* and brought down the house.

"Les Sylphides," given to the accompaniment of Chopin's music, belongs to the more conventional school of ballet dancing with toe dancing and filmy white skirts. The performers were Lydia Lopoukova, Alexander Volinine, Mlle. Cochin, Marie Baldina and Mlle. Gluck, with a *corps de ballet*. The ensemble work of the company was best seen in "Sheherazade," described on the programme as "a chorographic drama." The story is familiar to all readers of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the scene being the Harem of the King of India and China. The King and his brother go on a journey, leaving their wives under the guard of Chief Eunuch. Their masters have no sooner disappeared than the wives persuade the guard to let them have the keys and, opening the doors, they allow the men slaves to enter. There ensues a noisy revelry, at the height of which the King and his brother return. Soldiers are summoned and all are killed except the King's favorite (Gertrude Hoffmann). She begs for mercy and when the King, refusing, orders her execution,



Mandelkern

LYDIA LOPOUKOVA

Première danseuse of the Russian Ballet at the Winter Garden



GERTRUDE HOFFMANN AS ZOBEIDE IN "SHEHERAZADE"



White

ALEXANDER VOLININE IN "LES SYPHIDES"

she kills herself with a knife snatched from one of the soldiers. In this ballet there is plenty of Oriental languor, passion and wild dancing, which at times verges on frenzy, and the riot of brilliant costumes is almost bewildering. But it is all well stage managed and artistic in every detail. Both in "Cleopatre" and "Sheherazade" Alexis Kosloff won great applause for some wonderful solo dancing. There is an orchestra of seventy-five musicians, ably conducted by Max Hoffmann. Money has certainly not been spared in presenting the Russian Ballets on a magnificent scale. Their season at the Winter Garden should be a success.

CASINO. "PINAFORE." Comic opera in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Revived May 29 with this cast:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter,	Bill Bobstay.....Eugene Cowles
K. C. B.....Henry E. Dixey	Bob Becket.....Robert Davies
Capt. Corcoran...Geo. J. MacFarlane	Josephine.....Louise Gunning
Ralph Rackstraw...Arthur Aldridge	Little Buttercup.....Marie Cahill
Dick Deadeye.....De Wolf Hopper	Hebe.....Alice Brady

It was a curious coincidence that the all-star revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in New York should occur almost simultaneously with the death of W. S. Gilbert in England. This sad circumstance alone serves to stimulate interest in the present revival. New York theatregoers have always been fond of "Pinafore," and the fact that the production at the Casino is in the hands of an all-star cast should not

in itself be allowed to prejudice the operetta in the public mind. But while "Pinafore," even at this late day, may wear better than most pieces of its class, it can hardly be said that the opera has for present-day audiences the attractiveness and interest of earlier performances. As the times change so does our sense of humor. Possibly we go backwards, but we change for all that, and it is only by courtesy that we can say we are in touch or in sympathy with operettas written for audiences of two generations ago. The music of "Pinafore" still charms with its pristine grace, but there is much in the book that drags. The comedy sounds forced and many of the lines hang fire, and from these faults not even a star cast can deliver us.

Comment has been made that certain characters are not represented in the original Gilbertian manner. Exception is taken to Miss Marie Cahill's daintiness of attire as Little Buttercup. This character is the bumboat woman who rowed out to the ships, selling goods to the sailors. That the singer brought over by Gilbert and Sullivan for the part was large is true, but she was not ungainly. Without dwelling on this particular controversy, we may observe that there is a seeming tendency in recent revivals of old plays to disregard traditions and to substitute a new spirit for the old. Actors of the day, popular for qualities of their own, are selected for their drawing power and without regard to their fitness for the parts. This tendency or custom will finally make revivals (Continued on page viii)



White

MARIE BALDINA AS TA-HOR IN "CLEOPATRE"



CLAUDE DEBUSSY

"The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian"



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

"THE Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the new work by Gabriele D'Annunzio, with music by Claude Debussy, was performed for the first time at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, on May 22 last. Ida Rubenstein, the beautiful Russian dancer, once a member of the Imperial ballet, and now wife of a Russian millionaire, appeared in the title rôle. Additional piquancy was given to the *première* from the fact that the Archbishop of Paris issued a pronouncement calling upon all Christians to abstain from witnessing the performances.

The play, says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, is a typical mystery play, closely following the legends of the Middle Ages. The action takes place at Emese (Syria), where Sebastian is Chief of Archers. Slowly his words and miracles convince people of his supernatural greatness, and all who are miraculously healed by him join him in the work of converting unbelievers. In its treatment, the work is an artistic novelty. The words and music do not help each other in the usual way, but each completes the other. When the characters use the spoken word, the music is silent. When speech stops, the music takes up the thread of the drama.

Conductor Caplet, of the Boston Opera House, who conducted the work for Manager Astruc, had this to say of the music:

"It is a new Debussy that is revealed in this work—quite unlike the Debussy we know through his 'Pelléas at Mélisande.' In this new work, which I consider so great that no other present-day French composer could aspire to a like achievement, Claude Debussy has combined the simplicity of Palestrina with such brilliancy of musical thought and such a richness of orchestration as to make one fairly stagger.

"In short, there is no doubt that the music of 'Saint Sebastian' is the completion of the composer's previous works. There are many novel phases in the music, and to begin with, he has changed the equilibrium of the orchestra, in that the

part of most importance is given to wind instruments and the harp. Then there is a total absence of *leitmotifs*. It is true that each act has a prelude, but each act is separately treated, and each prelude is intended to lend the necessary atmosphere to the coming tableau. Without being a Debussy enthusiast, one must recognize 'Saint Sebastian' as an epoch-making work. The music alone will make it world famous.

"The play opens with a prelude intended to picture the Christian soul in all its purity and exaltation. The curtain rises revealing two

Christian maidens chained to pillars. Their song gives a wonderfully vivid idea of their physical weariness and torture. Sebastian appears, and to give the sufferers courage dances over burning coals. The music of this dance is one of the best pages of the work. First the pain and then the joy of martyrdom are told in tones impossible to describe in words.

"A hymn glorifying the Heavenly Power which puts such fortitude into man follows, and when Sebastian shoots an arrow into the sky, and the arrow does not return, and the crowd sees in this the proof of his sanctity, both the chorus and the orchestra proclaim his new fame in tones that depict the transformation of sorrow into joy. Then a vision of heaven is seen and a chorus of angels sing hallelujahs. The chorus in that gradually grows in strength until it reaches a force that was unknown until Debussy reclassified orchestral instruments.

"The second act shows the chamber where magicians and astrologers try to decipher the future, hidden behind a mystic door. There is a new sonority in the prelude that is quite astonishing, when it is taken into consideration that Debussy employs no tricks, as Strauss does, in search for effect. The pathetic scene in this act is provided by the death, through torture, of a young maiden whom Sebastian had converted. Her death prayer is an Italian song of the Middle Ages.

"As the action proceeds, Sebastian enters and bat-



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN

Who plays the title rôle in "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." D'Annunzio prevailed upon the actress to diet herself so that her form might the more closely resemble that of a youth.

ters down the mystic door. Behind it rises a new force—Christianity.

"Debussy's music at this point—the portraying of the battle of Christ's teachings with the spirit of heathendom—is so thrilling that, although no word is spoken, the scene is of the highest dramatic effect.

"The prelude to the third act prepares the hearer for the coming scene, which pictures the court of Cæsar Augustus in all its splendor and brilliant grandeur. Cæsar offers honors to Sebastian, which the latter refuses. A hymn to Apollo follows, and then Sebastian portrays the march of Christ to Calvary. Not a word is said. The care of describing the different emotions of the saint, the tyrant, and the crowd, is left entirely to the music. It is only after several minutes that the crowd takes up the plaint of endless suffering and limitless pity.

"The fourth act pictures the real martyrdom of Sebastian. He



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. ADELIN DUDLEY
(The Sorrowful Mother)



Photo Bert, Paris

MME. VERA SERGINE
(The Enfevered Woman)

is bound to a cross and archers shoot arrows into him, while the chorus and orchestra are painting in tones of sufferings, musically speaking. The most remarkable thing of this act is the orchestral description of the meeting of Sebastian and an old priest just before the former's death.

"The fifth act pictures paradise. The whole act passes without a word.

"It is here," concluded M. Caplet, "that Debussy resembles Palestrina most. What sublime simplicity and remarkable brilliancy he reaches can only be judged on hearing the work, and Americans shall have such an opportunity, for I expect to give 'St. Sebastian' in concert form at the Boston Opera House next season."

The play is not considered a triumph, according to the opinion of the leading European critics, but it is believed that Debussy's

music may win success for this newest work of D'Annunzio's.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says regarding it: "In this latest work D'Annunzio reveals the feverish and disconcertingly strange talent of his books, and, considering the subject and its sacred as-

An American critic who was present at the *première* in Paris pronounces the work "oppressive and dull." Writing in the *Musical Courier*, he says: "It is the story of one of the persecutions of the fourth century under the master mind of Dio-

cletian, whose motives were of the Roman intellectual calibre and not merely the brute force of the fanatic. The play is announced as of the 'Mystery' order, and it follows its project into the very construction of its verse and meter, retaining the medieval 'mystery play' character in all the more distinct characteristics. Symbolism abounds in action, in text, in dramatic relation and in the groupings. But the absence of the lyric quality renders it morose, oppressive and at times dull and featureless.

One long passage of elocution follows upon the other until the patience of even interested listeners is sorely taxed, and it becomes apparent that D'Annunzio, be he dramatist or not, gives no evidence of this in the play. The motive aims at proving that martyrdom is the demand for death, not its acceptance; it is the insistence upon death, the absolute exaction and mandamus, commanding that death be inflicted that makes the sublimity of martyrdom. This is the foundation of the D'Annunzio 'Martyrdom,' and the figure of San Sebastian, after banishing his king-



Photo Bert, Paris

M. DESJARDINS
(The Emperor)

"M. Debussy's music is admirable. In this collaboration he seems to reveal himself the greater poet of the two. His music, while essentially modern, is constantly delightful to the ear. The soft effect of descending semi-tones which we loved in the *'Après-midi d'un Faune'* enraptured us again with watery harp accompaniments and quivering sustained tremolo of the violins, while his delicate choice of subtle and unusual intervals was a constantly recurring joy."

ly outfit, follows the pre-Raphaelite Perugino, Lippi and Mantegna outlines.

"Of chief interest to our readers would be the music of Debussy, and what I heard of it recalls the same tone mood that Debussy has now made famous through his application of the pentatonic scale. The music was identified with the play."

The Critic and the Public

AT various times there have appeared in this magazine expressions of views upon the utility of the dramatic critic.

But these were the views of the critics themselves, and of actors, playwrights and managers, all intensely interested and all slightly biased—as is quite natural. These four classes deal so largely with the exclusive world of the theatre that their view of the subject lacks perspective. For, after all, it is the public which counts! For the public pays.

Now, just what does the dramatic critic mean to the public at large? What is his importance? His influence?

This is a very busy world, and a great many things happen every twenty-four hours. Mr. Husband is a typical business man (not necessarily of the abhorred "tired" variety), and over his coffee and eggs each morning he reads the market reports, the "business troubles," and, most probably, scans the headlines of the accounts of political affairs and of the sensational crimes and accidents of the moment. He may even glance over the editorial page. Then he may remark: "Here's an account of that new play produced last night." He doesn't read the review; he hands it to Mrs. Wife, who, nine times out of ten, does read it. And why? Not because she is interested in an analysis of the technical faults or successes of the play, and of the star's work; nor is she interested in the mention of the minor actors, so painstakingly praised or blamed in the final paragraph. Not at all. She merely wishes to know "what the play is about." For these are people who do not follow closely theatrical events, who read the preliminary notices with no more than casual interest, who are not acquainted with "professional people," and who, in fact, represent the great, normal, busy bulk of our population—the "paying public."

If the play deals with some problem in which Mrs. Wife is not interested, or presents some star for whom she does not care, no amount of critical praise will draw her to the theatre. If, on the other hand, she admires the star, or finds that the play affords an opportunity for seeing many gorgeous gowns, or if the story of the play attracts her, beyond the general résumé, the reviewer's words of wisdom will have no effect on her. But suppose that, in the first case, she meets her friend, Miss Matinée Girl, who tells her that "the play is fine," or, in the second case, tells her "it is an awful bore, even with Mr. (or Miss) Star in it," and she will accept the guidance of her wholly uncritical friend in preference to that of any professional critic. The fact that women make up the majority of the audiences points to the importance of her opinion—however valueless it may be, critically considered. And, since they are the balancing factor, if they do not regard the dramatic critic's dicta, who does in the great public?

When his Sunday article appears, with its thoughtful and mature consideration of the play, do the Mr. Husbands and Mrs. Wives read it? Study your acquaintances among this great class, and you will find that the answer is "No." Out of every one hundred of the even fairly well-educated readers of the Sunday papers (and always excluding those who, for one reason or another, are professionally connected with the stage), surely less than ten ever read these critiques. And out of this hypothetical ten or less there are sure to be some who read the detailed articles merely to be able to talk intelligently about a play which they have not seen—just as many persons read book reviews.

Have, then, the critics no influence over the ultimate failure or success of a play? For answer, consider the number of plays which have failed, though the critics praised; and consider the number of plays which have succeeded despite their disapproval. How does it happen that an actress whom every reliable critic in New York has proclaimed to be "no actress at all" can draw paying houses, while an actor who has fine technique and intelligence, experience and equipment, has never been a com-



Sarony

GRACE FREEMAN

As Marjorie Joy in the revival of "A Country Girl" at the Herald Square



White

Geo. J. MacFarlane as Capt. Corcoran

Marie Cahill as Little Buttercup

Act I. Little Buttercup reveals to the Captain his true identity

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S COMIC OPERA, "H.M.S. PINAFORE" AT THE CASINO



Photos White

EDITH HELENA, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE ABORN ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Miss Helena is a New York girl and possesses a soprano voice of phenomenal range. She has been heard in almost every large city from San Francisco to Munich, the home of Wagner, and her repertoire includes all the well-known operas

OF all the gifted men Ireland has given birth to never, per-

A Nineteenth Century Goldsmith

haps, was there a more original genius than the eccentric W. G. Wills. He has aptly been dubbed "a nineteenth century Goldsmith," for he had all poor Noll's childlike simplicity, and equal capacity with him for blundering. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Wills was the more versatile genius. Not since the days of Samuel Lover has there been such a many-sided man. As a writer for the stage he came at the psychological moment, and helped to establish the fame of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. But if he had not been a notable poetic playwright, most assuredly he would have become the fashionable portrait painter of his day. Art was in reality the goddess of his idolatry, and, writer though he were, he lived the life of an artist amidst studio surroundings. Few men so well brought up have been so frankly and consistently Bohemian. Many capital stories are told of his bland disregard for *les convenances*, and some of these have been vouched for by his biographer and brother, the Rev. Freeman Wills. He would lend (or rather give) money freely to any insinuating loafer who chanced to have his acquaintance, but he had a constitutional inability to discharge his ordinary debts. One night, just after having received a large sum of money in payment of some dramatic work, he strolled into the Garrick Club. Learning of his replenished purse, a friend who had lent him a five-pound note deemed it a propitious moment to ask for a return of his money. In such cases Willie Wills had a stereotyped answer. He was very sorry, but pressing demands of

many kinds made it imperative to delay the discharge of his obligation. Knowing the ways of the man, his friend was in nowise disconcerted, but bided his time until later in the evening, when he knew the dramatist would have forgotten all about the conversation. So he made himself scarce for an hour or so, and on his return boldly asked Wills for the loan of a "fiver." "Certainly, my dear boy, certainly," said Willie, diving his hand into his pocket and pulling out a number of loose sovereigns. "Help yourself!"

"Wills's early struggles and privations, added to the natural tenderness of his heart," we are told by his brother, "made him very compassionate to broken-down men of letters. Whenever he himself had money in his pocket he was always ready to share it with the literary wrecks that drift about so hopelessly in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. One of those whom he thus assisted was a man named Pyecroft. On a cold winter night, returning to his rooms, he found Pyecroft coiled up outside his door asleep. He brought him in and improvised a bed for him on chairs, and in the morning shared his breakfast with him. Pyecroft showed an appreciation of his hospitality by staying on for many months, becoming a fixture in the chambers. Some days after he was thus installed a friend visited Willie Wills and found him muffled up in his great

To Julia Marlowe

You come from the meadows of morning
With dew in the folds of your gown,
And you carry its freshness and fragrance
To us who are shut in the town.

Our dreams are fulfilled in your coming,—
The saints and the lovers draw near,
The Maiden of France with the lily,
And the passionate, pale Guenevere;

The girl of Verona awakens,
Laughs low, and draws breath with your
breath;
And Francesca has surcease a moment
From the terrors and tempests of death.

Oh woman of romance and wonder,
Who quickens our sense of delight,
Return and again reawaken
The spirits that dwell in the night.

SARA TEASDALE.

coat, smoking a pipe on the stairs outside his own door.

It was then bitterly cold weather. 'Why don't you go indoors?' asked his friend. 'Well,' he said, 'Pyecroft has the greatest objection to the smell of tobacco and I would not like to

Scenes in the Revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Casino



Photo White

Sir Joseph Porter (Henry E. Dixey) Josephine (Louise Gunning) Captain Corcoran (Geo. J. Macfarlane)

ACT I. THE CAPTAIN URGES JOSEPHINE TO MARRY THE ADMIRAL



Bill Bobstay (Eugene Cowles) Hebe (Alice Brady) Josephine (Louise Gunning) Ralph Rackstraw (Arthur Aldridge)

ACT II. JOSEPHINE AND RALPH PLAN TO ELOPE



Sarony

MAY BLANEY

Who played the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler"

offend him—he is my guest.' Those whom he treated with such gentle consideration, and whose feelings he would not have hurt for the world, were often utterly selfish and careless of his and robbed him right and left without compunction."

Wills had a tobacco-box on the mantelpiece of his studio which he made the receptacle of all his loose cash, and as the locusts who surrounded him were at liberty to help themselves, it ran no risk of overflowing. He told his brother once, with the confidence and simplicity of a child, how much he was puzzled by the fact that when he left an odd sovereign or two in his pockets, on changing his clothes, he never by any means could find them afterwards. He was utterly unconscious that he was being robbed, and to hint at the bald truth was to run the risk of losing his friendship.

One of Wills's cronies was a ragged literary man named Russell, a versatile genius like himself, whom he had chanced upon at the South Kensington Museum. He, too, became a fixture in the studio. One evening the dramatist's old friend, W. L. Woodroffe, called at about 7 o'clock, and found him

preparing to visit Cromwell House, whither he had been invited for dinner by Lord Cairns. Willie's usual custom on such occasions was to buy a shirt at the last moment from the little haberdasher's 'round the corner. It mattered not that all the shirts in the establishment were provided with buttons. Wills had a simple means of making them available for the use of studs. He took a pen-knife and stabbed the necessary holes through the front. Woodroffe on this occasion had the misfortune to be wearing in his shirt three quaint old studs made of carved turquoises and diamonds, all fastened together with a fine gold chain. These were of considerable value, and were an heirloom in his family. Wills expressed his admiration of the studs and his friend rather foolishly lent them to him for the dinner party. A few days later Woodroffe called round to regain possession of his property and was blandly told by Wills that Russell had stolen the shirt (his usual perquisite) and pawned the studs. Willie begged and prayed of his friend to say nothing to Russell about the matter, as he had already reprimanded him for his conduct, and Russell had given him his word never to offend again. "It did not suggest itself to him," adds the Rev. Freeman Wills, from whom we have adapted the story, "that the net result of the whole transaction was the loss to his friend of his valuable studs. He objected even to ask Russell for the pawn ticket; he said that after the conversation he had with him it would hurt his feelings to reopen the subject."

Nearly all Wills's plays were written in bed to the accompaniment of a rusty old musical box which had lost several of its teeth. Consequently it could do little more than travesty the operatic selections it was originally designed to render. From this it may be gleaned that the temperament of the man who wrote "Charles I" and "Olivia" was not of the highly neurotic order. As a matter of fact, Wills became wholly oblivious of his surroundings when in the throes of literary composition.

A story is told which seems to show that, notwithstanding all his open-handed generosity to poor dependents, Wills was not readily responsive to beggars. But as an Irishman, he liked to hear, as well as to say, pleasant things, and might be wheedled by flattery as well as touched by pity. On one occasion when he was walking slowly through the streets, absorbed in a newspaper, Mr. Beerbohm Tree came up behind him and for a joke imitated the conventional whine of a mendicant. But his "Please, sir, will you give me a copper?" only elicited a "Go away, go away," from the abstracted poet. "Ah, Mr. Wills," continued the embryonic theatrical knight in a wheedling voice, "many is the time I have applauded your beautiful plays from the gallery." The gratified dramatist immediately put his hand into his pocket and was dropping a shilling into the beggar's hand, when he recognized his tormentor.

One very curious and somewhat uncanny anecdote of W. G. Wills remains to be related. He was particularly sensitive to adverse criticism, and always dreaded the strictures of Dutton Cook of the *World*. One night in December, 1883, shortly after Cook had dealt severely with "Claudian," a party of friends was assembled at Wills's house and the hostile critic came under discussion. Simply to amuse his guests the dramatist proposed to take his revenge after the approved methods of ancient witchcraft. Seizing upon a lump of wax, Wills rapidly modelled an admirable miniature bust of the offending critic and set it beside a roaring fire where all might watch it melt away. The very next day, without any forewarning, poor Dutton Cook died.

As with many another brilliant Irish writer, W. G. Wills's genius and gifts were painfully expatriated. Neither in poem, play or picture did he give any expression to the *cri de coeur* of his native land. The only crumb of consolation to his fellow-countrymen lies in the fact that two of his plays first saw the light in Dublin, both at the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street. "Sappho" was brought out there in 1875, and "Bolivar" in 1879.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Theatre Going in London

TO amusement through Hades is the first impression of the American playgoer in London. The impression has more reality than have many of the illusions which he is to see in the name of entertainment, for one descends into an inferno of possibilities of fire. Down you go, feeling your way along twilight steps, and down again, and even a third time, down narrow staircases to the seats of the prosperous, in the most famous theatres of London. One flight and the roar of the streets becomes a thin echo, two flights and it is a memory, three flights and it is an eager anticipation.

"It must be damp," said my rheumatic companion in one of these invasions.

"It is a firetrap," said my nervous companion, slipping into a seat to think uninterruptedly of holocausts.

I silently observed that it was both.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree said: "Our playhouses are drab and unattractive and ill-lighted," and the London press unanimously granted him permission to lighten and brighten them as much as he liked. There is a shade less reverence in England than in America. In America we revere attainment, not place. In England they revere neither. But the newest knight of the boards told the truth, though he has not accepted the unanimous invitation of the press to further illuminate.

Within, the London theatres are, as a rule, neutral tinted and indifferently lighted. The faded splendors of an old-fashioned drawing-room, part of the unrenewed magnificence of a perishing estate, are characteristics of the interior of London playhouses. Outside, their walls have the mottled appearance that suggests the mange and provokes in the clear-eyed, energetic American a desire to scrape them, in preparation for painting. By day thus, by night the moon and stars playing tricks with their walls and roofs, the walls have to the fanciful eye a leprous look.

As you leave your carriage the procession of tiptakers begins. The colossal person at the door, whose gold lace trimmed uniform is as imposing as your own evening clothes and whose expression is one of unbending, uncompromising dignity, and whose height so overtops yours that you feel shrinking and apologetic, this splendid person who condescends to open your carriage door and waves you within, must have his sixpence. The mincing young woman in cap and apron who leads you to your seat must have another sixpence, for if you have only a threepence in change and hand it to her with regrets she looks at once grieved and haughty. The other capped, aproned young person who sells you a programme must have sixpence for the programme and threepence for herself. You sink into your chair relieved, but not unobserved. A pair of calculating eyes have watched your entrance. Their owner presents a tray and entreats in a low English voice:

"Lemon squash, Madam? Coffee, cake?" In rapid crescendo of surprise: "Bonbons?"

You murmur ineffectually that you have just dined, but you find a glass or a box in your hands, and, looking abashedly about you, find you are not alone in your plight. Other hands are encumbered. Other faces are an embarrassed pink. But the maid has secured the equivalent of twenty cents for the English equivalent of lemonade, plus a perquisite to her own fair, persistent self. She has achieved her purpose with you, and you see her down the aisle harrying others who had come to see art and met commerce.

You cover your opera bag with your fan and try to count your money by the sense of touch. The prospect that you will be able to pay for your taxicab home is dubious. The tickets for the



White

ETHEL LEVEY

As Sarasa, the Spanish dancer, at the Folies Bergere

play have cost more than you expected. Quite apart from these unexpected tips, the entrance fee to a London theatre is approximately fifty cents more for each person than in our own most expensive theatres.

Presently one becomes aware of a portion of the audience to which the dainty and supercilious young persons in caps pay no entreating visits. Whereas your companions are all attired as becomes their surroundings and their entrance fees, in low-cut frocks and silk or velvet wraps, their hair newly coiffed, this element seems to have come straight from the factory or shop or workroom, in crushed shirtwaist and wrinkled skirt. Probably, since this is London, their shoulders and sleeves bear marks of recent rain. For this is the pit, and the pit stands in line sometimes for hours, in the instance of the Ellen Terry testimonial twenty-four hours, regardless of the elements, to buy its tickets and take its seats in the order of its coming. For the pit knows no preference and it gives none. When you have craned your neck, for you cannot look at it without the rudeness of the twisted, inquiring neck, you encounter the keen eyes beneath the frowzy hair of England's most dreaded critic. Players fear him. Authors cringe to him. Managers have nightmares about him, this critic with neither fear nor favor, this commune of the

drama, the pit. It seems scarcely alive, so set are its faces, from which London imprisonment in shop and factory has driven every vestige of red. Only the eyes are red and keen as a knife, and as bright. Silently the pit waits. It is as wordless as a jury listening to the evidence in a homicide case. At the close of the play, and players have pleased, it bursts into deep-throated cheers. If one or any have displeased, the portentous sound is heard, a sound that makes actors sicken and

fluttered feeling of having been hurried through her dinner, and of the meal having lodged reproachfully near her last rib. And she accounts as a desirable asset of the playhouses in London that performances begin late, and some of them are preceded by one-act plays, permitting the guests arriving at nine to see the chief play of the evening in its entirety.

Contentedly while braiding one's hair for the night, the new playgoer, reviewing the evening's experiences, realizes that, while



FELIX WEINGARTNER, THE DISTINGUISHED ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR, REHEARSING WITH LUCILLE MARCELLE

Felix Weingartner, the great orchestra conductor who succeeded the late Gustav Mahler as director of the Vienna Opera House, which position he relinquished last season in order to devote himself to composition and conducting orchestral concerts, has been engaged by Mr. Russell for a short season of three weeks to conduct in Boston some Wagnerian operas, for which Weingartner is famous. Miss Lucille Marcelle (also seen in the above photograph), who has been selected by Richard Strauss to sing the part of Electra in Vienna, is a dramatic soprano who is rapidly coming to the front rank of operatic singers. She is an American girl, and for the past year has devoted her time to giving song recitals exclusively of Weingartner's composition.

whiten, a sound that is like the moo of an angry, tail-lashing cow, the boos of the pit.

Aside from the candor of the pit, rather better manners prevail in the English playhouses than in our country. The stalls and orchestra are as silent as the pit while the play continues, and at the end are less explosive. We hear no personal comment upon play or players or audience during the play, nor in the entractes, nor as orchestra and stalls make their quiet way to their carriages. They know that their comments might reach the ears of friend of player, or author, or management. Criticisms wait for the coffee cups, a most desirable rule. Moreover, one is conscious as she steps into her cab that she does not feel as though she had been flattened for three hours in a torturous compressing process. They provide wide chairs and reasonable space between seats in London. She lacks, too, that

the possibilities of subterranean horrors by fire are appalling, that the absence of fuss and flurry in starting is admirable, and the lack of personalities in orchestral conversations most grateful.

The commercial instinct, which Kitty Cheatham translates as being the instinct of acquisitiveness, lives large in the European breast, as in our own, but the European has not the day and night and always operative system of acquirement. His meals, for instance, are a sacred rite with which nothing must interfere. Accordingly, he literally shuts up shop while the rite is in progress. In Paris, as in London, the prices for theatrical amusement are higher than in America, the difference being practically a half dollar for the same grade of entertainment. It is a tax which playgoers pay for the European tradition and atmosphere that in Continental capitals hang about the temples of amusement, as canopy and tapestries adorn palaces. A. P.



White

CHRYSTAL HERNE AS MRS. CLAYTON IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "AS A MAN THINKS"



SARAH BERNHARDT GIVING A PERFORMANCE OF RACINE'S TRAGEDY, "PHEDRE," IN THE GREAT OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Notable Open-Air Theatres in America

CALIFORNIA will soon be known the world over for its unique out-door theatrical performances. The classic Greek Theatre at Berkeley is the principal scene of these important productions, in which the world's greatest artists have won new laurels. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt had always wanted to give Greek drama in a Greek setting, but not till she came to the Pacific Coast immediately after the great disaster to San Francisco, five years ago, did she fulfill this dream. On

May 7th, when the divine Sarah gave a performance of Racine's "Phedre" at the Greek Theatre, the present writer crossed the bay from San Francisco to Berkeley to witness what is generally considered the farewell appearance of the great French actress on the Pacific Coast.

The open-air coliseum of the University of California is a revelation to all who behold it. Erected at a cost of \$100,000, it was the gift of William R. Hearst, and has a seating capacity of more than 7,000. While the general plan of the structure follows the classic theatre at Epidaurus, it is

by no means a copy of this, but a distinct creation in the Greek spirit. Nineteen tiers of cement seats rise in a semi-circle on the steep hillside around the stage, which is backed by a monumental cement wall divided into panels by fluted columns. In the orchestra circle below 1,600 chairs can be placed, which, with the upper tiers, afford a seating capacity of over 6,000 people, exclusive of the stage, which holds another thousand.

The assembled audience makes an impressive scene. The

touches of bright color here and there, the animation of the great raised semi-disc of humanity, backed by the dark fringe of rustling eucalyptus trees, with the blue sky overhead, makes up a novel spectacle.

At the end of the second act of "Phedre," while Mme. Bernhardt was bowing to the applause, an interesting scene, not on the programme, was enacted. A committee, consisting of Professor Foulet, Consul-General Merou, and Professors Armes, O'Neil and Haskell, of the University Committee on Music and Drama, went on



Photo H. F. Stoll

BERNHARDT PRESENTED WITH A HUGE LAUREL WREATH AT THE GREEK THEATRE, ON MAY 7TH LAST, AFTER HER PERFORMANCE OF "PHEDRE"

the stage. In a short address Professor Foulet thanked the French tragedienne for her visit, recalled incidents connected with a former appearance of the great artiste, and declared that the Berkeley Theatre had not proved unworthy of the tradition which she had established. He then presented her with a huge laurel wreath, whereupon Consul-General Merou added a few complimentary words, and on the impulse of the moment grasped the hand of the actress and kissed it. It was a trying ordeal for Mme. Sarah, and she could only repeat "*Merci*" as she bowed herself gracefully from the stage.

The Greek Theatre at Berkeley was built in 1903, and while the students had previously given several excellent classic productions, notably Aristophanes' "*Birds*" and Sophocles' "*Ajax*," its real theatrical history dates from May 17, 1906, when Mme. Bernhardt first appeared as the passionate, vengeful wife of Theseus, and made its vast stage known to the most famous visiting stars, who are now happy to be honored with an invitation to play in the great amphitheatre. Sembrich, Gadski and other great singers have

been heard to advantage there in concert.

Maude Adams has given two memorable evening performances there. On one visit she acted "*L'Aiglon*," and last year she appeared as Rosalind in "*As You Like It*." On the latter occasion the bowl of the theatre, as well as the stage, was utilized in creating a remarkably realistic Forest of Arden. Some idea of the elaborate scale on which the play was presented may be had from the number of people who took part in the production. Besides the twenty-five acting parts in the drama, there was a chorus of sixty singers, eighty-five supernumeraries, forty-five pieces in the orchestra, and a working staff of forty people engaged in the mechanical side of the production. The only occasion when anything of like proportions has been attempted was when Miss Adams played Schiller's "*Joan of Arc*" in the Harvard Stadium at Cambridge. But the large sum spent at the Greek Theatre in providing a suitable setting was justified, for over 8,000 interested spectators filled the seats and the receipts totalled over \$12,000.

Miss Adams looked charming as a greenwood Diana. Her



Photo H. F. Stoll

MAUDE ADAMS

As Rosalind at the open-air theatre at Berkeley, California



Photo H. F. Stoll

8,000 PERSONS LISTENING TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, BERKELEY



Photo H. F. Stoll

PERFORMANCE OF THE BIBLICAL PLAY, "DAVID," AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

half-boots of doeskin were topped by hose of a neutral green, and a dappled skin of graceful cut formed the jerkin from which a fawn-colored cloak hung almost to the ground. An Italian cap, with a little feather, rested upon her boxed curls, and a formidable spear furnished the requisite touch of masculine swagger.

An amusing feature of the production was the anxious efforts of the newspaper artists to secure pictures of the star during the progress of the play. The poor combination of electric light and moonlight made it necessary to use flashlights for photographing purposes, and it was not until Miss Adams came to the front of the stage and seated herself on a property stump that they were assured of success. Then, to the surprise of many

in the audience who were absorbed in the play, there was a sudden report like a bomb, a lurid flash, and several camera fiends could be seen scampering to the side.

It was during the preparations for the production of Sophocles' "Antigone" at the Greek Theatre, a month later, that the romance in the life of Margaret Anglin began. Howard Hull, whom she recently married, was cast for the part of Haemon. No one at that time realized that the ardor the actor put into the rôle of the lover had any special significance.

Never can one forget the beauty of the scene as the audience gathered in the twilight of a perfect summer day. Seated a half-hour before the performance began, this gave an excellent chance to watch the transformation of the great open-air theatre

as the daylight faded. When darkness came, the tiers of seats and the fringe of eucalyptus gradually disappeared, while overhead the stars began to twinkle. Then strong lights were thrown on the stage, music from a hidden orchestra could be heard and the players entered. The audience was spell-bound, and the absolute quiet permitted one to hear the rhythmic dialogue as well as in any closed theatre, for the acoustic properties are absolutely perfect.



Photo H. F. Stoll

MARGARET ANGLIN IN A SCENE FROM "ANTIGONE" AT THE GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY



Photos by Moulin and Waters

1 The Grove stage of the Bohemian Club, showing David Bispham in the centre, singing the title rôle. 2. David Bispham delighting the Bohemians with an impromptu concert in the Redwood Grove. 3. Miss Helen Cook as Michal and George Manship as Saul in "David" at the Forest Theatre, Carmel-by-the-Sea. 4. Scene from Professor Morse's Grove play, "St. Patrick at Tara"

SCENES FROM RECENT PRODUCTIONS IN THE FOREST THEATRES OF CALIFORNIA

Equally as notable, but of an entirely different nature, are the "Grove Plays" of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. They all have a forest setting, for no scenery is used, and the performance is continuous, there being no division into acts. The component parts of the presentation are dialogue, songs, choruses,

inclined portion of the stage in a zig-zag course to a point over a hundred feet in a straight line from the lowest platform and at an elevation above it of some sixty feet. But these figures are deceptive, for both of the distances seem to be much greater, particularly at night. The hillside is a natural sounding-board,

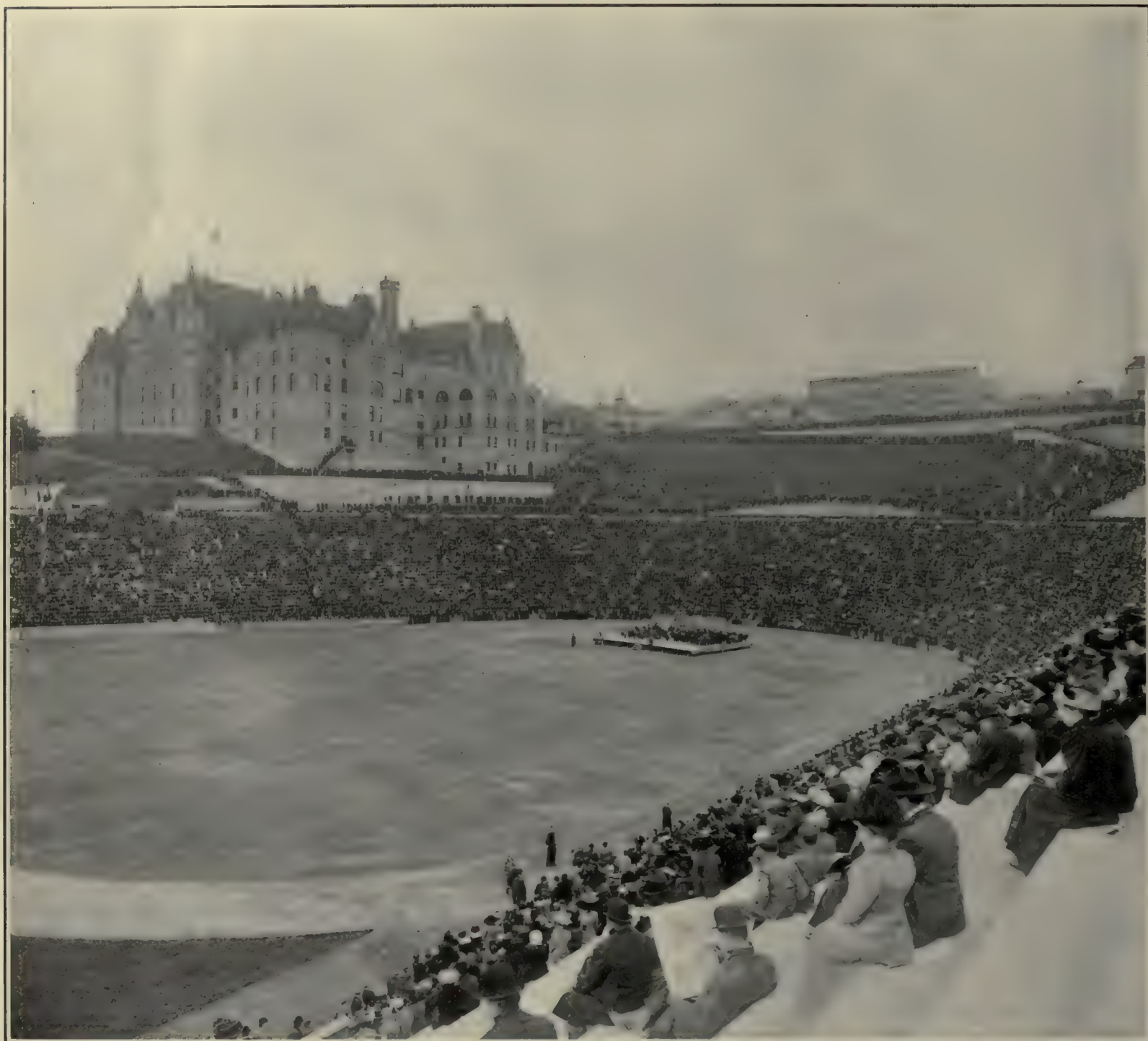


Photo H. F. Stoll

THE TACOMA THEATRE, WHERE MARGARET ILLINGTON WILL PRODUCE "THE MEDEA" THIS SUMMER

dances, and orchestral interludes. One of the club's literary lights prepares the book and a musically gifted Bohemian is responsible for the music. About \$10,000 is lavished on each production, and nearly a thousand business men, professional men, artists and newspaper workers struggle for the honor of insuring its success. The plays are given at nine o'clock on the Saturday night nearest the full moon of August in the club's own grove near Guerneville, on the Russian River. This grove consists of two hundred and forty acres of forest land, situated seventy-five miles from San Francisco, and contains some of the finest redwood giants on the Pacific Coast.

The stage is situated at the foot of a wooded hillside, and is framed by the trunks of enormous trees, that form a natural proscenium. In front is an orchestra-pit, partly hidden by ferns, and large enough to accommodate the fifty or more of the best professional musicians that can be engaged in San Francisco. A rugged trail concealed by underbrush ascends the

and the acoustics of the place are so good that words spoken in a normal tone from the highest point on the trail by a person whose voice has ordinary carrying power can be distinctly heard at the back of the auditorium glade.

It is not an uncommon thing for travelers to so arrange their itineraries that they will be in California at the time of the Bohemian outing, which, if they come with letters to a member of the club, they may be privileged to see. Members who reside in Eastern States sometimes cross the continent to attend the encampment. David Bispham did this last year when he sang the leading rôle in "The Cave Man," and enthusiastic Bohemians like Joseph Redding, who wrote the libretto for Victor Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma," have even cut short European trips in order to reach California in time for the annual festival.

As yet neither professionalism nor publicity has contaminated the grove performances. The only persons that see the productions are the members and the

(Continued on page vi)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Moffett, Chicago

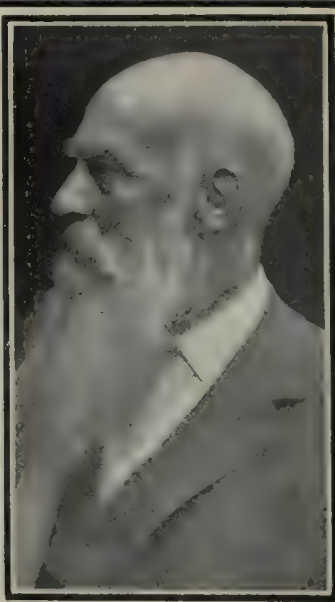
SALLIE FISHER, NOW APPEARING IN CHICAGO IN A NEW PLAY ENTITLED "THE HEART BREAKERS"



HELENE, BARONESS VON HELDBURG



THE NEW MEININGEN COURT THEATRE
Built last year after the old one was burnt down



DUKE GEORGE II. OF SAXE-MEININGEN

The Meiningen Players in an American Play

IT was in the early Spring of 1907, whilst the present writer was staying in snowed-up Berne, in Switzerland, and working hard at the German translation of Rann Kennedy's "The Winterfeast," that a letter came from him. "My dear boy," it ran, "I am working at a wonderful thing. I am quite carried away by it myself; and so will you be when you return." Soon after that, in April, I returned to England for the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, and whilst in Stratford I received the first complete copy of "The Servant in the House." Then followed wonderful days, reading and *living in* this unique work, which, to the attentive reader with an open heart, constantly touched new strings, discovered new parallels and relations to the past, the present, and the future. In Stratford, also, I met Walter Hampden, the first "Manson," who later, with the play in his pocket, sailed for America, and did not rest till it was performed there. Its career and triumphs in the States are well known to readers.

In Germany, however, things went more slowly. But the Germans have a proverb which says, "Gut Ding will Weile haben!" (Good things must have time!), and another one, which also bears on the case, tells us that "What takes a long time turns out well!" It was almost four years after the completion of the German translation before a German manager was found who was willing to put the piece on. In several of the large papers favorable criticisms on Kennedy's work had already appeared before its German production. Many well-known authors and men of other professions of entirely different trend of mind had spoken enthusiastically about the play, and were hoping for a performance. Amongst them were Hermann Bahr, the highly-gifted Austrian novelist and dramatist, who is now well known and appreciated in America as the author of "The Concert," and the Roman Catholic priest, Father Expeditus Schmidt, who is also a learned authority on literature, and especially on Ibsen. Bahr wrote of the play that for years no drama had given him such great and pure impres-

sions. He found in it not only a man in the best and fullest sense of the word, but the whole universe. Father Schmidt called the author "a Christian Ibsen." But although many of the important managers in Berlin and elsewhere highly appreciated the play also, none would venture to give a performance. They were all afraid of the public and the press. The originality of the idea and its working out, its very simplicity and straightforwardness, but especially its English dress and its theme, which was wrongly considered to be only religious, made them hold back. Now-a-days no one has the least inclination to take up religious questions in the theatre; they only go to be amused, nothing more. How often had I to listen to these views! It was of no use explaining to managers whom I interviewed about the play during my many trips to Germany, that this was not only not a "religious" play, nor a play on a specially English

theme, but on the life or death of a soul, clothed in a foreign dress, it is true, yet treated in a way to make a universal appeal, and so simply and naturally as to be easily understood by educated and uneducated alike. But even if Kennedy had laid the scene of his play in the moon, amongst creatures not belonging to any known nationality, managers would still have refused it! They could not help feeling that here was something new and uncertain, and they feared the risk. And all the time there was growing amongst the German people a need for a deeper religion, a desire for more clearness on the great questions of life, a longing to give up the merely material—the only god worshipped for so long—and a better understanding for Christ's words: "One thing is needful." And parallel with that a new search began for a *real* religion, a questioning as to how much of what has been handed down to us we can still accept to-day. Thus, suddenly, in apparently sceptical Germany, the figure of Christ became again the centre point of interest and discussion, and the heat of the argument on the questions, "Who was Christ?" "Did Christ live?" betrayed how



MAX GRUBE
Intendant of the Meiningen Court Theatre

deeply all hearts felt. Books were published on the subject; scientists and theologians lectured on it; the Emperor himself was present at one of them on the subject of "Babel und Bibel."

During all this, Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," was biding its time. Then, when the psychological moment came, a manager, the courageous Intendant of the Royal Court Theatre of Meiningen, Max Grube—himself one of the finest actors on the German stage and already well known in America

Perhaps the Meiningen performance is also responsible for the changed views of the English papers, which now begin to speak of Kennedy as an "English" dramatist, although on the occasion of the run of "The Servant in the House" in London he was dismissed with rather a pitying shake of the head, as if his play was anything but a work of importance and distinction.

Much time and care were spent on the preparations for the production in Meiningen. Although a part of the public was



Copyright L. Otto Weber, Meiningen

The Bishop
(Herr Stahl)

Manson
(Herr Nachbaur)

Drainman
(Herr Osmarr)

SCENE IN ACT I IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," AS ACTED BY THE MEININGEN PLAYERS

—was found to produce it. After what I have just said it will be easily understood that the piece would deeply interest, even thrill, its audience. No wonder that it was one of the greatest successes Meiningen had had for many years, that the audience, discussing the play enthusiastically, were only brought with difficulty to leave the theatre, and that I, as the author's representative, had to appear repeatedly before the curtain to thank them! The play is soon to appear in book form, published by the famous firm of Cotta & Co., the original publishers of Goethe's and Schiller's works. It is to be given in Berlin during the coming Autumn, and the theatres in other important towns are much interested in it. It is also going on a tour through Southern and Eastern Germany very soon, and will be played in such towns as Augsburg, Würzburg, Regensburg, etc. The newspapers have hailed it as a choice fruit, and as a sign that America* has now rare dramatists living and working for her.

*Charles Rann Kennedy, formerly a British subject, having recently applied for his naturalization papers, may properly be styled an American author. Since his success with "The Servant in the House" the English newspapers show a readier disposition to claim him as a British dramatist.

against the piece, without even knowing from first hand knowledge anything about it, Intendant Grube nevertheless held bravely to his decision. It had got about that the piece was very "free," and that sufficed to make the heads of the Schoolmistresses' College forbid their pupils to see the play! In spite of all that, though, the applause came, spontaneously and straight from the hearts of the hearers. Grube himself "produced" and staged it.

He had arranged a stately room, noble, yet "intime," on the walls of which hung a genuine Renaissance picture in warm, beautiful tones, sent from the Ducal palace itself, whence came also, through the kindness of the Court Marshal, several beautiful things for decoration. Copies of Dürer's four Apostles whose faces, glowing with earnestness and fervor, seemed to invite inward confession and repentance, looked down from the walls of the room where the miracle of the regeneration of these human souls was to be wrought. Each of the seven players gave of his best, gave even more—himself, body and soul. Herr Nachbaur, who played Manson, had felt the spirit of true Freemasonry in his

part, and kept that idea steadily before him while he preached his holy truths and shed the light of his love around him. Herr Osmarr's Bob was a most exceptional performance in its great simplicity. He was to the life the common workman, full of class-hatred and narrow party spirit. Then, as the Sun of Love fell on him, he grew and grew; you could almost see it working in him, see the ice of his heart melting, see him transformed into a hero! Fräulein Helene Thimig, who has been secured by the Court Theatre in Berlin for next year, had struck, with astonishing intuition, exactly the right note as Mary, and was the fresh young English girl as if to the nature born. Her "Mary" seemed to live and move before us. From the first moment of her appearance till the fall of the curtain at the end she lived in gesture and expression, every mood of the part. Sorrow and joy, roguishness, love, trust, and fear, even fleeting moods, which were still only half-conscious thoughts, were mirrored in her expressive face. The Vicar was in the hands of Herr Roebeling, an actor whose earnest performance was imbued with thought and feeling, and Fräulein Hellmund as his wife ("Auntie") brought much love and care to her task. Hermann Thimig, a brother of Fräulein Helene Thimig—both children of a distinguished Viennese actor—was a fine and humorous Rogers, and Herr Stahl, as Bishop of Lancashire, although he made the part rather old and shaky,

played it on these lines logically and with a sure touch; his facial make-up, too, was admirable, with its sharp, intelligent features. Out of these seven stars Grube had created, as it were, a unified constellation. He saw to it that unity of impression and style, climax and restraint, were preserved. The distinctive characteristics of the performance were greatest simplicity, yet intensity, no unnecessary pathos, no stagy gestures; one felt that the action was passing in the innermost recesses of the souls. Thus the great scene between father and daughter moved the audience profoundly; the least approach to weak and cheap sentimentality was avoided, and the hearers were made to feel that something human and real was going on before them. The message of the play went home in this way, even more than would have been possible by over-emphasis.

It was a particular honor for the piece that it should make its first appearance in Germany in the Meiningen Court Theatre, for this is the home of the celebrated "Meiningers," who, about twenty years ago, made their famous tour through many lands giving Shakespearian performances. Not only did they win a great triumph for themselves then, but they also influenced greatly the dramatic art wherever they played, and earned honor and fame for the German theatre outside its own land. This great epoch in their history had been prepared by Duke George himself. At a time when Germany's theatrical art and drama were at a very low ebb, and had sunk to mere playing with trifles, when no new poets were coming to the front and the public would hardly listen to the old ones, Duke George, a born producer and artistic director of great talent, undertook to foster a love for the great classical poets and make them honored once more. And he succeeded in his undertaking in the most brilliant way, faithfully assisted in his work by his consort, Baroness von Heldburg. She herself was once an enthusiastic

and highly-gifted actress, who had joined his theatre and finally became his helpmate, esteemed and loved by all. That he could succeed as he did in his endeavors was through his great artistic gifts and strength of character. For him truth was everything.

Truth and genuineness, inward as well as outward, were the two pillars on which his art was founded. Unnecessary splendor of mounting for the sake of splendor he hated, for his only aim was that nothing should detract from the sense of the poet's work; on the contrary, he always tried to bring the play nearer to the audience and to make it live before them. His ideal was to awaken the old classical dramas to a new, full life. They should speak for themselves out of their own time; the audience should imagine itself living in the period and, as contemporaries of the characters in the play, take an intimate interest in them. Hence the vivid and life-like crowd-scenes, such as those in Julius Caesar, which simply carried the audience with them at will, as if they, too, were part of the crowd. In order to bring about all that, discipline was absolutely necessary. This the Duke achieved, not through severity, but through the natural dignity of the ruler. And as he himself is a true artist—many excellent and life-like designs by him of groups and scenes from that time still exist—he allowed his artists freedom in development. Thus, in this atmosphere of combined artistic liberty and discipline, a number of



White
CATHRYN CLARK
Young leading woman who will be seen next season in a metropolitan production under the management of A. H. Woods

fine actors grew up (amongst them Intendant Grube himself), and the great ensemble was created. That these great traditions are being preserved was evident to me by the Shakespeare productions I saw whilst in Meiningen, two of which were "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Measure for Measure," both seldom seen in Germany. The *mise-en-scène* was noble and the performance full of zest and roundness, in which the principal theme was always clearly emphasized without the sacrifice of details.

There is still another reason why it was an honor for Kennedy's play to make its first appearance in Germany in the Meiningen Court Theatre: in it, at the express desire of the Duke, the first battle was fought around Ibsen's "Ghosts" in Germany. How this came about was characteristic of the Duke, and that he, the avowed lover of the classics, should be the first to bring out this Ibsen play shows the broadness of his mind and interests. When he had had it announced that he intended having "Ghosts" performed in his Court Theatre, a perfect storm of horror arose. No one would buy tickets. But the Duke was equal to the occasion, so he commanded the doors of his theatre to be thrown wide open, and any who wished to see the performance could walk in free! Such was the first performance of "Ghosts" in Germany, or, if I am not mistaken, in any country. The world did not come to an end, and Meiningen still stands where it did. And in London the piece is still forbidden by the censor!

Meiningen is not troubled with such fears now, so Kennedy's play, in spite of the small current against it to which I have already alluded, came through its first performance with flying colors and hearty applause. It will now bear fruit in many directions, for it will preach the true religion: the love of humanity and brotherhood.

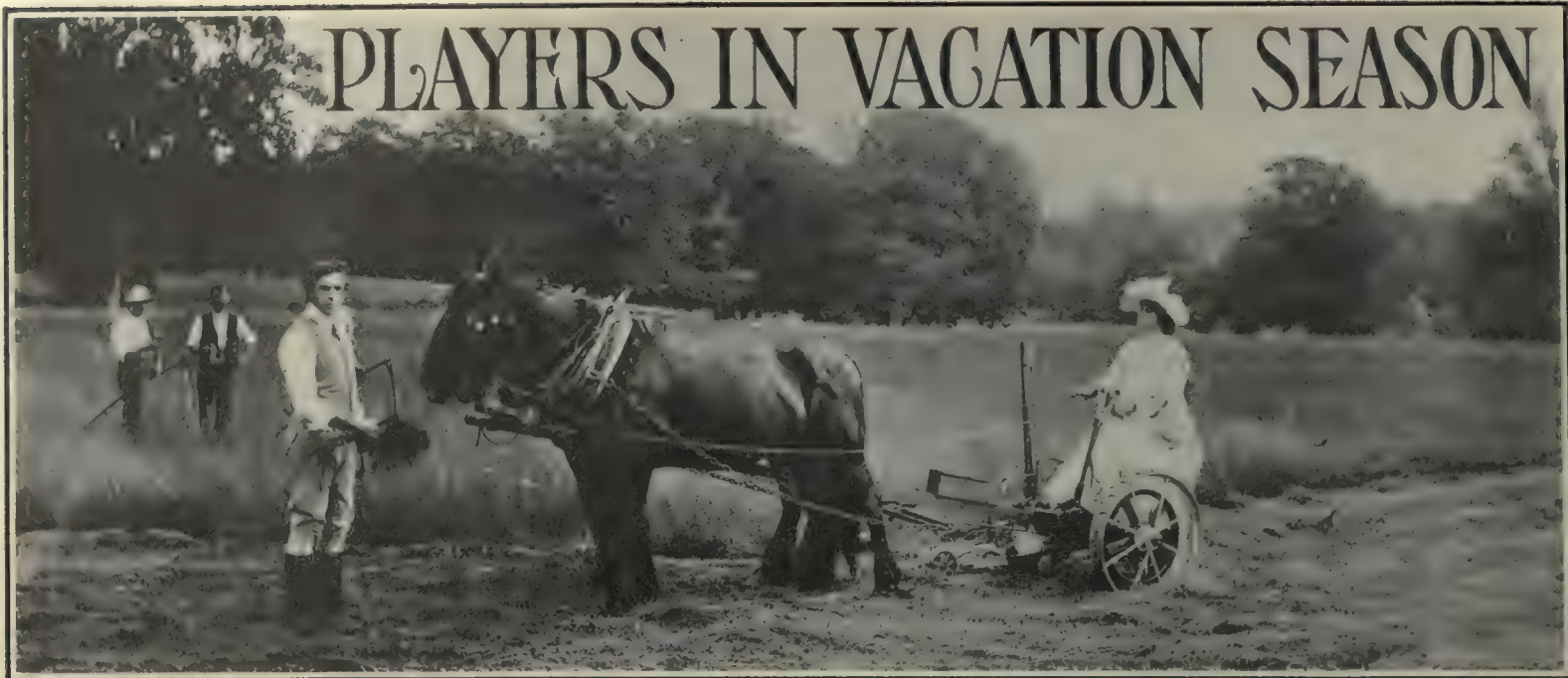
FRANK E. WASHBURN FREUND.



White

APHIE JAMES AND PAUL McALLISTER IN A NEW PLAY BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AND FREDERICK A STANLEY,
ENTITLED "JUDY O'HARA."

PLAYERS IN VACATION SEASON



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND JULIE OPP ON THEIR FARM IN SURREY, ENGLAND

THE hegira to Europe to witness the coronation of George V was a nearly general one by the players of the United States. Yet there remained behind some distinguished exceptions.



EDNA GOODRICH
In the grounds of her home at
Great Neck, L. I.

Lillian Russell and Blanche Bates, deciding that what an actress who plays to the crowd every season needs between seasons is to escape the crowd, have each elected to rest as far from that madding element as possible. Miss Russell chose a cottage at Chelsea, a quiet suburb of Atlantic City, leaving it now and then to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs. Leona Ross, on the newly acquired family farm in New Jersey. Here and at Ossining, N. Y., she and Miss Bates exchange visits. Her farm, two miles from the grim gray towers of Sing Sing Prison, Miss Bates esteems her greatest blessing, greater than her success, greater than the radiant personality that draws to her friends as a lodestone collects vagrant filings, greater than the magnificent health to which, by the way, the farm has so greatly contributed.

The farmhouse, therefore, was open all summer, as it was open all winter. Miss Bates, making a brief excursion to Hot Springs, Ark., to drink a few gallons of ill-smelling and ill-tasting water for her stomach's sake, after her play closed, rushed back to the farm, to rest there in calm content. Before her play opens in the autumn she will motor to and from California.

Frances Starr, having considered offered cottages by the sea, returned to the spot of all her summer vacations, Lake George. "For I know what that is," she said with a philosophy worthy an older head. There she will spend half the day in the saddle, the rest in the cottage garden, studying her part in the new play which, on September 15, she will begin rehearsing.

Christie MacDonald, having dashed across the ocean to take a few lessons from her vocal teacher, Mme. Rudini, in Paris, as is her habit, will dash back again via Montreal, that she may actually have a brief time of

real rest at her favorite place of midsummer repose, a little brown bungalow on Bass Wood Island, in the Thousand Islands. She will have at the Island her invariable all-the-summer guests, her mother, her sister, and the family cat, "Prow," so called because she has noticed that instead of saying "Me-ow-ow," as do ordinary cats, he always utters the mystic syllable, "P-r-r-ow." She is an expert at handling a motor boat, and is as proud of her success in running the Burnum's famous "Dixie," the unbeaten American champion in the International Cup Races that are held annually in the St. Lawrence, as she is of the phenomenal triumph of "The Spring Maid." Fishing is a favorite pastime, and visitors to the bungalow are treated to one of the St. Lawrence institutions, a "rock dinner," at which guides cook the fish caught by the party and spread the feast on the rocks, the unlucky fishermen sharing the feast by the generosity of the successful, as sometimes happens at life's table.



Lillian Russell and Blanche Bates near
Miss Bates' home in Ossining

Elsie Janis has paid her annual visit to the old homestead, which she restored and enlarged, and which the family have named El Jan. Miss Janis is regarded as the most graceful tennis player in the town in whose suburbs stands El Jan, Columbus, Ohio. Fred Stone, of Montgomery and Stone, enjoys himself in outdoor sports at Stonehurst, the comedian's villa at Amityville, Long Island. Mrs. Stone (Alene Crater) is always a delighted and interested spectator of her husband's athletic sports.

Frank Daniels' happiest hours, he asserts, are spent loafing on the veranda of his place at Rye, N. Y. Laura Nelson Hall, with a vacation from "Everywoman" a most remote probability, spends her Sundays and fractions of Mondays in her trim cottage, which she has named The Hut, because it doesn't

(Continued on page vii)



EVA DAVENPORT AT BLOCK ISLAND



1. Elsie Janis at her home, "El Jan," Columbus, Ohio. 2. Christie MacDonald at her Summer home on Bass Wood Island, in the St. Lawrence. 3. Julia Dean at Harmon-on-the-Hudson. 4. Fred Stone at his country place, Amityville, L. I. 5. Blanche Bates in the automobile in which she will make a tour to California. 6. Laura Nelson Hall, her son, and Wm. J. Hurlbut, at Wading River, L. I. 7. Frank Daniels on the porch of his home at Rye, N. Y. 8. Wilton Lackaye at Shelter Island. 9. John R. Green, Mrs. John R. Green, Stanley Burger, and Grace Livingston Furniss at Siasconset. 10. Adelaide Prince at her country home at Delaware Water Gap.



Photo Moffett

The "Make-Up" Half Hour with Mabel Hite

A ROSE-COLORED curtain hangs before Mabel Hite's dressing room at Wallack's Theatre, and Minnie Wallack, neatly attired in gray-striped fur, gives one first greeting. Minnie Wallack is the cat that lives hard by the stage door of the historic theatre, and that, according to the attachés of the theatre, from the stage doorman, up or down, wields the fortunes of the house. It was a good omen, they all said, that Minnie squatted at Mabel Hite's feet on the stage floor at the dress rehearsal of "A Certain Party," and, after gazing deep into the young star's eyes, brilliant hazel eyes, with her own amber ones, sprung upon the little actress' shoulder, and with arched back rode proudly about on that perch through one of her most difficult scenes.

New fashions are not always the best. Managers are proud of their success in providing comfortable and hygienic dressing rooms in the new theatres they are building. I've paid visits to all these dressing rooms in the New York theatres, but not one has appealed to me as quite so homey or so thoroughly hygienic as the star's dressing room at old Wallack's.

The breeze of a May afternoon was blowing the curtains inward from the two capacious windows that looked upon Thirtieth Street, and through which the ceaseless noise of Broadway came as the distant drone of a hive of bees.

The cheerful square room had more of the air of a woman's sitting room than of the adjunct of a theatre. I saw no theatrical pictures about. The sofa was draped in a new cretonne, with life-size, self-colored roses tumbling over a cream-colored background. There was a rocking chair, and two or three easy chairs invited ease of body and of spirit. Although the little clock on the dressing table gave its testimony that it was five minutes of two, the star sat before her mirror, rouging her cheek and exchanging laughing confidences with a young woman friend. The friend wore such a becoming hat that I fancied those confidences were of millinery. Miss Hite was crimsoning her cheeks with a trusty

rabbit's foot. She wore a soft yellow kimono, that gave an Oriental touch to an intensely American personality.

"When did you find out you were funny?" I asked the youngest and one of the most successful of eccentric comedienne.

"I didn't; Eva Tanguay did," she returned, turning one rose-red cheek to the mirror to assure herself that it was as red as the other. "My mother met Miss Tanguay. It was at a hotel in Kansas City, and I suppose there were the usual intima-

tions to a visiting artist that there was local talent round about waiting to be appreciated. I sang for Miss Tanguay, and I remember that she explained to mother that some children who are clever grow up quite the reverse, and she advised her to put me on the stage at once. I went on at thirteen in vaudeville."

Previous to this, we might pause to explain, there had been two periods in the little comedienne's life career, the first four years in her native Kentucky, and nine years following those, while her family lived in Kansas City, where she went to the public schools and sprained the comprehension of her teachers.

"You are a bright child, Mabel," said one of the sufferers, "and you don't seem malicious with your mischief."

That a child could make monkey faces and perform strange contortions with her little eel-like body, and yet be affectionate to her teachers and interested in her lessons, in fact, not be headed straight for a reformatory or State's prison, was an unsolved puzzle to the teachers in the public schools of the city on the Kaw River. But school teachers are not famed for their sense of humor.

How many women were? How many of her women acquaintances had a sense of that which until recently has been presumed to be denied women, a sense of humor?

Miss Hite stopped in her deft work of applying blue tints to her eyelids and thoughtfully dusted white powder over the lids to soften the blue.

"I can't make an estimate in numbers," she said, "but there are many, a great



Moffett

MABEL HITE IN STREET COSTUME



Moffett, Chicago

MABEL HITE IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

many. When one dines or lunches out she nearly always meets one bright woman, several, in fact. And to be interesting at table, to say bright things and keep people amused, is the work of a comedienne. They might not happen to have the power to get those bright things over the footlights, but they are in some degree comediennes. Many women have a sense of humor who have never had an opportunity to develop it. I have a number of friends in private life who could become successful comediennes."

Vanity is believed—by men—to be a fault owned exclusively by women, and that all women share it. But I've known women who were wholly lacking in it. They would have been happier had they possessed it, for vanity is the flattering veil through

which we look at the truth about ourselves. To my collection of unvain women I add Mabel Hite. A girl with marvelous eyes and at least ten degrees of featural superiority over most girls, she makes herself look a freak on the stage, and joys in it. We talked of the alleged exclusively feminine possession, and Miss Hite, screwing up her pretty forehead thoughtfully while she carmined her lips, said:

"I've never had anything to be vain of. Besides, I've never known anybody worth while who didn't have too much sense to be vain. No matter how successful anyone may be, she never knows when she'll get a terrific bump. She'd better be humbly ready for the bump."

There are rumors that this remarkable young star takes her

chorus girls out to dinner, and this heinous departure from the rule she laughingly admitted.

"Did you hear of the joke I played on the girls?" she gurgled. "I called an extra rehearsal and they came, bless their hearts! without grumbling, and found it was a beefsteak party. The girls would do anything for me, and I would do anything for them."

"But I can't believe the stories I hear of how stars ignore members of their company. I know those stars and have found them so charming that I think there must be some mistake about it. Sometimes they may be preoccupied and forget to speak, but I don't believe it is intentional. As for me, I like to be liked. I like people and I want them to like me. I have always thought it is fine when something unpleasant is said about one to know that there will be some one about who will say, 'Oh, I don't think so. You see, I know her, and I am sure you are mistaken.' It is the finest thing in the world to have friends."

When Miss Hite had had her short apprenticeship in vaudeville she played twelve characters in "The Burglar and the Waif," and followed, with one intervening person, Clara Lipman in "The Telephone Girl." She succeeded Eva Tanguay in "The Chaperones," then created the rôle of Querness, "a part I named myself, she was such a queer young one," in "The Girl and the Bandit." It was during this engagement that Miss Hite nearly fulfilled her own prophecy of the fatal effect of a raise of salary.

"I had often said to my mother, 'If I ever earn two hundred dollars a week I shall not survive the shock. I'll pass away.' The day came. Sure enough, I ran out on the stage and with a shriek fell over backwards. It was the best fall I ever did."

In "The Merry Go Round" she played three parts, one, her most effective creation, being a little Italian maid. Vaudeville with its siren song of salary embracing four figures again wooed her. While she was touring the South she met Mike Dolin, "hard hitter and orator and captain" of the Giants.

"I didn't know anything about baseball and didn't care, and he was the same way about the stage. We didn't know we were interested in each other for two years after that, though I read the sporting pages of the newspapers for the first time and he began to scan the theatre notes. When we did meet two years afterward we began going about

together, and in two months we were married. It is too bad for him to give up baseball, and yet it's so pleasant for us to be together. We study our parts together and rehearse at home."

The face was artistically colored by this time and the small star—there are just one hundred and ten pounds of her—was wriggling out of the yellow silk kimono. We agreed that her robustness was not of the frame, and that the newly risen star would not shine at the washtubs, nor as a porter at the Hotel Martha Washington.

"But I am stronger than I look," she asserted. "I have nine hours of sleep. We have an automobile and manage to get plenty of fresh air. They're both great health preservers, you know. They keep me going."

While the tardily arrived black servitor buttoned her into the odd black gown that made her look grotesquely thin, she told me that no matinée maid was ever madder for the theatre than she.

"When I was a child my one thought was always to go on the stage. I used to shut my eyes when I saw a load of hay and say, 'Oh, I wish that I could go on the stage!' And I was so afraid that if I opened my eyes the load of hay would be turning a corner that I often bumped into people, giving and receiving black eyes. And I used to try to hold my breath until I got to a corner. For if I could hold my breath that long I believed I would get my wish."

There was never any wish but the one. And I am as mad about it as ever. I laugh at the worst farce and cry at the poorest sort of melodrama. I never feel the machinery in the play. I'm seeing. And I have a favorite actress to whom I send notes and flowers and things. That is Marie Cahill. I think she is the greatest American comedienne. Isn't it wonderful how easily she seems to get her effects? There isn't any apparent effort, but how everything she does scores. Oh, she is an artist!" She finished breathlessly, with a rapturous sigh.

"Five minutes, Miss Hite," warned a male voice at the door.

"Yes," was the calm-toned reply. She waited long enough to tell me her dearest dream.

"The greatest aim of our lives is to have a theatre. We could have one now in Chicago. Dear Chicago! I played there once for fifty-two consecutive weeks. When I go back they always make me feel that I am going home. But I suppose New York is the place. Well, we will see."

ADA PATTERSON.



Pardy, Boston Clinton Preston Irene Moore
SCENE IN "ANN BOYD," A NEW PLAY BY LUCILLE LA VERNE.
RECENTLY PRODUCED IN BOSTON



White

Boys of the De Witt Clinton Dramatic Society in "She Stoops to Conquer"

Bad Taste for Art's Sake

HE was a large vaudeville comedian. From the moment of his entrance there was no question as to his popularity.

Everything he said, sung, or did, was noisily approved by the audience. With him in his "act" was a young woman, who sang and danced fairly well, but whose principal business was to efface herself and "feed" the big man.

The girl was not especially pretty. But her short-skirted costume was spangled, and as she carried herself with the reckless gaiety demanded of the vaudeville soubrette, she made a satisfactory foil for her burly partner. She laughed and exchanged badinage with him almost as if she enjoyed it. But, in spite of her professional "don't care" attitude, there was something indefinably pathetic about her. It may have been her rather thin figure, or the flitting wistfulness in her eyes, or the violence with which she danced without moving the audience. Certainly one reason was the grinning carelessness with which the comedian tossed her aside (sometimes literally), as of no account.

And she accepted it all so meekly! So long as HE made a hit, what did it matter about her? Both of them expressed this so plainly that they might as well have said it. Perhaps she was his wife.

So the act went on to an uproarious "finish," with the girl doing all she could to add to the glory of the man. This included laughing at his witticisms to encourage the public to mirth. There was the usual recall, and he dragged her back with him to see him bow his acknowledgments. Of course, the applause was all for him. She came on only because she was part of the "act."

Then it happened. The comedian and the audience were on such good terms that he felt he must do something to keep up the excellent understanding. So, with a wink over the footlights, he suddenly snatched at the girl's piled-up blond hair, and pulled off the whole structure.

It was not a pleasant sight to everybody. There she stood, a pitiful, helpless little woman, her last shred of stage attractiveness gone with the showy coiffure the man was waving at the guffawing mob in front. She put her hand to the poor, scanty wisp of her own hair, twisted into a small pigtail at the back, and tried to smile at the hideous "joke." But there was pain in the smile—the agony of humiliation that only a woman could feel in such a situation. It was only for a moment. She had rushed into the merciful shadows of the entrance while the comedian was still bowing and smiling to the audience.

It was after the performance that the old-fashioned actor in a neighboring café slapped his hand upon the table and declared sonorously:

"I don't blame the actor so much for what he did. His business is to get laughs. The reason he doesn't care how he gets them is that he finds audiences are amused by such outrageous violations of common decency as the tearing off of a woman's wig."

"What made it worse for her was that he took her completely by surprise," put in the "leading juvenile" of a Broadway dramatic success. "He might have pulled her head off. Women's wigs are usually nailed on with about fifty hairpins."

"Aw! What are you talking about?" grunted the song-and-dance man. "That's all part of the act—that pulling her wig off. She has it fixed to give way easily. It's a good bit of 'business,' too. Why, it's a scream every time. They've been doing it twice a day for nearly a year, and it always gets over."

The "juvenile" shrugged his shoulders and remarked, dryly: "So I should judge, from what I saw this afternoon. Was the wig-snatching 'business' her idea?"

"No. His."

"I thought so. Well, I suppose we should not take vaudeville



Moffett

JULIA SANDERSON

Who has been appearing as Eileen in "The Arcadians," and will be seen next season in a new play.

too seriously. A thing like that could not take place on the legitimate stage, you know."

"Oh! Couldn't it?" snapped Mr. Song-and-dance. "Now, let me tell you something. Three years ago I went to one of the swellest theatres in London to see a big musical show. The house was named after the leading comedian. You can judge from that how high he stands on what you guys call the 'legitimate' stage. The prima donna of the company was as great a public favorite as himself."

"Suppose you cut the long speeches and get down to cues," rumbled the old-time actor, impatiently.

"That's all right. I had to give myself a little entrance music. You talk about poor old Blank this afternoon pulling off his partner's wig as if he were the first comic to do anything like that. That English Johnny with his name in electrics on the front of the show-shop did what came to the same thing. It was in high-brow musical comedy, too. I saw it. While he and this lady was speling a duet, he grabbed her hair, and down it came in a tangle all over her face. Gee! She was a sight! The only reason he didn't yank it off was that it grew on her head. When she came on in that scene she looked like a fashion-plate. By the time that high-toned comedian had done with her you'd have said she'd been on a spree in the Haymarket for a week. That's what a woman's tousled hair will do for the best looking of 'em."

"Did the audience 'boo' the comedian?" asked the old-timer.

"Boo nothing! They laughed—just as hard as the Indians in the vaudeville theatre this afternoon."

"Horrible!" groaned old "Palmy Days."

"Oh, I don't know. It proves that the hair-pulling stunt is good for a laugh wherever it's done. All you want is the woman to stand for it. I'm in vaudeville, and I ain't saying that we're over-refined. But we're as good as your 'legitimate' people—authors and actors, too—when it comes to questions of taste. Vaudeville audiences like to laugh, and we do things that make them. If the people in front don't like what we do at any time, they tell us right away—and they're not any way choice in their manner of doing it. It's as likely to be an egg, or a brick, as anything—especially on the road."

"Well, good taste is only comparative, after all," observed the "Juvenile," loftily.

"In vaudeville a great deal of latitude is allowed, of course. Even in musical comedy the standard is lower than in the regular drama."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Old-Timer. "And the curious fact is that actors will do and say things in musical comedy that they would scorn in a serious play. That is not con-

finer necessarily to England or to other foreign countries."

"Go ahead!" jerked out the Song-and-dance man. "You've got an example ready. I can see it in your face."

"Yes, I have. There is a star comedian on the American stage who in these days appears almost exclusively in modern drawing-room comedy. It was not always so. Some twenty years ago I saw him in one of those curious affairs they called musical farce-comedies. In one of his songs he was assisted by an invisible chorus. When the auxiliaries behind the scenes began to sing he pointed a thumb over his shoulder and said, contemptuously: 'Twelve a week.' Now, if those chorus people *were* working for a salary of twelve dollars a week—and even if they were not—it surely was in execrable taste for this prosperous actor to ridicule their poverty. Yet, as I remember distinctly, the audience laughed."

"And it wasn't a vaudeville audience, either, was it?" said Song-and-Dance, triumphantly. "We have our faults, but there are others, you see."

"Yes," drawled the "juvenile." "But that incident you've just mentioned took place twenty years ago, didn't you say, Mr. Palmy-Days?"

"About that. But I don't think the stage has improved in the matter of taste since then," was the prompt retort. "I'll

wager there is more vulgarity of language, if not of action, in the modern society play, than we ever saw in the late eighties."

"Don't forget that 'The Clemenceau Case' was produced about that time, and that 'Sappho' was done in the nineties."

"Those exhibitions were not any worse than several dramas offered to two-dollar audiences in the last few seasons," was the dignified rejoinder. "But I was thinking more about the foul language which is dragged into so many plays of to-day—language that would not have been tolerated when first I went on the stage."

"The 'Big D' was common enough in the theatre twenty, thirty or forty years ago," declared the "Juvenile." "You have only to buy a fifteen-cent copy of almost any of the old five-act plays to prove that."

Mr. Palmy-Days drew himself up with old-fashioned stateliness.

"The 'Big D,' as you call it, was the oath of a gentleman until it became vulgarized," he said. "But there are other expressions

which are simply and frankly detestably blasphemous. One hears them perpetually on the stage, not only from men, but from the lips of women whom we know to be refined."

"Blame the dramatist," rejoined the "juvenile," airily. "If he puts these words in the part the actress must speak them."

GEO. C. JENKS.

A Ballade of the Actor's Rôles

I have been Hamlet, as you know,
Winning the favor of the few;
Macbeth and Lear and Romeo,
And that young lord in "Much Ado";
Goliath, Surface, Richelieu,
Rôles I laid long since on the shelf;
Garrick, Cyrano, and the Jew—
I have been all men save myself.

I have been all men here below,
Like Proteus, donned each form and hue;
The villain foiled and slain the foe,
Squired the dames and tamed the shrew;
Romance's knight with crest askew,
Mocking jester and knavish elf,
Coward and slave and hero too:
I have been all men save myself.

The world's a stage, the endless show
That holds the boards a grand review;
All shadows in the moving row
I in my time have strutted through;
I have been marquis and Yahoo;
I have been Ghibelline and Guelph;
Patrician proud and parvenu:
I have been all men save myself.

ENVOI.

Prince, I have taken every cue
And played all parts for praise and pelf,
Saving one only, the real, the true—
I have been all men save myself.

CHARLTON ANDREWS.



BLANCHE RING (TO THE RIGHT) AND MABEL BARRISON ON A TOUR THROUGH TEXAS



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, June 3, 1911.

ART amateurs have recently enjoyed two fine exhibitions. At the Galerie Georges Petit was shown an "Ingres" collection, which was organized by the distinguished curator of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, M. Henri Lapauze, for the benefit of the Musée Ingres at Montauban, the native town of that great artist.

The second was the exhibition of Dutch masters in the Salle du Jeu de Paume, situated on the terrace of the Tuileries Garden.

While the Ingres exhibition did not contain all the masterpieces of that painter, for the Musée du Louvre cannot lend its pictures, nevertheless it contained some highly appreciated specimens of the work of that master. There is no painter who has been more discussed, more criticized, or more calumniated, than the master of Montauban. In spite of his great talent, and chiefly because of his radicalism in matters of art, he merited a certain amount of this criticism.

Despite the fact that his chief works, the portraits of Bertin, the Source, and the Odalisque, remained at the Louvre, the exhibition attracted crowds of visitors; indeed, all the art lovers of Europe made the pilgrimage. The chief canvas, because of its quality, if not its size, was the "Turkish Bath," of which there are several replicas. This picture is an undeniable proof that Ingres was capable of miracles. The nude figure in the foreground is treated in a masterly manner, and the very fact of his having painted it proves that much of the criticism of his works incited was hostile and unjust.

His colors are not always admirable, and his brick shades are displeasing. They remind one of Stendhal's remark to his friend Hébert, on leaving for the Villa Medici, in Rome, to join Ingres, "Beware of his chocolate colors."

It is the color, at once discordant and harsh, which makes his "Apotheosis of Homer" at the Louvre almost odious. This painting also exhibits Ingres' intolerance, for he found fit to exclude from the *cortège* of great men come to do homage to Homer the portraits of Shakespeare and Goethe, because he suspected them of romanticism!

Particularly noticeable in the collection is "La Famille Stamaty," loaned by the great

portrait painter, Louis Bonnat, a member of the Institute. To give you an idea of the intrinsic value of this drawing, for which Ingres received about twenty francs, M. Bonnat paid the Stamaty



Photo E. Schneider, Berlin

MELBA AND COMPANY, OF THE OPERA COMIQUE



Photo Henri Manuel

Mlle. NELLY MARTYL OF THE OPERA COMIQUE

Small hat of black tagal, ornamented with plaited tulle and Black Prince roses
Made by Mme. Lenthéric

heirs the sum of 27,000 francs. Stamaty was an intimate friend of Ingres, and also a talented composer. He and the artist often played together, one on the piano, the other on his famous violin. For Ingres often consoled himself with the music of his violin for the many cares and trials of which his life was so full.

The organizers of the Ingres exhibition had the happy idea of inviting Jan Kubelik to come from Russia to play upon the instrument so often fingered by Ingres. Kubelik, with an audacity worthy of his talent, rented the Opera for the occasion of his debut in Paris. Kubelik's virtuosity is audacious, strong and yet light and, happily, always musical. He is at once a sorcerer and a charmer.

Contrary to many artists who have a world-wide reputation, Kubelik is not puffed up by his success, but is the epitome of modesty. I had the opportunity of talking with him for more than an hour, when he recounted much of his history. He is married, and, though only thirty, has several children, who always accompany him on his travels. In October he begins a long tour, commencing in the United States. After that he goes to South America, beginning with Buenos Aires and ending with Central America, all which will take about eighteen months, and include more than two hundred concerts. As he receives about 8,000 francs for a concert, the sum total amounts to a pretty figure. Paganini would be scandalized at the idea of such receipts.

Like Mozart, Kubelik was an *enfant prodigy*, for when he was eight years old he handled the bow dexterously. He studied at the Prague Conservatory, where he gave several remarkable recitals, afterwards playing in Austria and Germany, and then commenced tours of Europe, which have been attended with undiminished success.

Jan Kubelik possesses the most famous Stradivarius in the world, for which he paid 150,000 francs. "This famous violin," said he, "was in the collection of the late Mrs. Haddock, of Leeds, England. It had been in the possession of her family for one hundred and ten years, and I bought it just six months ago from her heirs."

Of Paderewski, Caruso, and other musical celebrities who have astonished so many people, Kubelik declined to speak, for fear of departing from his innate modesty. Yet his smile seemed to say that while Paderewski was still in the full exercise of his talents, he was almost fifty years old, and that Caruso's voice would last no longer than last the flowers.

The exhibition of the Dutch Masters was under the patronage of the Queen of Holland, and contained paintings, drawings and water colors, in all two hundred and seven examples from the finest French collections. It was certainly a lesson in beauty, dominated by the characteristic truth and force of the painters.

Whatever the subject, the soul of Holland lives in it, and M. Armand Dayot, the commissioner general of the exposition, is to be much congratulated, as well as M. Jules Porges, who has loaned the gems of his collection, and M. Francois Kleinberger, one of the most erudite connoisseurs of the Dutch school, who for the past twenty-five years has endeavored to instil into the public a greater comprehension and love for these great masters.

The specimens loaned by M. Porges are undeniably the most beautiful pieces of the exhibition. He has contributed nine Rembrandts, of which "The Old Woman with a Bible" is one of the finest examples of the art of that genius. He has also loaned five canvases by Franz Hals, all splendid examples.

"The Mandolinist," by Franz Hals, loaned by M. Edmond Veil-Picard, is another gem, and if it is not as fine as "The Laughing Cavalier" in the Richard Wallace collection in London, it is, nevertheless, a masterpiece. There are fine examples of the two great Dutch landscape painters, Hobbema and Ruysdael, who were the forerunners of the school of English landscape artists, and of the French school of 1830.

Rembrandt was the master of whom Michelet said, "He is the Dutch sorcerer who divines all." This fine series of his works comprise those from his debut to the sad end of his life. The prices paid for Rembrandts to-day are many times those given in



Large White tagal hat trimmed with white plaitings, cherry ribbon, and cherries with white foliage. Worn by Mlle. Martyl, of the Opera Comique, and made by Mme. Lenthéric

the eighteenth century. His famous "Mill," owned by Lord Lansdowne, and which has recently been sold to an American collector for \$500,000, sold in 1724 for 50 florins. The museums that are richest in Rembrandts are the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, which owns thirty; then come the Louvre, the Cassel Museum, the National Gallery, and the Amsterdam Museum. The Metropolitan Museum, I believe, contains only three. Mr. Havemeyer is the American who owns the greatest number of Rembrandts.

Both of these fine loan collections have been visited by the European aristocracy, and among the admirably dressed women were many whose gowns bore the indisputable seal of fashion as decreed by Paquin, Doeunillet, Redfern and Cheruit, four names that are inseparably connected with elegance. Also much remarked were the lovely hats due to the exquisite taste and fertile imagination of Mme. Lentheric, the great French milliner.

The Retrospective Exposition of Fashions, which I mentioned last month, has been opened by the President of the Republic. There are many fine paintings in the collection, and a dozen at least should be studied by every connoisseur. The French, English, Spanish and Dutch schools are all well represented. But there are costumes as well as paintings in this collection. Louis XV and Louis XVI costumes whose magnificence and taste command the admiration of every one; and also there are wonderful collections of fabrics and fans. From this you may have some slight idea of the wonderful variety, richness and attractiveness of this exposition of three centuries of fashions.

And now for present-day fashions, fashions that are, unhappily, so poorly interpreted by many dressmakers of the second class that the original conceptions of more talented dressmakers have been completely perverted. I have already brought suit against the hobble skirt and the *jupe culotte*, and now I am forced to state the case against the *robe ecourtée*.

Truly, Parisiennes seem to have vowed to make themselves ridiculous. When I say Parisiennes I mean the great number of them who, not having the means that would enable them to order from the artistic creators of fashions, are constrained

to patronize those who are generally called manufacturers.

Thanks to a skirt that measures only a trifle more than a metre in width they can scarcely walk, much less get into a carriage. One would say that these women have lost not only all notion of the laws governing statics, but also all æsthetic sense. The hobble skirt made women ridiculous, the *jupe culotte* made them grotesque, while the *jupe ecourtée* is truly painful.

Not being a prophet, I cannot tell how long it will last. Such eccentric styles emanate from the atrophied brains of a class of dressmakers who endeavor by any and every means to make reputations for themselves.

Ask Paquin, Doeunillet or Redfern what they think of all these exaggerated fashions. Their replies will be identical, for they unhesitatingly condemn such aberrations.

Here is what Mlle. Marcelle Lender of the Théâtre des Nouveautés thinks:

"More stories about gowns! Why cannot they let gowns and women alone? The *robe ecourtée* is ugly, very ugly. Dare I say that this fashion is not a fashion, because such a narrow and short skirt is not a real woman's gown, but that of a little girl."

Said the clever and humorous painter, M. Grun: "If I were not a painter I should love to write an article with something of this title: The Influence of Skirts Whose Narrowness is Exceeded Only by Their Brevity Upon Modern Carriage Building."

As I did not understand the reference, M. Grun continued:

"It is wonderfully simple. With the present style carriage step, I defy any woman to enter a conveyance without dislocating herself, or using a lifting-jack. The step must be modified or replaced so that it will touch the sidewalk. So that we touch upon an economic problem the importance of which can be easily perceived."

"La Francaise," the society of which the Duchesse de Rohan is the president, recently gave a reception in honor of Madame Paquin. The speeches by the Duchesse de Rohan and Madame Severine were much applauded. In them these eminent women praised the work of Madame Paquin as member of the jury of the Brussels Exposition, as vice-president of the Dressmakers' Syndicate, and as patroness of the school of dressmaking.



Photo Felix

A SOCIETY WOMAN. GOWN MADE BY PAQUIN



Photo Henri Manuel

MME. PIERAT OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE

Gown of white and gold brocade, with transparent coat of faded rose leaf gauze, embellished with colored Irish lace and gold. Made by Redfern, Paris



Photo Henri Manuel

The disadvantage of the short, narrow skirt

I hope with my next letter to send you some photographs of the exhibits sent by Mme. Paquin to the Turin Exposition, as well as those sent by Redfern, of Paris, Doeuillet and Cheruit. In all these exhibits I have the consolation of stating that the *jupes ecourtées* shine by their absence.

It is regrettable that the Ville Lumière, which is Paris, should be partly dependant upon a pleiades of exotic dressmakers, while the real dispensers of fashion—I mean the veritable French fashions—come from only half a dozen of them, and these are people who know their business as well as people of taste. In less restricted articles than mine are, and from the psychological point of view, it would be interesting to study and analyze the ill-omened influences that certain dressmakers, endowed with none of the French grace, have upon the minds of the mass of French women. For French grace has for centuries governed feminine æsthetics.

PETRONIUS.



Photo Felix

"Ariane" evening gown of beaded blue net over pink satin. Made by Doeuillet



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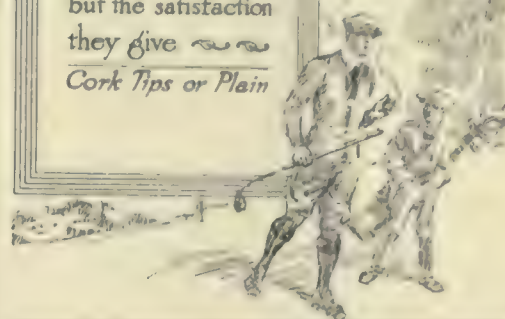
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Open-Air Theatres in America

(Continued from page 22)

holders of visitor's cards (to which only non-
residents of California are entitled). Other than
these, a few special guests, and the employees of
the club, no one has ever seen the performance
of a grove-play.Not so exclusive are the performances at the
open-air Forest Theatre at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
although the principal actors in the plays given
there are artists and writers and college folk,
who live in the shadow of the old Carmel Mis-
sion, where the good Father Junipera Serra has
slept for over a hundred years. Michael Wil-
liams, newspaper man and story writer, con-
ceived and promoted the idea of a Forest The-
atre, and last July Miss Skinner's "David" was
given an elaborate evening production by the
residents of Carmel.The site of the theatre is on the side of a hill,
where the natural slope of the land provides an
incline for the seats. The stage, banked with
shrubbery and diminutive pines, backs against
trees that tower until their topmost branches are
all but lost in the darkness. These same lofty
pines extend around the auditorium, beyond
which one sees only the inscrutable blackness of
the forest. At times, however, the roar of the
ocean breakers may be heard distinctly.That the artist colony has any amount of tal-
ent to draw upon was evident from the ad-
mirable results achieved in the play dealing with
the biblical story of David, which lent itself
admirably to this natural outdoor setting. Ferdi-
nand Burgdoff, the artist, was responsible mainly
for the wonderful blending of colors in the rich
costumes, while Garnet Holme arranged the pic-
turesque tableaux, the most notable of which
showed Astar before Saul, with the Amakelish
women captives, and David being crowned King
of Israel by the Prophet Samuel.Herbert Heron, who has written some suc-
cessful plays, was David. He headed a cast that
for variety of employment could only be matched
by the performers at Oberammergau. Saul, King
of Israel, was played by Geo. Manship, who could
scarcely be accounted an amateur, as his work
under Holme at the University of California,
where he has appeared in many dramatic pro-
ductions, gave him a sort of security of position
which helped to make his impersonation a vigor-
ous royal figure. Helen Parks, a botanist, who
spends much of her time in Carmel, was Jona-
than. She was billed on the program as Harold
Parker, it being her wish to disguise her sex,
which she did very well. George H. Boke was
Samuel, the prophet, and Nabad was played by
Ferdinand Burgdoff, the artist, who suggested
in his conception of the impulsive captain of
Saul's hosts the freedom and bigness of his
colorful canvases. J. W. Hand, an indisputable
authority on the price of Carmel real estate, was
bracketed on the program with J. E. Beck, a
popular local druggist. They were shepherds and
the possessors of the comedy rôles.Alice MacGowan, a well-known magazine con-
tributor, made a tragic character of Astar, while
her youthful niece, Miss Helen Cooke, was a
surprise as Michal, the daughter of Saul, who
for her love of David gives up her life on the
brink of the psalmist's victory. Miss Maude
Lyons, Mrs. Bertha Newberry, Mrs. George Ster-
ling, wife of the poet, and Mrs. Jessie Frances
Short, were graceful in minor rôles.More nearly approaching the Greek Theatre at
Berkeley is Tacoma's Stadium, which Margaret
Illington is to use this summer for a magnificent
production of Euripides' "The Medea." It is
impossible to image a more ideal setting for this
famous Greek play than the Stadium, in the
building of which the actress' husband, Mr. E. J.
Bowes, played an active part. In fact, its loca-
tion is unequalled by that of any similar struc-
ture in the world. To the east, across Tacoma
Harbor, lie fir-clad hills. Beyond them rise the
snow-tipped Cascade Mountains. To the north-
west are endless blue vistas of Puget Sound and
wooded islands, and in the background rise the
rocky crags of the Olympic Range.A few years ago the Stadium site was called
"Old Woman's Gulch." There, with their shan-
ties clinging to the steep banks of the gulch,
lived a number of old women, widows of dead
longshoremen. Right on the brink of this un-
sightly hole stood the High School building, an
imposing French Château structure. It was the
utter incongruity of the two extremes, palace
and jungle, that suggested the making of an
athletic field in the gulch.

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Players in Vacation Season

(Continued from page 28)

River, Long Island. These vacations she spends with her chum and son, who looks more like a brother of his beautiful mother. Edna Goodrich's visits to Great Neck, L. I., vary her summer's study of the rôle which Charles Frohman has assigned her for next season.

The Siasconset Colony will be as large as ever this summer, despite Mrs. Bronson Howard's defection to Darien, Conn., and the departure of Grace Livingston Furniss and Alice Fischer and William Harcourt to Gloucester. Though the presence of these pioneers in the actors' colony is missed, it has been replaced in some measure by new residents from Thespian land. Harry Woodruff, Joseph Kilgour, Vincent Serrano, Frank Gilmore, Blanche Bender, W. H. Thompson and Isabel Irving, George Fawcett and Percy Haswell, and the family of Fred Thorne, will rest in the island hamlet.

Wilton Lackaye will return to play for a short while with the junior Wilton Lackaye at the summer home at Shelter Island. Julia Dean will return from her long tour with "The Lily" to recoup for next season at the family homestead at Harmon-on-the-Hudson. Eva Davenport will rejuvenate at that rugged, historic spot, which she calls "The Jewel of the Atlantic," Block Island. Edwin Milton Royle and his wife, Selena Fetter Royle, will enjoy the summer after their own hospitable fashion at the Royle estate, "The Wickiup," at Darien, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham and the small Faversham boys sailed for England in May, and are entertaining many American friends at their picturesque and historic home, a half hour from London, in Surrey.

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Edmund Kean in New York

"On the last day of November, 1820, Edmund Kean made his first appearance in New York. The one theatre of which the city at this time boasted had been burned down the previous year, and the company had taken temporary refuge in a small house in Anthony Street. The excitement caused by his arrival had been great, many people traveling from Philadelphia to see him, and the building was crowded to excess. According to the *National Gazette*, no actor had ever appeared in New York 'with such prepossessions in his favor, or such prejudices to encounter; and we candidly confess,' says the journal, 'we were amongst that number who entertained the latter. We were assured that certain imitations of him were exact likenesses—and that certain actors were good copies; that his excellence consisted in sudden starts, frequent and unexpected pauses, in short, a complete knowledge of what is termed stage-trick, which we hold in contempt. But he had not finished his soliloquy before our prejudices gave way, and we saw the most complete actor, in our judgment, that ever appeared on our boards. The imitations we had seen were indeed likenesses, but it was the resemblance of copper to gold, and the copies no more like Kean than I to Hercules.'

"Night after night a rush, which wellnigh proved disastrous to many, was made to secure places at the theatre, so that a notice was issued by the management, stating that in order 'to prevent the riotous scenes which have disturbed the peace of the town in the vicinity of the theatre for several days and nights past, in efforts to forestall tickets, the managers have directed that the box-tickets and the whole lower tier, and fourteen of the second row next to the stage, shall be sold by public auction, the premiums from the choice to be appropriated to the Massachusetts General Hospital.' But though great audiences flocked to see him, so that the receipts of the theatre, which previously had amounted to a thousand dollars a week, now reached that sum nightly, the critics could not agree concerning the merits of his acting. One writer remarked, amongst other objections, that his 'local pronunciation does him an injury in the country where we have the pure English.' Of the censure or praise of the press Kean took little heed, satisfied that his efforts drew crowded houses, and gained him enthusiastic applause."—From J. Fitzgerald Molloy's "Life of Edmund Kean."

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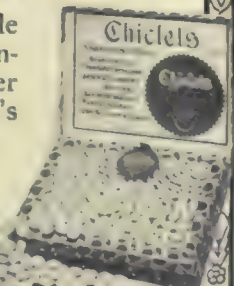
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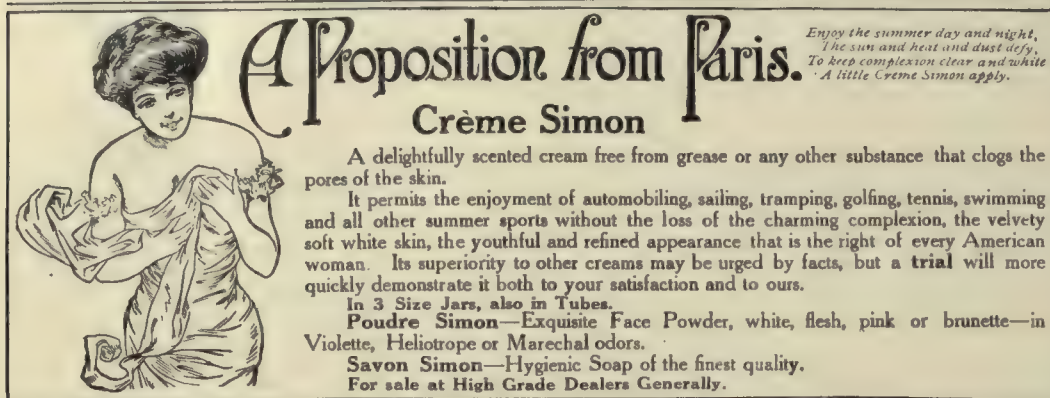




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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 4)

Legrand—Paris

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BIJOU. "YOUTH." Drama in three acts by Max Halbe. Translated by Herman Bernstein. Produced June 8 with this cast:

Father Paul.....Robert McWade, Sr.
Anna.....Louise Woods
Amandus.....David Manning
The Chaplain.....H. H. McCollum
Hans.....Pell Trenton
A Polish Maid.....Emyrin Smith

Max Halbe's "Youth," produced here in an experimental way by Mr. Julius Hopp, who aims to educate us in the best modern dramatic art and its tendencies on the Continent, has had a vogue for fifteen years in Germany. Transplanted to America, it is not exactly the same play, although literally translated and not changed by adaptation. It is a close study of the irresponsibility of youthful passion, notable enough as an authentic record of the way of a man with a maid, but as a play crude in construction in that everything that is to happen is obvious and anticipated. A kind-hearted priest in Silesia has in his household a girl whom he has adopted, her half-witted stepbrother and a fanatical curate. The girl is an illegitimate child of a weak, but not wholly unworthy, mother, who died heart-broken, and the fate of this living offspring of her passion is feared because of inherited temperament. The Priest's favorite nephew, a student just from Heidelberg, makes a visit, which is to last only a day or two. The two young people "fall in love at sight." They had known one another as children. The simple-minded old Priest leaves them together as he goes to attend to his parochial duties, suggesting, with dry humor, that they might find books in his library for their entertainment. After a few glasses of wine at table (something to eat being provided in each act, as is customary in many German plays), and with the preliminaries of frank talk, they fall to in embraces and lingering kisses. In the second act, after he has consumed a few teacakes and devoured her with kisses, he suggests that she come to his room that night. She agrees to do so only if he should consent to remain a few days longer. Indeed, in her simplicity, she urges him to get something to do and live there. There is no suggestion on either side of marriage. The half-witted boy discovers the affair and reports it. In the ensuing scenes the culprits are brought before the Priest, the young man is to be sent away, to return after a while and perhaps marry the girl. The Curate is blamed for having precipitated the girl's conduct by having arranged to send her to a convent, and the half-witted boy shoots his stepfather, intending (sanely enough) to kill the student from Heidelberg. Of course, there is pathos in all this. The intent of the play is good enough, but the lesson is not half brought home. The young man goes scotfree. There is no indication that he will reform his ways or be troubled in conscience. Death should be his portion also. The play is notable in the way we have described, but it is not edifying. The girl, as must be observed by every self-respecting woman, was insane to begin with. She was to be pitied, it is true, and tears may be shed for her, but the play is not profitable in instruction. It is fair to say that there are certain details of German character and life not a part of our life, which give the play a value in its native land which it cannot have here.

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The new Lauder Amberol Records include two of Harry's new songs in which he has made a tremendous hit "across the pond." They are *The Scotch Errand Boy* and *Just Like Bein' at Home*. In the first named, Lauder impersonates a Scotch youth in a manner pleasantly reminiscent of his famous *I'm the Safest o' the Family*. The by-play between verses is unusually laughable. *Just Like Bein' at Home* is a happy march song, which demonstrates that Lauder has a remarkably fine voice, which he can use with excellent effect when he wants to.

W. S. GILBERT DEAD

W. S. Gilbert, collaborator with the late Sir Arthur Sullivan in the production of the famous Savoy successes "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Mikado," etc., and who was accidentally drowned on his estate at Harrow, England, on May 29 last, was by far the most brilliant and auspicious humorist to illuminate the English stage in the Nineteenth Century. As a dramatist his range was limited, but his genius was absolute in his own field and without competition. He belongs to literature as well as to the stage, and his work bears a distinct impress, like that of Swift and Sterne and Dickens, and it has the vital merit of freedom from eccentricity, as inimitable as it is. His genius was as far removed from conventionality as may be conceived. His genius failed him only in certain plays now forgotten in which his fancy was not free, and which were written to satisfy the demand from managers.

He was never technically a skilled dramatist. In the simple form of the opera he was sufficiently expert and supreme in expression. Even in the drama, when he combined his fancy and his feeling, as in "Broken Hearts" and "The Wicked World," his work had delicacy and force. His succession of operas opened up a new world of delight. Everything in them was new. What had been an excuse for lasciviousness became for him a form in which purity of thought was the dominant charm. There was no affectation in this, for every charm of reasonable sensuous pleasure was retained and heightened by the un-



THE LATE W. S. GILBERT.

accustomed becoming modesty in female dress. His Three Little Maids in "The Mikado" came fresh from his hands without the evil touch on them of the stage manager of the day. While some of his operas concerned and utterly destroyed some of the evanescent fads and follies of the day, their drollery and fancy make them works of the imagination which will not be wholly obscured by the lapse of time.

We need not in these words of recognition of Gilbert's genius catalogue his operas or recount the history of their popularity. That his operas were seized upon by unprincipled managers in the United States and produced with enormous profit without compensation to this benefactor of the world is a disgraceful part of our stage history; but better ethics now prevail and it is not likely that a similar outrage will again be practised. England is not free of blame in the matter of dramatic piracy. Gilbert's resentment, however, was entirely justified. He was not paid in full by this country, but he was not without substantial reward from it.

The librettist was born in London in 1836, and educated for the civil service. For a time

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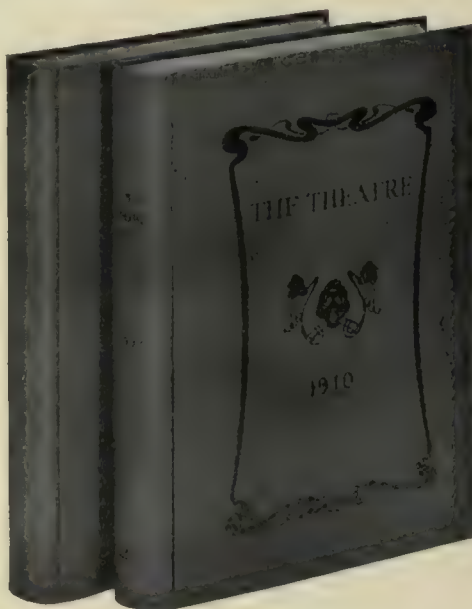
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he practiced law, and added to his income by writing humorous verses for publication. Among these were the "Bab Ballads," which laid the foundation of his reputation. His success encouraged him to write plays, and in succession he produced "La Vivandière," "Merry Zingara," "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Thespis," "The Wicked World," "The Happy Land," "Charity," "Trial by Jury" and "Sweethearts." In 1878 began that happy collaboration with Arthur Sullivan which was to bring fame and fortune to both. "H. M. S. Pinafore," produced at the Opera Comique, took London by storm. Then in rapid succession came "The Pirate of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers."

In 1907 King Edward conferred upon W. S. Gilbert the honor of knighthood.

July Columbia Records

A thousand times and in a thousand ways the facile writers of the daily press throughout this country and Europe have told of Miss Garden's triumphs in operatic performances, of which there has been no parallel within the memory of the present generation. The story of her early successes in Paris and her subsequent notable and brilliant musical career in the French capital, the art centre of the world, is now an oft-repeated tale.

The truly remarkable distinction of being the first American to really conquer the fastidious French public—the most conservative and prejudiced in the world where its national traditions are concerned—belongs to Mary Garden alone.

Many operas, and more especially those of the modern French school—"Thais," "Louise," "Pélée et Mélisande" and "Jongleur de Notre Dame"—have in the mind of the American public become peculiarly associated with Miss Garden's name. These works will be a revelation even to Miss Garden's most fervid admirers: "La Traviata." *Quel est donc ce trouble charmant.* "La Traviata." *Pour jamais ta destinée.* "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." *Liberté!* "Herodiade." *Il est doux, il est bon.*

Caron—Paris

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JOHN McCORMACK-G. MARIO SAMMARCO.—*Li Marinari (The Mariners)*, (Rossini). A famous duet for tenor and baritone, which has been used by many celebrated singers.

In a Persian Garden—*Ah! Moon of My Delight (Khayyam-Lehmann)*. Mme. Liza Lehmann earned much fame some fifteen years ago with her song cycle, *In a Persian Garden*, which is a setting of a portion of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam. Among the beautiful numbers with which the cycle abounds, none has the sensuous beauty of this exquisite tenor air; and Mr. McCormack's singing of it is marked by great beauty of tone, some wonderful pianissimo singing.

Mr. Witherspoon's numbers for July are most interesting, comprising three songs by American composers. The first is an effective song from one of the operas of Pietro Florida. The second record contains two songs by Sidney Homer. *Requiem* is one of six songs constituting the composer's Opus 15. *Dearest* is a setting of a part of the poem "Hawthorne and Lavender," by William Ernest Henley.

TWO RECORDS BY ALBERT REISS.—*Hänsel und Gretel (Humperdinck)*. Mr. Reiss tries his best to conceal his naturally sweet tenor when delivering this number, but only partially succeeds. However, the *Witch's* part is not intended to be sung but "squeaked," and as a humorous performance this rendition is a masterpiece.

"Gasparone."—*Er soll dein Herr sein (Müllöcker)*. One of the favorite operettas of the late Karl Müllöcker, who was Capellmeister at Graz and Vienna.

A FRENCH SONG BY DE GOGORZA.—*Alleluia d'Amour (Faure)*. This popular baritone gives us a charming Faure song for his July contribution.

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JOHN BROWN
BUSINESS COMPTROLLER

NEW YORK. June 8th. 1910.

Publishers, The Theatre Magazine,
New York, City, N.Y.

Gentlemen:-

It is with pleasure that I enclose herewith signed contract for the Metropolitan Opera House programme privilege, commencing with the season 1910-1911, which was awarded to you at a recent meeting of the Board.

In giving you this contract over all competitors, we had in mind the high standard of The Theatre Magazine, and we know that the Programme which you will furnish will be up to your artistic standard---in fact we feel sure that The Theatre Magazine will suffer by comparison.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

EDWARD HARRIGAN DEAD

Edward Harrigan, the well-known actor of Irish types, died on June 6 last. He was born in New York in 1843, his father being a ship's carpenter of Irish descent and his mother a Virginian. It was from his mother that Harrigan learned his negro songs which later featured so prominently in his stage work. His professional debut was made in variety in 1867, and four years later he entered into the profitable partnership with Tony Hart. From 1879 to 1881 Harrigan wrote and produced the Mulligan plays, all of which were more or less faithful reflections of the comedy and pathos of New York's low life and proved enormously popular. When Hart retired from the partnership, Harrigan leased the Garrick Theatre, opening it under his own name with "Reilly and the Four Hundred."



Schloss THE LATE EDWARD HARRIGAN

At the time of his death, Harrigan's plays had vanished from the stage; his career and his work belonged to history and the lively reminiscences of aging theatre-goers. He was not forgotten, but his work was tradition and not substance. It is the same with Charles Hoyt, who is remembered with enthusiastic memory by multitudes. It is but a following-out of the history of other evanescent writers and forms of entertainment which in their day commanded the laughter or sentiment of a generation. John Brougham and his extravaganzas were as dominant for a while, but there is record of them in the spirit and letter of the plays themselves. The Harrigan plays were intensely local; the types were true studies of New York life, but the story of the play was often extravagant and was intended to serve the purposes of character, drollery, comedy, song and dance. The social point of view, if it could be called a point of view, was democratic in the extreme. Harrigan's "Four Hundred" was a conglomeration of all races, colors and creeds. The negro was a welcome guest in the parlors of the socially ambitious of the Fourth Ward. The incongruity of it finally became too much of a burden for the nimble feet and the rollicking songs to carry. Harrigan himself, Tony Hart, Annie Yeamans, Collier, Quilter, and others of the company, were individually very clever and inimitable, but the plays as a whole meant nothing. True in character and details of life, often touching in incident and episode, they suddenly plunged into a whirlwind of impossible social extravaganza. But Braham's music was very captivating and held the town for many a day. Harrigan was not a very good actor, but he had the genius of sympathy for poor, unlettered and odd people. He caught the passing types of the day, and he knew how, as a stage manager, to reproduce to the life in manners and dress and speech and thought. No adequate account can be given in print of the living impression of his plays or, to speak with more accuracy, of his productions and performances. But they contained genius, some of which will remain in the music and songs of Braham.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Handsome lingerie gown, showing the combination of *broderie Anglaise*, with satin stitch. Pale blue parasol with dark blue velvet band, and hat showing the same combination of shades

Meanderings in the Path of Summer Fashions

THE summer sees the triumph of light-weight cottons, linens and silks. For the cooler days serge, either in all white or with hairline stripes of color, is both practical and smart. But most of our bright sunshiny summer days are sufficiently hot to make wool materials obnoxious to the touch. Hence the great favor shown to both silks and cotton voiles, marquisettes, to linens, and such praiseworthy materials as foulards, surahs, silk serges, Salome and Indro silks.

At present we are in the full vogue of the dainty one-piece frock. While many of these are fastened down the back, some of the smartest of these charming gowns are fastened in front, and actually buttoned there, or so ornamented with button trimmings, as to simulate that effect.

Even newer than these button front frocks are the waists with no buttons at all, no fastenings of any kind. This new Slip-o waist is a really wonderful invention that, when correctly adjusted, moulds the figure even more satisfactorily and artistically than any boned hooked or buttoned waist has so far ever done. As the name implies, it slips on over the head, and it takes scarcely a minute to adjust it to the figure, for all that has to be done is to tie the cords around the waist and neck, and presto! the waist is on.

The Slip-o waist has already been adopted by many of the smartest women, and while it is eminently adapted to athletic purposes because of the freedom of movement it allows the wearer, there are many beautifully trimmed models that are eminently suited to more formal occasions. Indeed, so great is the success of this new waist that many of the latest model gowns in marquisette and voile are made with Slip-o waists. One model I particularly like is in soft white satin with shallow guimpe and sleeve bands of time-yellowed lace. There is hardly a fashionable material

and trimming which cannot be found in these waists, which are being shown in all the leading shops from six dollars up.

A friend who has just returned from Paris has brought back some of the daintiest imaginable lingerie made of cotton crepon. Particularly admirable are the petticoats made of crepon, which she tells me is the most sought for lingerie material with all the well-dressed women on the other side. The petticoats are certainly just the thing to wear under narrow dress skirts, while the short Princess slips are even more admirable for wear under the one-piece frocks. These French crepon garments are quite different from the ready-made crêpe underwear shown in the shops here; different because the material is so much finer and the linen and Valenciennes lace with which they are trimmed are of a quality that is certain to wash well.

I wonder why it is that so few of the shops show anything that is attractive in the way of a crepon waist. The material is not

really expensive, yet it is impossible to find a really pretty crepon waist for less than fifteen dollars. There are some Japanese cotton crêpes that make stunning little morning and afternoon frocks. They come in almost every imaginable color and hue, and are the special importation of Vantine. A lovely shade of cinnamon brown crêpe worn by a friend had the skirt made with a simulated tunic drapery, and the kimono-sleeved waist was finished at the neck with a guimpe of écru, while a wide black patent leather belt gave the finishing touch to a smart but simple frock.

I was quite surprised to find that many of the white Chinese silks shown by Vantine wash as well as any cotton material. Imagine

a white messaline satin that will wash, and yet which is of such a lovely quality that it is suitable for the construction of an elaborate frock. They have a lovely white broche crêpe that would make an unusually pretty bridal gown, and it is only two dollars a yard and quite wide at that. I often wonder why it is that more originality is not displayed in the selection of materials for bridal gowns, particularly those that are to be worn by young women. It seems to me that widows are the only women who display originality in this respect, which is probably owing to the fact that they have some experience.

It seems a bit early to be talking about next autumn's fashions, but as velvet is to be much worn I should advise the future bride to take under consideration the selection of a white velvet wedding gown. It would be stunning embroidered with pearls, and with bits of old lace at the neck and sleeves. Silver embroidery on velvet would be appropriate for the bride, while for the bride of statuesque figure I can imagine nothing more lovely than a lace gown with a court train of velvet.

The English coronation will undoubtedly have a considerable influence on the autumn fashions. This will be particularly

noticeable in the use of velvets, broché and lamé silks, and in the vogue of royal red, purple and blue. But beyond these I doubt if Queen Mary's individual preferences for any particular style will have much effect on her own subjects, much less on American women. England's new Queen is a bit dictatorial and autocratic in her ways, and she lacks both the taste and figure to make her personal selections of any great moment in the world of fashion.

Her coronation gown was made by Worth, but in the London branch of the famous Paris house, because Mary has always been a great stickler for the encouragement of home industries. Even so long ago as when she was a bride her trousseau was home-made, of home materials. The red velvet for her state robe was woven specially for it, and the fifteen-yard train is heavily embroidered with gold crowns of various sizes scattered over its entire length, with a border of gold embroidery, which is framed



Photo Felix

Evening gown of drap d'or, veiled in yellow chiffon, with bodice of yellow tinted Italian lace

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VACATION time approaches! It is the time when milady is busy planning and preparing her wardrobe for, perhaps, an auto tour or a few weeks at the beach or in the mountains.

To thoroughly enjoy her recreation in its entirety she must look first to her bodily comfort. This is all important.

THE right corset, the BON TON, will solve the problem and insure the perfect fit and stylish appearance of those sheer and dainty warm weather gowns.

You cannot do better than to procure at least two of the exquisite BON TON models. Varying heights of bust and lengths of corset skirts. Batiste or coutil.

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1861

OUR
GOLDEN JUBILEE

1911

in a wide band of ermine, the royal fur. The bodice is of red velvet with fronts to simulate a short jacket, and sleeves that are puffed from elbow to wrist. This opens over a vest of draped lace, which corresponds with the front of the skirt, which is made of flounces of English lace specially made for this robe. Over this gown is a full short cape of ermine having a high Medici collar of the fur.

This is held in position by a long, heavy gold cord terminating in two huge gold tassels.

Heretofore the coronation robes of the English Queens have been made with the long-pointed Louis XVI bodice, and Mary is credited with a great deal of originality in having departed from that style. Be that as it may, the jacket front style certainly is more becoming to her matronly figure, for it partly conceals her tendency to *embonpoint*, which is hers by right of inheritance from her mother, the jolly, good-natured, but withal fat, Duchess of Teck.

When she was the slender and youthful Princess May, Mary followed closely the styles adopted by her mother-in-law, the charming, diplomatic and slender Queen Alexandra, who had no reason to fear the close-fitting Louis XVI bodice for her coronation robe, even though she was then several times a grandmother.

Queen Alexandra never issued commands as to what should or should not be worn by the ladies of her court. Even as Princess of Wales she bought her clothes wherever it pleased her to buy them, and it was Laferrière of Paris who had the honor until a short year ago of inscribing himself dressmaker to the Queen of England. Yet though Alexandra never tried openly to set the fashions, it is to her that we owe the vogue of the princess gown, the tailored suit and the high jewelled dog collar.

One wonders now how women ever got along without the tailored suit, yet it is barely thirty years since it was introduced. The American women quickly adopted it, because it was so well adapted to their daily needs. It is a popular fallacy that French women do not wear the tailored suit, and that the work of tailors in Paris cannot compare with that of American tailors. The fact of the matter is that French women adore the tailored suit, but they relegate it to its rightful realm and it occupies the same place in their list of toilettes that the business suit does in that of a gentleman's wardrobe. When a French woman is on dress parade in the afternoon she would no more think of wearing a tailored suit than she would think of attending the opera in any but a low-cut gown.

The acceptance of an invitation should carry with it the social obligation to dress in accordance with the occasion, and this, too, in honor of the hostess and her other guests. A wedding is assuredly one of the most formal of social functions, and hence would seem to call for more or less elaborate dressing. Therefore I was surprised to see at one of the most fashionable June weddings

some of the guests clad in tailored suits of white serge with narrow black lines. Even the receipt of an invitation to the church only scarcely excuses the donning of a suit of this description for so formal a function. Indeed, the wearer proclaims to the world of society that she is unacquainted with the unwritten laws which govern it.

White hats have come into their own again this summer. These are either all white or white with a touch of contrasting color, and black is the specially favored color for this purpose. Women who are no longer young and who understand the art of dressing use this touch of black as the facing for the hat. For there is nothing that enhances the marks of age quicker than unrelieved white above the face. Some of the black hats have the crowns covered with white or *écru* square-meshed Italian lace. It makes a very smart hat, but unfortunately this lace has been reproduced in the cheapest of machine-made products, and the possessor of expensive millinery of this description is apt to find it copied in most modest-priced hats.

The country hat *par excellence* is of soft white straw or felt with a brim that can be rolled up off the face at the point most becoming to the wearer. This is generally the left side, a trifle towards the front. For young girls no other trimming is used beyond the ribbon band. A pretty one in white straw had the brim caught to the crown by a large black and white butterfly.

Women truly made a long stride towards the *jupe culotte* when they adopted the divided skirt or breeches, with a long coat, for horseback riding. When they were first introduced they

were considered appropriate only for country wear, and park riders of the feminine persuasion adhered to the regulation skirt. To-day things are quite different, and the smartest women have shown a decided preference for the long coat with breeches to match, while the divided skirt with shorter coat is selected by the more conservative riders.

I have been more than surprised to find what natty riding outfits can now be bought ready to wear at Franklin Simon's, a shop catering to the well-dressed woman. A friend wrote



Photo by Joel Feder

Smart riding costume shown by Franklin Simon Co., New York

to me to go there and select for her a summer riding outfit, and I found so many stunning and well-made styles at such reasonable prices that I was puzzled what to select. Think of obtaining the correct thing in riding togs for \$18 to \$25 a suit! There are the deep khaki suits, some of a cotton Bedford cord in cool gray or *café au lait*, and others of linen. These may all be obtained with breeches and long coat, or with the divided skirt and shorter coat, as may those of the black and white check cloth like the illustration, or in the darker materials suitable for wear on cool days.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYÉS.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

In the course of my wanderings I have come across an unusual and elegant line of wash silks. Just imagine, for example, a satin messaline that will wash! It is twenty-seven inches wide, and costs only \$1.25 a yard. Quite out of the ordinary, too, are the handloom pongees. These also wash, and certainly nothing could be more suitable for the summer motor coat. Think how desirable it will be if by accident a drop of oil mars the beauty and freshness of your new motor coat to be able to wash it away with some ivory soap and cold water, or even to turn it over to the laundress with perfect faith that she will return it to you as good as new. These washable pongee silks are woven, as their name implies, by hand, yet they can be had for the comparatively small sum of one dollar a yard, and from that up to \$4.50. All are thirty-four inches wide. Then there are very desirable styles in washable shirtings for both men's and women's wear that range in width from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches, and in price from seventy-five cents to one dollar twenty-five.

Have you seen the new silks that so many girls are using for sashes? They are about twelve inches wide, and are literally covered with artistic designs in lustrous silk. Some of the girls are using them for waists by joining the widths with *entredeux* of Maltese, Irish, Cluny or Venise lace, according to taste. One pretty waist is made with a width of the silk extending over the shoulders and down the arms. It looks as though a hole had been cut in the centre for the neck. Then there is a band of wide lace encircling the body just under the arms, to the lower edge of which it attached another width of the silk. The sleeve is finished with a band of the lace, and the neck with a frill of plaited net.

\$50,000 WORTH OF ROYAL RUGS FOR A PRETTY PRINCESS.

A celebrated manufacturer of rugs who visits the Orient every year in search

After-Play Thirst



Lots of interest while the acting is going on—but, wait till the play excitement is over—then comes the let down.

Coca-Cola

washes away after-play thirst and satisfies you beyond the let down of after-play excitement.

Actors—audience—remember the one best beverage between acts and when the final curtain falls.

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"The Truth About
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Whenever
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Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.



Fashionable people—people who *know*—have been wearing Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes for many years.

They realize—they know, that the Thomas Cort Shoes—for men and women—have a fashionable beauty—a custom fit and quality, that is distinctly absent in ordinary shoes. Each pair of

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is *individually* cut by hand, rights and lefts, from the same hide, thereby ensuring absolute uniformity in color and quality. They are Hand-Sewed over fine custom lasts, by men who have devoted years in making shoes to individual measure.

It is impossible to obtain any better fit—more refined style—more comfort—longer service—than you get in the fashionable ready-to-wear Thomas Cort Shoes. Priced from \$8.00 to \$15.00.

Our Golf, Tennis and Yachting Shoes—made of finest selected White Buckskin—are recognized to be the world's authority in Sporting footwear. Their refined smartness, lightness of weight and non-slipping cork-and-rubber soles, are incomparable.

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of attractive designs saw the charming operetta "The Spring Maid" one night last winter at the Liberty Theatre, New York. When the saucy Princess Bozena, in the person of pretty Christie MacDonald, appeared as a Carlsbad Spring Girl the rug man was captivated almost as much by the gown the prima donna wore as by the sparkling waltz she sang. Every one of the thousands who have heard this opera has admired that gown. The artistic simplicity of the Grecian filigree border to Princess Bozena's dress fascinated the business eye of the rug man. He had an idea at once. Before leaving the theatre he had secured the consent of the little star and her managers, Werba and Luescher, to reproduce the design of Miss MacDonald's "Spring Maid" dress in a new Wilton rug to be named in her honor. Nothing more was heard of the rug man until a few days ago, when the New York papers all contained flaming advertisements of "A Royal Rug for a Pretty Princess." It was Gimbel Brothers' announcement to New York that the Christie McDonald rug was on the market. The event was celebrated by a luncheon given in the dining-room of their store and graced by the presence of the star. The orchestra was instructed to play a selection from "The Spring Maid." Fifty thousand dollars' worth of these rugs constituted the first addition, and we have it on good authority that the rug, like the opera, is a hit with every one who sees it.

With the advent of warm weather there is nothing more desirable for a lounging gown or bath robe than a real Japanese kimono. The American-made imitations generally have a lot of the material massed on the shoulders, which makes them both warm and ungainly, while the genuine kimono is artistic, comfortable, cool and modest. It is modest because there is the matching sash which always accompanies the veritable kimono, comfortable because there is no unnecessary material in the garment, and artistic because of the lovely printed crepe of which it is made and the graceful sleeves. There is a wide variety of choice in the colors and designs of the cotton crêpes, and all kimonos are sold at the uniform price of \$3.50.

Moth preventives have generally such noxious odors that many women are loath to use them. But there is a sweet-smelling wood whose value as a moth preventive was well known to our great-grandmothers. Those of us who still possess attics where are stowed away in ancient chests the now historic family costumes associate this faint, pleasurable perfume with the dainty belongings of our ancestors. There are always woolen garments of one description or another that it is impossible to send away to cold storage, or to pack away in mothproof chests. They must perforce be left in the closets for occasional summer use, yet they must be well protected against the devastations of moths. For such garments the sweet-scented wood is a veritable boon. Little silk bags can be filled with the shavings and attached to each garment, or the bags can be scattered over the shelves and between the garments.

In the director's room of the recently completed New York Public Library will be placed a rug which in some respects is the most interesting Oriental rug ever woven.

Its design was first put on canvas in oils in four colors. Its painting took more than one month and the design alone is valued in the neighborhood of \$1,000, making it the most expensive design ever followed in the weaving of an Oriental rug. Its size will be 25 x 35 feet and it will take years for the nimble fingers of the Oriental weavers to complete it, so that delivery cannot be made for many months.

It is to be woven at Sivas, Turkey, under the direction of the Vantine organization at that place, the order for the rug having been placed with the Contract Department of Vantine's, The Oriental Store, New York City.

During the completion of the rug Vantine will loan the library a Persian rug from their regular stocks, and also for use in other rooms in the Library there will be gathered other choice rugs which were chosen from their selected stocks.



A Testimonial from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

Messrs. Hall & Ruckel,
Proprietors of Sozodont.
Gentlemen:

In reply to your favor:
I regard your Sozodont as
most delightful and in-
dispensable in the care
of the teeth—the only

dentifrice of international reputation.

Yours truly,

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's triumphal tour is an epoch making event in the annals of the stage. In Berkeley, Cal., she played at the Greek Open Air Theatre on May ninth before an audience of nine thousand people.

For 64 Years the International Dentifrice

SOZODONT

LIQUID · POWDER · PASTE

SOZODONT

At Any Toilet Counter in Every Civilized Land

At the races and on varnishing day at the Salon, which is always thronged with charmingly gowned women, may be seized many opportunities to glean much interesting and valuable news relating to dress in Paris.

Another source of information is the morning promenade, for, in obedience to physicians' orders, the fashionable world is taking morning walks in the Bois. Between the hours of ten o'clock and noon many walk briskly along the "Path of Virtue," usually accompanied by their dogs, among which the King Charles is a favorite. For these morning walks are worn tailored costumes of severe simplicity, usually in marine blue or gray, with large



Photo Felix

Afternoon gown of cerise satin, veiled with national blue marquisette, with plain écarle net guimpe

revers of white cloth. A gray trimming is noticed, which is very popular, consisting of small steel buttons, arranged in clusters of five or six on jacket and skirt. Small buttons, used only for decorative purposes, are made like beads, with holes passing through from side to side, and not as they usually have been, with holes or catches in the middle.

One sees many tailored costumes in silk which are wonderfully chic. It is, however, the model in marine blue serge which has captured general favor, for at the last race meet were counted no fewer than twenty, and all came from the most exclusive couturiers. They are very simply made. One model showed the skirt decorated on one side only, with soutache in a pattern like an elongated egg, which started at the hip and reached to the ankles. The girdle was formed of large blue wooden beads, threaded to form a galloon band, the long ends being weighted with bead fringe.

For silk tailor-mades the reversible varieties continue their vogue, but Paris has grown rather tired of the wide stripes; they have been so overdone that they have become vulgarized and common.

A STORE UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD!

UNLESS you have visited Vantine's it is hard to convey an adequate description of the thousand and one beautiful and useful things here to be obtained. The most cordial invitation to come is extended to everyone—whether the visit be prompted by interest in Oriental art or with the intention to purchase.

Vantine's is a veritable Treasure House of things Oriental, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that whatever is had from Vantine's is something unusual, something different than may be obtained anywhere else. The surety that everything sold is genuine adds value to all purchases, and a pleasant surprise lies in the low prices at which it is possible to secure such unusual things.

As an instance, visit the Jewelry Department. There is a great attraction in Oriental jewelry—the wonderful workmanship of the deft little men of the East, combined with the unique designs and colorings which obtain in all their work, gives special charm to their productions. Then, too, there is an added attractiveness in the knowledge that no two pieces are alike.

As an indication of price—rings, bracelets, brooches, chains, ear-rings, pendants, pins, may be had for as low as five to ten dollars. All are pieces which excite admiration, and which, without an aforeknowledge, would be valued at several times the sum.

Fans are fascinating to every woman. The coquettish Japanese maiden has demanded that of all her possessions her fan shall bespeak her taste in matters of beauty, and in these exquisite Oriental fans are portrayed the sentiment of legends, scenes, and faithful reproductions of the blossoms of the Flowery Isle. The collection ranges from screen and folding paper fans at 50c. to masterpieces of ivory carving and painting at \$50.00.

Parasols, a necessity in the summer time, will here be found in such variety that the utmost whim of Dame Fashion may be fully satisfied. Madame will do herself an injustice if she does not first inspect these offerings, which may be had for as little as \$5.00. Parasols of pongee, beautifully embroidered, \$17.00 and \$20.00.

Oriental perfumes, sachets and toilet waters steadily increase in popularity. There is a certain exquisite delicacy, freshness and an indefinable allurements that obtains only in an Oriental odor. Another inducement is their comparative inexpensiveness. A new Vantine odor—Wistaria—as delicate and delightful as the Wistaria blossom itself. Sells in the Sachet at 75c.; Toilet Water, \$1.00, and Extract, \$1.75.

Refinement and the distinction of individuality is a characteristic of Chinese and Japanese fabrics. Chinese Pongee is a genuine handloom material. It conforms with the prevailing mode in being soft and clinging, yet is of sufficient body to hold the lines of a tailored suit. In the heavier weight it is most desirable for motor coats. In natural color, it is 34 inches wide and priced from \$1.00 to \$4.50 per yard.

Rainproof Habutai silks, printed and dyed at Lyons, have the same soft draping possibilities. These silks are inexpensive, 27 inches wide, selling from 85c. to \$1.75 a yard.

These examples convey but a suggestion of the variety offered, for similar attractions greet you in every department—and whether the need or desire calls for something exclusive in draperies and wall fabrics, teakwood, or Canton furniture, tasteful garden furnishings, individual lamps, odd laces and embroideries, dainty kimonos and scarfs, fine rugs or Eastern condiments, or rare teas with which to tempt or whet the appetite—come to Vantine's! Or, if a personal visit is not possible, take advantage of the Mail Order Department.

The Mail Order Department

is prepared to answer any inquiry, to offer suggestions for every requirement, to send samples and, when satisfactory references are given, to send goods on approval, for selections in your own home.

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PARIS



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PARFUM AEOLIAN

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Used by fashionable women the world over

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PARIS

Taffeta started in on what one believed to be a great vogue for smart tailor-mades, and in some cases silk fringes were used to decorate costumes of this material. Yet in one short month the vogue has waned, for at many smart teas of the past week not one tailored costume of taffeta and fringe could be seen.

On many gowns are seen little boleros, cut with panel-like extensions, which reach nearly to the ground. There are some of these jackets which have the panels on the sides, the material of the skirt in the front and in the back being fully disclosed. Sometimes the panels are drawn to the back and flatly plaited low down on the skirt into an embroidered motif of the same material. There is also noticed a decided tendency towards belted jackets. On Mlle. Rolly, at a recent first night at the Odéon, was very much admired a jacket of white cheviot, prolonged in a double panel in the back and belted with raven blue. This tendency will undoubtedly lead to a revival of the Russian blouse, so becoming to slender figures and to young girls. There are seen at many of the big houses Russian blouses of embroidered linen, encrusted with motifs of costly lace, which are to be worn over lingerie gowns. Many Russian blouses are being made up in coarse old file, dyed in tones of blue, lavender, yellow and cerise. They are of the simplest cut, like a peasant's chemise more than anything else. They are quite straight, with short sleeves, and are confined at the waistline with belts of patent leather in white, blue, yellow and cerise.

In long coats, redingotes of black charmeuse are very popular, also Directoire coats of sombre hued voiles, made up over vivid colors, such as emerald green, topaz and amethyst. Very chic, indeed, are wraps of mousseline de soie, marvelously embroidered, which heighten the beauty of the gown seen through the transparency.

The vogue of the scarf seems for the time, at least, to be at a standstill, although for the evening there are some new Egyptian draperies decorated with metal scales.

Then there has been an effort, though not a very successful one, to launch a large scarf of mousseline de soie embroidered in worsted.

A type of gown that was held back, and has been suddenly sprung as a delightful surprise, is a so-called afternoon gown. It is the kind of gown one wears when calling, or for an afternoon at the races. It is youthful in lines and is walking length, and is usually made with a bolero or short jacket, which, when removed, reveals a complete gown underneath. The materials mostly used for this type of gown are tussor, voile de soie, and crêpe de chine, printed in cachemire and foulard designs. If the gown is made of material in a neutral shade the bolero worn with the gown will be of a vivid color. Or, if the material be of a neutral shade, printed in strong colors, the short jacket or bolero will be developed in a color which will harmonize most perfectly with the dominant tone.



Blue foulard with red, blue velvet trimming



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Grand Opera

Season 1911-1912

Giulio Gatti-Casazza
GENERAL MANAGER

John Brown,
BUSINESS CONTROLLER



PUBLISHED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. N.Y.

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FREE FROM EXPERIMENTAL FAULTS

Day After Day for Four Straight Years, This Car Has Satisfied Its Users and Proved Its Super-Worth.



WINTON SIX SELF-CRANKING MOTOR AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS

MORE than half of the attempts of American makers to produce six-cylinder cars have failed.

We have a list of 32 makers whose sixes went wrong and dropped from the market. Among these 32 makers are companies of good reputation, concerns that are still in business and prospering—but, with a single exception, they have all abandoned the six as a bad job.

One maker, whose fame is international, tells us that the worst mistake he ever made was his attempt to build a six.

One Great Six Success

On the other hand, the greatest success in the long history of the Winton Company (dating from the first bona fide sale of an American-made motor car, March 24, 1898) is the direct result of producing the six-cylinder Winton Six.

Here you have a contrast of 32 failures to one success—and this success has been so tremendous that practically the whole industry (barring those concerns included in the 32 failures) is now preparing to make sixes for the 1912 market.

Winton Six success has proved that the six-cylinder car can be superior to all other types.

Success Not Easily Grasped

And these 32 failures go to prove emphatically that success in making sixes is not within the grasp of every maker who tries.

You will find this truth echoed in current six-cylinder advertising. Makers are taking particular pains to inform you how many years they have been experimenting with sixes, and how exhaustively they have been testing their sixes before deciding to market sixes. Could anything more conclusively show that six-cylinder success is elusive and hard to capture?

Makers changed from two-cylinder to four-cylinder models over night, almost, and were as successful with the four as with the two. That was because the propositions were much the same.

Six is a Different Proposition

But in the six-cylinder car the propositions are radically different. The six is distinctive and peculiar, involving engineering and manufacturing problems that are not met in four-cylinder manufacture.

And these peculiar problems must be met, and solved, and mastered, before it is possible for a maker to produce a six-cylinder

car possessing that unity, balance, and matchless beauty of performance, without which the six-cylinder car would have no reason for existence.

When the Six is Best

It amounts to just this: When a six-cylinder car is designed and built right, it is the greatest car in the world. But if it lacks, it is pitiable.

The six-cylinder car was not a new idea when the Winton Company took it up. Other makers had endeavored to make sixes, but not one of them, the world over, thought well enough of the six to advocate it as the best of all types, and to abandon four-cylinder cars in favor of the six.

The Winton Company was the first company in the world to recognize Six Supre-

macy that a new model is never an approved success until it has been given at least a year's work in the hands of individual owners.

The Winton Six has had, not simply one year's test, but four continuous years of testing in the hands alike of expert chauffeurs and of inexpert owners, and has won the unqualified approval of both.

World's Lowest Expense Record

In the service of individual owners, the Winton Six has year after year established the world's lowest repair expense record. Today that record stands at 43 cents per 1000 miles—a record based on the sworn reports of individual users, whose names, addresses and performance reports we shall be glad to send to any address upon request.

In every feature that makes the six-cylinder car at its best the one ideal car, the Winton Six is an approved success. When you buy a Winton Six you escape all the unpleasant possibilities that go with experimental cars, and are assured of a quantity and quality of car service that will make you more enthusiastic about motoring than you have ever been before.

More Car for 1912

Our aim has always been to give the purchaser the greatest possible value for his money. Hence, for 1912 we are offering more car than before at no increase in price. The wheel base has been lengthened to 130 inches, and the body is more spacious and comfortable than previously. Four doors, with operating levers inside, are regular equipment. So, too, are electric dash and tail lights, and Booth Demountable rims. Tires are 36x4½ all around.

As in previous years, the Winton Six motor cranks itself.

The price remains unchanged at \$3000.

And the complete car, from radiator to gasoline tank, is an absolutely safe and satisfying purchase.

Write for Catalog

Get the facts about the car whose wonderful success has caused many makers to change their minds, their policies and their models. Our catalog gives the fullest details. Also it tells how and why the Six-Cylinder car stands alone at the top—the car without an equal. Clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

INVITATION TO AUTOMOBILE MAKERS

As you know, this Company has advocated and manufactured six-cylinder cars exclusively since June, 1907.

The present popularity of Sixes is largely due to the success of the Winton Six in making good on every claim of Six Superiority.

Naturally we are zealous that public confidence in the Six may never be shaken by the marketing of any Six that falls short of excellence.

Therefore, to facilitate the production of worthy Sixes, which shall still further strengthen public confidence in the Six, this Company is willing to place its experience in designing and building Sixes exclusively at the call of companies having established reputations as motor car makers.

Any such company desiring to accept this proffer may send its mechanical engineer to our plant. There we will show him everything we have and everything we do. We shall be pleased to give him any information arising from our experience as to the engineering problems involved and methods of six-cylinder manufacture.

This invitation is extended in absolutely good faith.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

macy by discarding all other types and devoting its entire resources to the development and manufacture of sixes exclusively.

Solving Six Problems

It was this policy of not trying to serve two masters, but of centering attention, thought and action upon sixes to the exclusion of all else, that served to teach us the solution of six-cylinder problems, and to bring the Winton Six to such early perfection that this car has not required a single radical change since its introduction to the public in June, 1907.

The Winton Six—the car that converted the industry to six cylinders—long ago ceased to be an experiment.

Individual Service the Only Test

The Winton Six has withstood the most strenuous tests of service in the hands of individual owners. And, after all, individual service is the only real test of a car's worth.

Tests made by factory experts are commendable, and would be sufficient if all car owners were as skillful as factory experts. Hence it amounts to a maxim among car

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

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CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th Street
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PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty Street
CLEVELAND	1228 Huron Road
DETROIT	988 Woodward Avenue
KANSAS CITY	3328-3330 Main Street
MINNEAPOLIS	16-32 Eighth Street N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike Street

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.
69 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send Winton Six literature to

LENTHERIC

The King of Perfumers

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS



THE ROSE OF ROSES

Among all the fragrant products from the establishment of that master perfumer, Lenthéric, of Paris, many of which from time to time we have recommended to our readers, none is likely to surpass the vogue of his latest creation, which he appropriately names "La Rose des Roses." It is the very essence of the queen of all flowers, and the roses from which it was made were remarked for their special beauty, just as a handsome woman might be more particularly noticed for her charm when in a group of other handsome women.

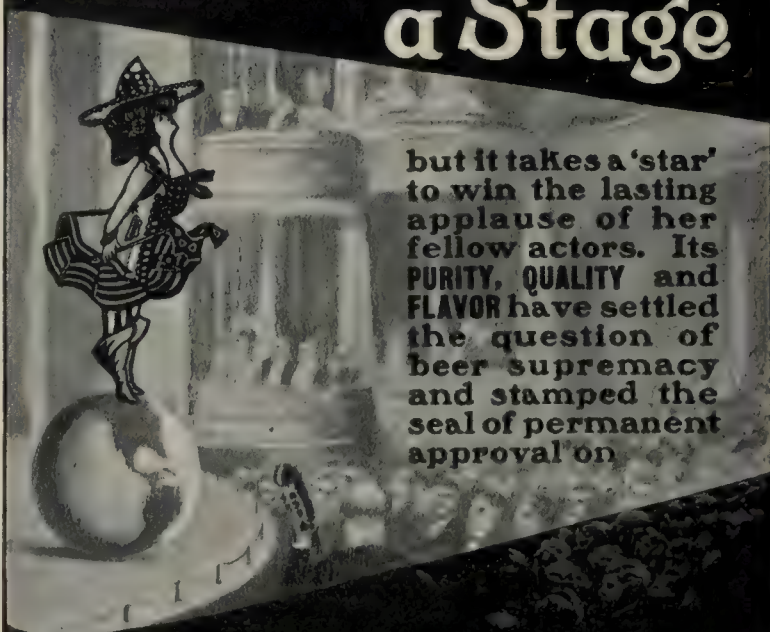
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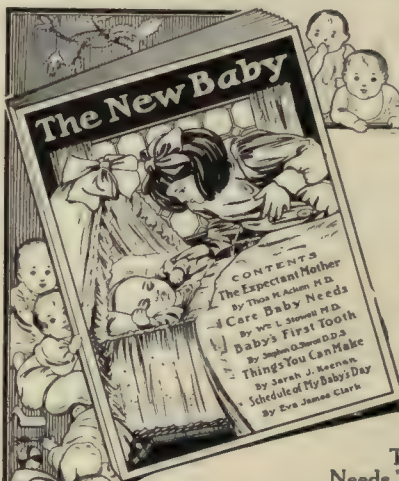
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

26 West 33d Street - - New York City





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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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BESSIE MCCOY

As Chief Daffy in "The Follies of 1911" at the Jardin De Paris



White

VERA MAXWELL, WALTER PERCIVAL AND CHORUS IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

JARDIN DE PARIS. "FOLLIES OF 1911." Extravaganza in two acts and thirteen scenes. Words and lyrics by Geo. V. Hobart. Music by Maurice Levi and Raymond Hubbell. Produced June 26 with this cast:

Chief Daffy.....Bessie McCoy
Folly of 1907.....Emma Gorman
Folly of 1908.....Dorothy Dalland
Folly of 1909.....Katherine Daly
Folly of 1910.....Eleanor St. Clair
Folly of 1911.....Vera Maxwell
Inspector Search.....Leon Erroll
P. Ziegfeld, Jr.....Walter Percival
Siamese Twins.....Dolly Sisters
Mrs. Hillside.....Arline Boley
Widow Wood.....Clara Palmer
Miss Prim.....Stella Chatelaine
Herr Lauderspiel.....Chas. A. Mason
Reuben Jay.....Tom Dingle
Willie.....Rose Dolly
Nobody.....Bert Williams

Jack.....Ganesi Dolly
Everywife.....Ann Meredith
Squabina.....Lillian Lorraine
Dress.....Miss Vernon
Excitement.....Miss Abott
Elegance.....Miss Belgar
Rhyme.....Harry Watson, Jr.
Reason.....W. J. Kelly
Kindness.....Miss Trieste
Gaiety.....Miss Richmond
Grace.....Miss Mitchell
Amusement.....Miss Aichel
Vanity.....Miss Perry
Romantic.....Miss Le Roy
Gamble.....Peter Swift

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Poppy Field, in which stacks of wheat turn into a chorus of dancing girls.

"Everywife," borrowed from the Lambs, who produced it at their recent frolic, is a fair and humorous paraphrase of the successful morality play of the season.

The parody on "Pinafore" was an easier matter. The music had the more familiar and the more friendly sound.

"New Year's Eve on the Barbary Coast" is a wild extravaganza, in the course of which Lillian Lorraine is violently tossed about in an Apache dance by Harry Watson and Leon Erroll, a performance that belongs to a review of the year no doubt, but which is not as delectable as it is riotous.

Mr. Ziegfeld is without a rival in the excellence and the lavish abundance of the elements that characterize his annual "shows" that takes off the follies of the year. "The Follies of 1911" is a review in two acts and thirteen scenes. These are divisions of incoherent material, but the individual scenes, for the most part, have point.

There is in these reviews always more than one performer of the highest excellence who has ideas and some new form of folly. Among them this year is Miss Bessie McCoy, who sprang into popularity a few years ago with the dance of her own devising called the Yama Yama girls. There are pictures of this attractive young woman in a defiant pose, as if of virtue, able to defend itself, on the aggressively defensive, with the wind or the movement tossing the skirts above the shapely ankles that may be classed as a creation of art.

In the review of this year she has devised a dance that she calls "Tad's Daffydils." She leads eight girls, as in the Yama Yama dance, but it lacks the old drollery. She repeats her former individual success. "Take Care, Little Girl," is another number of hers that is better.

One of the novelties of the performance is the California

The Dress Rehearsal

Oh, band of trembling manikins,
Why dread the master's eye?
The frequent halt repairs the fault
And drowns the prompter's sigh.
Why shrink to hear the master's voice?
He has no thought of you—
And if he blame—'tis but an aim,
To make the picture true.

So bear with patience, Player-folk,
Nor try the master's heart,
His anxious soul regards the whole
And you are but a part.
Bewail not, weary manikins,
The dress rehearsal's drag.
When welcome light succeeds the night,
Success may speak the tag.

LESLIE CURTIS.

There is a superabundance of everything, too much to see, and certainly too much to tell of. One bit of burlesque was timely and taking, the experience of the smuggling woman with the customs inspectors, who extricated from the folds of her dress yards of fabrics, amid her shrieks and protestations. Miss Arline Boley's impersonation of the outraged traveler was diverting. The review employs scores of people, the comely youthfulness of the chorus being a feature, the entire performance showing how ample are the resources of New York for every department of stage production.

GLOBE. "THE RED ROSE." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced on June 22 last with the following cast:

Lola.....	Valeska Suratt	Gyp.....	Carrie Reynolds
Dick Lorimer.....	Wallace McCutcheon	Baron Leblanc.....	Louis Casavant
Alonzo Lorimer.....	Alexander Clark	Maxime Dupont.....	Henry Bergman
Silas Plant.....	John Daly Murphy	Tita.....	Beatrice Doane
Hon. Lionel Talboys.....	Ernest Lambart	Celeste.....	Edna Bates
Daisy Plant.....	Lillian Graham	Marie.....	May Carlisle
Ludwig Spiegle.....	John E. Hazzard	Rosalie.....	Marjorie Dayton
Mme. Joyant.....	Flavio Arcaro	Denise.....	Laura Gaynelle
M. Duprez.....	Henry Bergman	Elane.....	Dorothy Langden
Andre.....	Craig Campbell		

The Globe Theatre has the distinction, in these days of novelty, of being in the summer time an airdrome, having free ventilation

by means of a movable or removable roof. The entertainment it provides in the musical comedy entitled "The Red Rose" is made up of conventional bits of comedy, with a touch of melodrama, and is yet a novelty. The music by Robert Hood Bowers is largely responsible for this effect.

Miss Valeska Suratt is a unique personality, pleasing to the sensuous minded, indolent in pose, with a repressed dull fire of passion, and with the physical vigor of a bacchanal in her spirited dances. Her dresses are flames of color, progressing, from act to act, from dull blue to pink, violet, cream, green, yellow, crimson, silver, and combinations of various kinds.

Passion is symbolized in everything. The red rose plays a part in costume and action,

The character, an artist's model, is a human red rose, and about her centres all kind of intrigue. The action unfolds at first a melodramatic story which soon is lost in dance and song. She is a long-lost child, finally marries the man of her choice and is restored to rank and fortune.

None of all this can be taken seriously, but there is good entertainment in the comic opera incidents. The love songs have good quality, and the dances, with the turkey trot and other figures, are full of spirit. The staging is novel, and while there is absolutely no inspiration in the subject matter, entertainment is there. Alexander Clark is amusing in a way that is all his own, and Ernest Lambart, with his Germanic drolleries, excites laughter. It is a summer show that serves its purpose.

BIJOU. "BAXTER'S PARTNER." Comedy in three acts by Thomas T. Railey. Produced June 27 with this cast:

Earl Dunn, E. A. Sparks; Lucretia Wiggins, Fayette Perry; Benjamin Baxter, Charles Reigle; Colonel Hopkins, Edwin Burns; Dorothy Livingstone, May Talbot; Mrs. Baxter, Florence Nelson; Howard McFarland, Sr., Reynold Williams; Howard McFarland, Jr., Robert Ober; Briggs, F. J. Broder; Dan Huntley, Robert Ellis.

This piece by a new author, who, by the way, is a lawyer by profession, was put forward at the worst possible time of year. Its sojourn on Broadway was not long enough to enable its promoters to put its drawing powers to any real test. A possible success was literally engulfed in the wave of torridity which swept over Gotham just after the opening. Apart from this serious handicap, there was much to commend in the play, and it is not unreasonable to predict that this playwright will again be heard from under conditions more suited to a favorable hearing. He writes good comedy and displays no mean skill in presenting vigorous, if somewhat shopworn, stage types. The interest throughout is well sustained, and at moments he is successful in striking the note of true drama.

Dan Huntley kills a joy rider in self-defence. He flees from justice because his arrest would compromise a married woman, Mrs. Baxter, the wife of a lawyer, who was a witness. The murderer's attachment to Mrs. Baxter is not suspected, because he is betrothed to Dorothy Livingstone. He is apprehended and brought to trial. Howard MacFarland, an indolent young lawyer associated with Baxter, is secretly in love with Dorothy himself. Seeing, however, that her fiancé is in danger, he forgets his own feelings, severs his connection with Mr. Baxter and pre-



Moffett, Chicago

MARGARET DALE

Who will be seen again next season as Mrs. Noel Travers in Louis N. Parker's new play, "Disraeli"

pare Huntley's defence. The other side is represented by Baxter. Huntley confesses to the shooting and McFarland, naturally inferring that Dorothy was the woman who was present at the time, urges her to say so. She goes on the witness stand, but her story is soon disproven by Mr. Baxter, and then the whole truth comes out. It is left for the audience to believe that Mrs. Baxter will divorce her husband and marry Huntley, while Dorothy's affections have already been transferred to McFarland.

Robert Ober was effective in the part of Howard, and Robert Ellis was excellent as the Huntley. Fayette Perry made an individual hit as Lucretia Wiggins, a young lady graduate of a commercial school who talked in stereotyped phraseology.



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Will open her season on August 10 at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in a new comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, entitled "The Real Thing"

IN what are now referred to as the "palmy days of the drama," which really means

SELECTING A CAST

the days of the old-fashioned stock company, there was not that close assimilation of "type" to "*dramatis persona*" as is demanded under modern conditions. Formerly it was considered an evidence of versatility on the part of the actor to be able to play "Macbeth" in the opening bill, and before the audience went home to regale them with a hornpipe.

No doubt it made actors of easy, fluent, pliable skill; but as the theatre became commercialized is also became specialized, in as much as that much-abused person, the bread and butter manager, seized upon some vital "type" in a play and at once proceeded to develop commercially for all they were worth a series of plays of certain phases of our life, such as the rural, Western and Civil War plays. Casts had to be selected to harmonize with the atmosphere of this or that type of play. It would be manifestly incongruous that an actor who knows how to wear his dress coat and feel at ease among the furniture and furnishings of a play of the social comedy class, such as the plays of the late Clyde Fitch or of Mr. Somerset Maugham, would also fill the eye of an audience as a type of Western cowboy, New England hayseed or a soldier on active service.

In the old days players were engaged according to his or her "line of business." Nowadays each actor is engaged because he or she represents a certain type demanded by the author. To

what extent this is carried may be judged by the following incident which was an actual occurrence

in the selecting the cast for a company of "The Witching Hour." A number of actors were being passed in review before Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author, to play the part of the young chap who is afraid of the cat's-eye. One of these was "tried out" at a rehearsal, found wanting, and promptly rejected by the dramatist. As the young fellow was a protégé of Mr. Shubert, the latter interceded that he be retained in the cast.

"But he neither knows how to wear his clothes nor even how to get around the furniture," declared the author.

"Can't you teach him?" demanded the manager.

"I could," declared the author, "if he had ever known his grandfather."

This may seem an extreme illustration of the carefulness demanded of the producing manager in casting his play. The modern Thespian must not alone be an artist, but he must represent some type in society—by this is meant society at large.

The one man who knows best—or is supposed to know—what people he wants for his play is the dramatist. If, however, he is a very astute person he will leave the selecting of the cast to the manager, always reserving to himself his contractual prerogative of the veto power on any given person. But it is well for him to remember that in the event of failure his responsibility will be weighty enough without having assumed any additional

responsibility for the cast. Divide this with the manager, let him feel that he is getting a run for his money, and then if the play eventually goes to the storehouse the dramatist may always meet the manager with: "Everything would have been different if you had only given me a decent cast."

The principal producing managers have in their constant employ competent and well-known stage directors. William Seymour and Gustave von Seyffertitz act in this capacity for Charles Frohman; Hugh Ford for Liebler & Co.; Frank Reicher for Henry B. Harris; Sam Forrest for Cohan & Harris; Herbert Gresham for Klaw & Erlanger; Frank Hatch for William A. Brady; John Emerson for the Shuberts.

Mr. Belasco, who is his own stage director, has William Dean, who does the sifting out of the applicants, and only the survival of the fittest ever reach the Master. Robert Hunter does the same for Mr. Savage, and then George Marion applies his summing up for or against.

The selecting of a cast to-day is the realization of types and what are known as "character people" in the professional parlance, if they can reproduce types, now command almost, if not quite, as much salary as leading men and women. This has about doubled the manager's salary list.

The manager and the stage director get their impressions of the "types" in the play from the dramatist's manuscript. The dramatist, if he knows his business, will embody in his manuscript, at the first entrance of each character, a short description of the personality. The late Clyde Fitch was a wonder at this sort of thing, and particularly as regards his women. Here are several demonstrations from his play "Truth":

"A smart, good-looking man servant, Jenks, shows in Mrs. Lindon and Laura Fraser. The former is a handsome, nervous, overstrung woman of about thirty-four, very fashionably dressed; Miss Fraser, on the contrary, is a matter-of-fact, rather commonplace type of good-natured wholesomeness united to a kind sense of humor. Mrs. Lindon is the sort of woman warranted to put anyone on edge in the course of a few hours' consecutive association, while friction with Miss Fraser is equally certain to smooth the raw edges.

"Becky is a pretty, charming, volatile young woman, sprightly, vivacious, lovable. She is dressed ultra-smartly and in the best taste. Lindon is dapper, rather good-looking, though not particularly strong in character and full of a personal charm. He

also wears very fashionable clothes. He is a man whose chief aim in life is to amuse himself.

"Mrs. Crespigny comes in flamboyantly. She is a woman past the age of uncertainty, dressed gaudily with an hourglass figure; she has innumerable bracelets and bangles and an imitation jeweled chain, flaunts a heavy pair of lorgnettes like a gargoyle hanging over a much-carved bust. Enormous wax pearls in her ears are in direct contrast to the dark beginnings of her otherwise russet gold hair. Neither her shoes nor her stays fit, and both are too tight. She is brightly rouged, and yet the very failure of the facade reveals somehow the honest interior of a human, if forlornly, foolish female."

To Otis Skinner

The taming gusto of Petruchio's wit,
The depth of Shylock's malice and despair,
With voice and mind and genius—ah! transmit
Will's passionate music to our colder air.

Or, building on the skill of modern pens,
Reveal the brave romance of Everyday;
And luminously, through thy crystal lens,
Show common manhood glorious, in a play.

Thy father sought men's souls? Ah! fitting then
The son should search and win the hearts of men!

THACHER H. GUILD.

The international casts for these characters as performed both here and in England were as follows:

Mrs. Lindon...	{ London: Grace Lane. New York: Mrs. Sam Sothern.
Laura Fraser...	{ London: Sybil Carlisle New York: Elene Fraser.
Becky.....	{ London: Marie Tempest. New York: Clara Bloodgood.
Lindon.....	{ London: Millward Dawson. New York: George Spink.
Mrs. Crespigny	{ London: Rosina Felippi. New York: Zelda Sears.

Fitch was his own stage director, and it is quite clear from the clean-cut precision of these silhouettes that he must have seen these people off the stage, and even before his play was finished or in rehearsal his mind must have been at work ransacking the ranks of the profession to reproduce these types and pay any salary to get them. Pinero, whose delineation of types is generally regarded as very wonderful, is much less painstaking in his manuscript than Fitch. Here are some of his ideas of his characters in "The Thunderbolt," seen in the New Theatre during the past season:

"Rose: A lady of 45, fashionably dressed and coiffeured and with a suspiciously blooming complexion.

"Thaddeus: A meek, careworn man of two and forty.

"Stephen: 49, bald, stooping, with red rims to his eyes, wearing spectacles.

"Phyllis: She is a woman of 35, whitefaced and faded, but with decided traces of beauty."

In order to place himself in close mental relationship, when casting a play the stage director really becomes a highly sensitized plate upon which are recorded the psy-



Bangs

GEORGE M. COHAN AS A FAMILY MAN



MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe closed their joint starring tour in New York on July 4 last after a most successful season, which extended to the Pacific Coast. It had been their intention to give a number of Shakespearian performances at the Broadway before disbanding, but owing to the heat, which seriously affected Miss



MISS JULIA MARLOWE AS ROSALIND

Marlowe, this plan was suddenly abandoned. Miss Marlowe spends her summer vacation, as usual, at her beautiful country home, Highmount, in the Catskills, while Mr. Sothern goes to Europe. Next Autumn these distinguished players will again be seen together in Shakespearian and other plays of their repertoire.

chic response on the part of each actor interviewed and considered for each part in the play. By this means he seeks to determine whether there is hope that the part is going to be realized. Questions, too, are asked as to what part the applicant has recently played, so as to get a line upon what the actor has been doing in his profession.

The importance of types being properly cast was never better illustrated than by an example, in "The Concert," recently current at the Belasco Theatre. In the last act there is just a bit for Mr. Cope, that of a bibulous old Irish caretaker. Now Belasco realized that that character, made to stand out by a fine actor, would give that play fresh impetus and keep it going until the final curtain. And it does. The play might have taken an awful slump but for the human touch here injected into it by the right actor. Such is the science of selecting a cast.

Now the producer or stage director who is not the author, upon reading any manuscript and gathering from its pages the "types" required, at once looks up the available people, *i. e.*, those preferably who are at that moment "resting," and to these are sent

tleman should naturally mate with a fair lady. This care is even carried into the ranks of the supers and chorus. Types are just as important there as in a selected cast in a social comedy at the Empire, Lyceum or Hudson Theatres.

Curious contradictions happen in spite of the utmost care. For "Thais" the management engaged for the major-domo an actor who stands six feet two inches in his stocking feet and carries himself like a grenadier. The costume of the part consisted of a Julius Caesar tunic, with a leopard skin thrown across his body, fastened by a jewel of sapphire and diamonds. He wore an Egyptian wig and was made up like Othello, beard and all. Also sandals, and thongs to his knees, and carried a staff of office. After the first dress rehearsal the author and the stage manager rushed up to the actor and the following comic relief was injected into the performance:

"This won't do at all! You are entirely too imposing."

"Well, I can't help that," retorted the actor. "God made me that way."

"But you fail to grasp the character——" insisted the manager.



White

SCENE IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

a note requesting them to call, whereupon the part is outlined to them. Sometimes if it is an important part the actor is allowed to read the play and asked if he can "see himself" in a given part. Generally speaking, he can. For the minor parts usually several people are selected tentatively, as there may be a question as to how personalities in a cast will not only harmonize, but also conflict in the *ensemble* of the whole cast.

Then comes what is popularly known as the "acid test," and this is when these tentatively chosen people are taken to a theatre or rehearsal hall and called upon to read the part. These are the conditions: A perfectly bare stage lighted by a single gas jet, the theatre itself shrouded in gloom and covered with cloths, and out in front one solitary man watching you as a cat does a mouse. And then, with a manuscript you have never had in your hand of a play, the title of which may even be unknown to you, you read that part. Only those who have been through this ordeal can realize what an ordeal it is. The lay mind can form no conception. The man out in front may be much impressed and he may not. The usual decision is that the applicant has a chance to go through the part at a regular rehearsal.

When all of the people for the play have been tentatively chosen they are assembled on stage and an inventory taken of the cast. Do their personalities harmonize or conflict? Is this one too short, too tall, or is the coloring effective? A dark gen-

"Didn't you know that I was imposing when you engaged me?"

"But you walk around here—a mere major-domo—and put everybody in the shade."

The too majestic actor received two weeks' notice, and another actor at one-half the expense now looks the major-domo.

Sometimes the author's entire conception of a personality is changed by force of circumstances. Witness, Henry Arthur Jones' celebrated play, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The manuscript contains this description of Mrs. Dane:

"A pretty, soft-voiced, dark little woman of 23."

In London, Miss Mary Moore was cast for the part, but fell ill, and in the emergency Miss Lena Ashwell created the part, and in this country Miss Margaret Anglin. Now neither of these ladies is dark, nor soft-voiced, nor little, and neither would be described as pretty, and perhaps if author Jones' conception had been adhered to the fate of the play might have been different. Who can tell?

A whole book could be written on the trials and disappointments that fill up a season in the selecting of casts for the immense number of theatrical companies touring this country, and how each disappointment for the actor is succeeded by a new hope! It reminds us of James Russell Lowell's beautiful line: "Patience after all is the finest courage."

HARRY P. MAWSON.



Photos White

Eleanor St. Claire



Frances Leslie



Capp Storer

THREE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS SEEN IN "FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

IT was a harassed road manager who once said to me:

"One of the advantages in the small cast play is that if you carry ten people you have only ten 'kickers.'"

At that time no one dreamed it ever would be possible to present over the country a large repertoire of drama without any actors at all. Motion pictures had not become popular then. To-day, although a majority of cities and towns have their established theatres for this style of entertainment, there also are a number of traveling moving picture organizations. They can present plays with as many characters as they please—fifty or a hundred, perhaps—and it makes no difference in their running expenses. Moreover, their actors never "kick." They may have grumbled at rehearsal, but if they did it matters nothing to the manager who brings them before the public. With him they are so silent and obedient that he will tell you sardonically he can hardly believe they are actors at all. He half expects them to break loose even from the films.

In these days when in most cities vitagraph shows are as numerous as grocery stores, and more so than churches, it may surprise many persons to be told that there are hundreds of fair-sized towns in America which possess no picture theatres. Into these dark places the traveling vitagraph man comes, literally, like a ray of light. He hires the town hall or "opera house," and swoops in to brighten up the benighted denizens with the sort of entertainment that more favored communities enjoy perpetually.

His pictures are as good as those seen in a large city. They must be. Even if a town has, for some inscrutable reason, never achieved a "nickelodeon" of its own, its people are critical. The "films" may not be the latest put forth by the various

Moving Picture Barnstormers

producing companies, but they must never have been used in this

particular town. Nothing is more promptly resented by the moving picture patron everywhere than a "back number." Therein he differs from the confirmed vaudeville-lover.

As a rule there are not many people nor much baggage in the traveling organization. The manager is often the operator of the picture machine, and generally he has one assistant, who helps him hang the white sheet and put up the apparatus in the hall. The lantern, sheet and films may be carried in two large trunks, the calcium-gas generators in another. More often the generators are not packed up at all, but conveyed loose. For general light the show depends upon the local gas company, or uses oil lamps.

There are other items of expense, however. For instance, an advance agent is a necessity. He goes ahead a week or ten days, as he would if representing a theatrical company, and "bills the town." He puts lithographs in the store windows, and occasionally posts a "three-sheet" on a regular billboard. Each set of films has its own lithographs, supplied at the market rate by the producing companies. So the manager, for a small monetary consideration, has his advertising matter ready to his hand.

The *avant-courier* takes his lithographs with him, and uses in each town as many as seems worth while. He also "sees the newspapers," and talks up his attraction enthusiastically in the hotel, drug store, grocery, blacksmith shop, "public square" and other centres of gossip, quite in the style of the old-time theatrical advance man, who, even in "one-night stands," has so nearly passed away.

Usually the lithographs, when they have served their purpose, are collected by the manager and his as-



ELIZABETH GLUCK
Danseuse in the Russian ballet

sistant, to be used over again. The prices of admission to the entertainment are necessarily low, and economy is practiced wherever possible.

One weakness in the business of traveling picture shows has been the necessity of taking in only communities along the railroads. Residents of many small towns and villages lying back in the country never see a moving picture exhibition at home. When the yearning for that form of dissipation overcomes them they have to hitch up the old mare and drive perhaps twenty miles to the market town, where theatres and other city pleasures prevail.

But there is hope for the worthy ruralite. A firm of young men, who have made a rather spectacular success of a picture theatre in Cleveland, are putting on a road show with a new idea. To begin with, they will not trouble the railroads. Their entire outfit, with the exception of the advance agent, is carried in a specially-fitted-up automobile. The man ahead rides a motorcycle.

The automobile is a steam car. It is the experience of the firm that better speed regulation is obtainable with steam than with gas, and that the former is the more reliable. Upon a substantial platform behind the front seats is set a 5-k. w. D. C. generator (dynamo), which derives its power from the engine of the car. The dynamo furnishes electricity for lighting the hall, as well as for the picture machine. This enables the management to dispense with the dangerous calcium gas ordinarily used by traveling shows. Also it makes them independent of the town for general illumination, which in small places is likely to be gas, or even coal-oil.

When the automobile reaches the hall there are doings on the outside of the building which attract general attention, and are a good advertisement in themselves. A pulley is attached to



Moffett, Chicago

MARY BOLAND

Who has been appearing in the comedy "Smith" with John Drew

the driving-shaft of the car, which operates a belt running to the pulley of the dynamo. Then a long piece of flexible duplex wire with incandescent lamps attached is run from the generating plant on the car into the hall. It is hung on gas fixtures or other convenient places, and gives all the light required. Another wire from the dynamo connects with the picture machine.

The advance agent is also the lantern operator. With his swift motorcycle he dashes ahead to two or three towns and does his advertising work during the day, returning to the base of supplies at night in time to show the pictures.

The young men conducting the motor-car enterprise (they are three brothers and their name is Heavens) are not depending on moving pictures alone to amuse their patrons. They exhibit also a full wireless outfit. This they demonstrate to the audience,

with an explanation of the details in every-day untechnical language. It has proved to be a very popular feature. Then there are other electrical phenomena which their apparatus enables them to present, and which never fail to excite interest and wonderment. Among their picture films are one or two showing flying machines of various kinds. On these, too, there is a lecture. The different principles of aviation are explained, with a few shrewd speculations as to the future of aerial science thrown in, as a make-weight.

The way the Heavens Company, of Cleveland, have broken loose from old methods has startled moving picture men. As is often the case where original ideas are introduced into a business that has been comfortably jogging along in a rut for years, the three brothers who have had the audacity to do things in their own way, without deference to traditions, are newcomers. They never were in the amusement business until about a year ago.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS MAETERLINCK'S HEROINE SISTER BEATRICE



VALESKA SURRATT IN "THE RED ROSE"

Their career as showmen, so far as it has gone, is not unlike that of the Ringlings, the circus proprietors, one of whom died recently. The Heavenses realize that the public wants novelty. That also was the secret of the success of the circus men.

When H. A., F. J. and C. G. Heavens decided to embark in the moving picture industry their first determination was that they must have a fireproof theatre. They built one—of cement. It cost five hundred dollars. Having bought a good-sized lot near the entrance to a much-frequented park on the outskirts of

Cleveland, it cost them only the above-named sum to erect their building. Of course, it conforms with all the laws and regulations of the Building and Fire Department. It had to. Its seating capacity was two hundred and thirty people (they have enlarged it since), and there was practically no wood in it except in the seats—and they are mostly iron. The floor is concrete. Like the walls and roof, it is fire-proof. The pictures are shown on a white-painted square on the end wall. This has turned out to be a vast improvement on a white sheet, because it never moves. A very slight breeze will set a cloth to quivering.

There are a number of other particulars in which this moving picture theatre differs from others. That the innovations were good has been proved by the fact that the house has made a handsome profit in its first year of existence. Two or three picture concerns in the neighborhood have barely existed, and another gave up the ghost months ago.

Whether the new ideas put into the automobile traveling show will be successful remains to be seen. No one can deny that the experiment is interesting. The eagerness with which the people of a small town turn out to the occasional moving picture entertainment is a reminder of the old days of the one-ring circus. Everyone goes to the "movers," just as, in these out-of-the-way places, they still rush to the circus. The one seems to be as fascinating as the other.

Even where there is a permanent theatre it has no chance against the picture exhibition that comes for one night only, with its new people in charge, its different pictures, and its brisk atmosphere of the outside world. This last is undoubtedly one of the principal reasons that the road show attracts most of the public on the night it is in town, utterly routing the local establishment. People may be loyal in their hearts to the home theatre, but, being human, they cannot resist the allurements of the breezy stranger, who comes, with a blare of trumpets and irresistible self-confidence, to give them something new—if not better.

The peripatetic vitagraph show in any form is a comparatively new development of the business. It requires more capital than is involved in renting an ordinary store and calling it a theatre. Traveling is always more or less expensive.

It is true the picture man has no actors, whose fares must be paid and whose trunks must be hauled from railroad station to hotel and theatre, and back again, at each stand. Neither has he their salaries to pay, nor their "kicks" to deal with.

On the other hand, the man of pictures has troubles peculiarly his own. Unless he carries all of his apparatus with him, dynamo and all, as do the Heavens Brothers, he is liable to find himself in a town some night with no means of throwing a light on the white screen. Calcium-gas generators have an unpleasant trick of failing at a crucial moment—any stage manager will tell you that—and there are few things harder to obtain than a calcium, or any other light powerful enough for a stereopticon, in a village of five or six hundred population.

Occasionally his lantern will not work and cannot be made to behave, no matter what he may do. That shuts up his show. It is worse than the defection or disability of a leading actor in a theatrical production. In the latter event another person can jump in to play somehow, and thus save the performance. But a biograph machine has no understudy. If it refuses to play its part the curtain cannot ring up. The manager must take as much care of his lantern as a grand opera impresario gives to a favorite tenor.

The many obstacles to smooth progress that beset the ordinary theatrical man "on the road" are his also. Among them are arguments with transfer men, difficulties with owners of halls who sometimes forget they have rented their premises to him, so that he finds an Indian medicine man, or performing cats and dogs, in possession of his "date."

GEO. C. JENKS.

Scenes in "The Red Rose" at the Globe Theatre



Photos White

ACT II. LOLA (VALESKA SURATT): "NOW I AM READY FOR THE BARON!"



ACT III SINGING "THE STUDENT'S GLIDE" AT THE BALL



Copyright P. O. Boyé

MLLE. LAVALLIERE IN HER BOUDOIR IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

Eve Lavallière---Paris' Most Parisian Comedienne

A LARGE, sunny room, half boudoir, half bedroom, exquisitely furnished in Louis XVth style; high windows overlooking the Tuileries Gardens; the sun flooding with radiant glow the dainty colors on walls, floor, tables and chairs; picture books, bibelots, and an antique dressing table, with a collection of miraculous hat-pins in a giant pincushion as could be seen nowhere outside of Paris; between the windows a great divan, massed high with multi-colored cushions; opposite the window a vast, beautiful bed, hung with diaphanous curtains, through the folds of which were glimpses of a portrait of that famous Lavallière of history, and below, propped up with soft piles of delicate lace and cambric pillows, enfolded in a marvelous quilt of old-rose, gold and lace, the small elf-like equivocal, enigmatic person of Eve Lavallière, the darling of Paris, the idol of the boulevards and the shining star for so many years of that incomparable company of artists at the Théâtre des Variétés. At the foot of the bed lay stretched a great white and yellow collie, watching with keen, gentle eyes every movement of his exquisite little mistress.

Sitting there, clad in a dainty old-rose kimono, shedding a hint of sadness, because of ill-health and the anxiety of a serious operation drawing near, the actress looked more like some interpreter of mysterious Maeterlinckian princesses, Rautendeleins, or Humperdinckian goose-girls, than the most witty, daring, fantastic comedienne of the French stage. The small, dark head,

the waving hair, a suggestion of rich red in it, worn short like some Roman or Grecian boys, the oval face, alive with sensibility and sensitiveness and an earnest, serious intelligence, the eyes very large, of a deep and beautiful brown, with heavy lashes, deep set and luminous, of an almost tragic intensity, the outline of the face more poetical than humorous, the nose finely cut, the mouth generous, firm, a little severe, she suggested more some tragic little artist of psychological ambitions than the gaily capricious, irresistible, eccentric, mocking comedienne we know so well. And yet as she talked, despite the quaint soberness of her manner, one saw the gleam of the gifted, quick and brilliant brain, so full of its amazing powers of satirical characterization and scintillating humor, the quizzical, mischievous look in the deep eyes, which have made of Lavallière the most worshipped of all that band of incomparable French artists in rôles of pure, clean-cut, brilliant comedy.

Of all French comedienues, she is the most eminently Parisian. Réjane, Granier, Simone, Cheirel, Cassive, etc., all are more universal, as it were; could have been artistically evolved in other countries without loss to their gifts. Réjane, Bernhardt, are French by birth but universal by their attributes of genius. But Lavallière, no! she is pre-eminently Parisian. A symbol of that type, audacious, witty, enigmatic, elegant, to be met with only on the boulevards of the most seductive of all capitals. She is as local as Polaire; only Polaire's genius is more morbid, tragic,



Photo Felix, Paris

MLLE. EVE LAVALLIERE, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESSES ON THE FRENCH STAGE

decadent, erotic; Lavallière's is more mental, full of that delicious fantasy which is as finely French in its typicalness as is the imagination of a Barrie to the English.

Only out of the infinitely subtle, and perhaps not too wholesome, charm in which the wit and wisdom of this great city is enveloped could a Lavallière have sprung. She is a type of artist the Anglo-Saxon temperament could never evolve, any more than we could evolve an Anatole France or a Pierre Louÿs. She is the type of artist, no matter how her genius may amuse, who can only be completely appreciated by those who know their Paris. For she comes to us impregnated with all her mysterious, humorous, daring refinement of attraction. Precocious more than decadent, psychological more than sensuous, with that indefinable charm which floods the boulevards and Montmartre; the careless, laughing wit of the cafés, the ever-ready repartee, the delightful, enthusiastic, artistic outlook, graceful mode of thought and expression, the merry disposition with its contradiction of quick pathos and neurotic charm.

In appearance Lavallière is slender, small, lithe, full of a curious, alert, definite grace, a precision of abandonment which is almost boyish in its air of impertinent daring. All her movements are perfectly natural, comic and amazingly individual, but never awkward. Her very faults of anatomy, such as rather large and spatulating hands, which are more capable of humorous suggestion than many a comedian's face; the astonishing movements of the limbs, which are so slender and so full of character that even when disguised at a carnival in far Nice as some purple Pierrot she can be recognized by those expressive, fantastic members—are all attributes to her fresh and delightful sense of satire and fun. Her most noticeable quality, even more so than the beautiful eyes, because so entirely unexpected, coming from this nervous, alert little personality, is the exceptional beauty of her speaking voice. It is low, and rich in color, with a grave cadence, at one with the sudden look of utter seriousness which fills the eyes, as of one who has dreams far beyond the work she is called upon to do. The eyes of a nun; the voice of an ecstatic; curious contradiction in the impersonator of those refined, yet so vicious rôles which the Variétés is well famed for. Her diction, like that of most French artists, even those who have passed through no conservatoire, is superb. Her speech, well forward on the lips, like that of a singer, is trenchant, to the point, direct, like the movements of her hands. When she talks of her art, rôles, dancing, col-



JOSEF STRANSKY
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York

leagues, ambitions, she punctuates her speech with characteristic gestures of those remarkable hands. She is full of strange individualities this artist, and not the least are those curious hands. One returns to them as one does to the voice, to the eyes. She can enact an entire bewilderingly difficult pantomimic scene merely by gesture, keeping a full house in irresistible laughter. The thumb is energetic, domineering and full of wit, and she uses it to paint the air with, as does a painter or sculptor. It is not so much a graceful or pretty movement, as one which symbolizes well her imaginative powers and the *will* and *power* to create what she imagines.

It is doubtful, granting that Lavallière could appear in another country, if she would have been encouraged or urged. The curious specialness of her personality would have been looked on as ungraceful or unfeminine and been crushed as defective; perhaps even in France twenty-five years ago. But now she is the rage; the "type"; the founder of a whole battalion of little imitators, thin-legged and short-haired, who do not realize that these peculiarities are but adjuncts to her inner genius and not the cause of it. Yes, Lavallière is bizarre, eccentric, daring if you will; but she is the result of a perfectly natural evolution. Her work, like herself, is keenly intelligent, precise, intellectual, but never heavy or northern; and never vulgar, even in the most impossible situations. The detail is always elaborated with almost epicurean finish, and her imaginative powers seem unlimited in scenes of exaggerated comedy. Of course, like all artists, she is anxious to try a different and more serious line of work, and there is no doubt that she has a great gift for the graver side of drama; but Paris would never accept her in other rôles but those which she has made so familiar to them. There are sufficient to cause our tears and reawaken our griefs, and too few who can with such an exquisite gift of pure comedy give us unrivalled hours of gaiety and laughter.

Lavallière's position in Paris is unique, where engagements outside the subsidized theatres are, as a rule, very transitory. Her first engagement was at the Variétés as a "walk-on" when little more than a child; she received the large salary of eighty francs (\$16) per month. Her attractive, odd personality and quick, fantastic wit soon engaged the attention of the management and she was entrusted with small parts. Her entire career has been in this one theatre. Her first noticeable success was in "Bob," a play by Gyp. With incredible swiftness, in this city where talent seems to run riot, she established herself as



White

H. COOPER CLIFFE

Whose impersonation of Nobody in "Everywoman" was one of the notable characterizations of the past season

(Continued on page viii)



Photo White

MISS AURORA PIATT
Clever young actress selected by Henry W. Savage to play the rôle of Beauty in "Everywoman"



THE SENSATIONAL SCENE IN "OEDIPUS" WHEN THE ARENA IS FILLED WITH A FURIOUS, GESTICULATING MOB

Max Reinhardt and His Famous Players



MAX REINHARDT

GERMANY has not only its Secessionists, its Super-Secessionists, its Anti-Secessionists, and its Hyper-Secessionists in Art, but its Dramatic Secessionists, too. The founders of this latest group are Max Reinhardt, of Berlin, and George Fuchs, of Munich, and their apostles are many. Not content with preaching their gospel in the Fatherland, they are invading Austria, Russia and Sweden, and now they mean to proselytize for their interpretation of dramatic art in America.

From headquarters it is announced authoritatively that next fall will see Max Reinhardt and his far-famed arena performance of the Sophoclean "Oedipus"

in New York.* Whether he will give it in the English version of Professor Murray, of Oxford, as he gave it this spring in the Colosseum at London with English actors; whether he will train new American recruits, or whether he will present the von Hofmannsthal version with the original cast that has been playing in Berlin all winter, and is now *en tour* through the other cities, is not definitely decided.

The cycle of Shakespearean plays, however, which he will present before American audiences at the same time will surely be given in German, as the "Kunstfreunde" (friends of art) who have asked Professor Reinhardt to come over, with sufficient financial guarantee to make the trip worth while, include the most prominent German-Americans in the country. The object underlying this plan is not only to give the Secessionists a chance to preach their gospel, but to give the German theatre in America a necessary "boost," and to prove, what the Germans have always maintained, that they have a deeper understanding,

a keener appreciation of Shakespeare than the English-speaking people. It is their firm belief that they discovered Shakespeare, and some of them even go so far as to say that the Bard of Avon is a German. How they prove this claim of nationality is a matter neither here nor there—what is of importance is to see how they understand and choose to interpret his work. The plays which will probably be used to illustrate their theories are "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "Merchant of Venice," and "The Comedy of Errors."

What are the Secessionists? What do they believe and how do they put their theories into practice? As the Secessionists in the pure arts broke away from the conventional, historical restrictions, so the Secessionists in dramatic art are breaking away from the "literary drama," the purely narrative plays of the early eighties, and the later problem and *genre* plays with a so-called moral, historical, social, religious or ethical purpose. They want dramatic art for the sake of dramatic art—not for the sake of preaching a moral, saving a soul, exploiting a theory, or explaining a mental process. As the painters, the sculptors, the architects, want pure art, free from the shackles of historical reverence and the imitation of the work of centuries past, which has no practical or artistic value in present times, and which hinder the artist from expressing himself and the age in which he lives, so the actors want a pure, an absolute dramatic art, unhampered by the "literary" demands of another age, another time. To them the manner of presentation is of infinite more value than the matter presented. The Secessionists believe that the stage derives its power, not through the position it takes in regard to the fundamental problems of life, but through the artistic form in which it presents these problems. In short, it is the controversy of art for art's sake brought upon the stage.

The object of the Secessionists is not to teach and to reform (they strenuously oppose all theories that the theatre is an educative influence), but to give pleasure and joy, to make each member of the audience feel at peace with himself, and not to leave him with a head full of new perplexities and problems. They want to make their hearers feel in harmony with the world, not torn and harassed by another contemplation of the incomprehensible com-

*According to a cable despatch from the *New York Times*' correspondent in Berlin James C. Duff of New York has contracted for the production next season of M. Reinhardt's Oriental pantomime "Sumurun," which was the sensation of the Berlin theatrical world the past year, and took London by storm a few months ago. M. Reinhardt will produce "Sumurun" in New York, and then throughout the United States and Canada, with the full original cast. "Sumurun" not only presents the most lavish stage pictures of Oriental life ever presented, but also by far the most daring.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

plexities of life and favor and fortune.

"The theatre is not a continuation school for grown-ups," writes George Fuchs, the director of the Münich Künstler Theatre. "Never did the people work so hard and so much as they do to-day; never were they, therefore, less inclined, after a day's strenuous work, to be overpowered with new impressions, to undertake the solution of difficult, even disagreeable, problems. The theatre ought to be a public social undertaking, through which the partaker may be brought to forget the haste and the waste of the day's toil, where he may find a new relief in life through the fascinating spectacle of sor-



SCENE IN MAX REINHARDT'S PRODUCTION OF "OEDIPUS"

row and joy, of hate and love, which he sees presented before him. The theatre should be the giver of joy and amusement, but—in an artistic way. If it is that, it fulfills its purpose as a theatre in the highest sense of dramatic art; if it fails, it is nothing but a second-rate show place. The material matters not. It is the manner of presenting the material that makes a good or poor production."

The Secessionists are of the opinion that the people never went to see the classics because they didn't enjoy them; that they did not enjoy them because they could not understand them as they were given by the "literati." In the old-time performances, they maintain, the *dramatis personæ* were not human beings, they were characters in literature. If one had not an intimate knowledge of the work and the author, one did not derive a keen desire to acquire it; and if one did have, these perform-

ances did not offer much enlightenment. Many people's theatres have failed because the philanthropists who wanted to bring the classics to the people, or the other way around, the people to the classics, thought that any performance was good enough. That is a vital mistake, maintain the Secessionists, for it is just for those who do not know the classics, who have no interest in the masterpieces, that the performances should be especially good. Let them derive genuine pleasure from a Shakespearian performance, given in a truly artistic setting and historical correctness, and they will soon enough learn to prefer it. Appreciation for the beautiful and the artistic is not a class matter, thinks Max Reinhardt, but a matter of individual temperament, just like a capacity for work, a jealous nature or a sense of rhythm. That is why he wants to have a theatre big enough to seat 5,000, wherein the expensive seats for the exclusive few will help to pay for the cheaper seats for the pleasure-hungry many.

To fulfill this desire, friends are building an arena-theatre for him in Berlin, and a second one in Munich, which will be followed by others in various parts of the Empire. Here he means to give "Volksfestspiele," large-scale productions, played in amphitheatres from four sides of the show-place, instead of three, as in the ordinary theatres.* The trial-



SCENE IN THE REINHARDT PRODUCTION OF "OEDIPUS"

*Among the classics which the Secessionists regard as adaptable for these productions are the dramas of the Greeks, a mystery play of the Middle Ages, Shakespeare's plays, "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "Comedy of Errors," Goethe's "Faust," I and II, Schiller's "Robbers," "Jean D'Arc," "Bride of Messina," Wallerstein's "Kleists," Penthesilea and Hebbel's "Niebelungen."



ELSE HEIMS AS PORTIA

piece, "Oedipus," was given in a circus, of which one end was occupied by the stage proper, presenting a massive Greek palace, with high steps leading down into the ring. About this, on three sides, sat the audience. There was no curtain, there were no footlights. "The monumental drama cannot bear the trappings of the ordinary stage," says George Fuchs. "It is too big—the usual stage tricks fail absolutely in their effect here. Audience and actors form one big community." That is why, when one arrives, one may see all the dramatic paraphernalia there is, and may spend the time before the play begins in guessing what they are going to do with it. However, one usually guesses wrong, as Reinhardt's performances are always full of surprises.

The first surprise in "Oedipus" was to find oneself in Egyptian darkness, out of which rang, clear and loud, a clarion trumpet-call. Then four lithe youths, clad in the altogether, and bearing their torches on high, ran out from the centre entrance opposite the stage, up the vast steps, to kindle the calcium lights, resembling ancient altar fires that stand at either side of the palace. Where and how these youths then disappear, one doesn't notice, as the attention is distracted by a rumbling that is neither thunder nor the rolling of nine-pins! A rumbling that has too many tones, too many dissonances to be mechanical; louder it grows, nearer it comes, and with it a jostling, seething gray mass of human beings that pours into the arena through three entrances. Their inarticulate cries and wails grow more intense; pierced here and there by the shrieks of a woman or the groan of a man's voice, they finally concentrate into the insistent demands for "Oedipus." It is the plague-ridden people of

Thebes, come to beg for succor at the palace of the King. Their voices penetrate through the heavy palace walls—Oedipus himself comes out to answer them. Hand over eyes, he steps out upon the platform before his door and gazes into the darkness of the pit in search of the author of his summons. Thus they discourse, the King and his people, he in his majesty towering above them, they in their misery standing below. He promises them aid; they turn and leave him, murmuring encouragement and hope the one and the other; the strong carrying the weak, the less afflicted supporting the dying. Out of the darkness into which they disappear comes all the ill-fortune that besets Oedipus, bit by bit, until finally, overwhelmed by an accumulation of tragedies, blind, powerless and deserted, he is driven into the darkness himself, followed by the same mob, which dares not even touch him now, for fear of pollution.

This tragedy of a puppet of fate who, in spite of the fact that he unknowingly murdered his father and married his mother, must bear the punishment meted out for such crimes, must be presented on a large scale in order that it may exert its full power and have its entire effect. Reinhardt's production is one of the "deed," not the "word." The text is secondary. Although every word, whether it was spoken by a member of the mob, one of the chorus, or a principal, could be heard on a twenty-five-cent seat under the roof of the circus. It was not of the words the holder of that seat thought as he left the performance, but of the series of pictures he had seen. There was the scene with the mob, with its sea of arms outstretched first to Oedipus, then to his brother-in-law, Creon, who had come with the answer of the oracle, followed by the scene with the seer, Teiresias. . . .



ELSE HEIMS AS OPHELIA

A wonderful, majestic old man, in flowing white beard and flowing white gown, led through the arena by a mere slip of a graceful lad clad in ancient scantiness, it presented a marked contrast in its simplicity and quiet to the stormy scene that had preceded it. There were the several scenes with the classic chorus, twenty odd venerable sires who came and went through the side entrances as noiselessly as the mob was noisy in its coming and going. The dignified scenes with the queen, "Tocasta," and her group of hand-maidens, in the first part; the hysterical scenes with these same hand-maidens towards the end of the play, in which they run up and down the palace steps, back and forth between house and people, reporting breathlessly of the suicide of the queen, the blinding of the king. In spite of the vastness of it all, the strength of the *en masse* playing, the *finesse* of the individual acting was not lost. Beside the memory of the pictures, the memory of the acting of Paul Wegener, with his metallic, ringing voice, as Oedipus, and Tilla Durieux, whose every gesture is a text in itself, as Tocasta, remains indelibly impressed upon the mind of the thousands upon thousands who have come out of the Reinhardt performance, blinking their eyes and trying to accustom themselves to the electric light of the new world they had forgotten for two hours while they were living with the suffering Thebans in the old.

Reinhardt took the liberty—and herein lies his secessionism—of changing the text to suit modern ideas of dramatic art, instead of adhering religiously to the old. The words of the chorus he divided, giving various lines to separate members, instead of having them say everything in unison. In the Greek original, a servant of the queen recounts at great length the entire tale of her death, the grief of her son, Oedipus, his self-destructing act of blinding his eyes. In the present version of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, this is told in scraps by the frightened, hysterical hand-maidens of the queen as described above. He made these changes in order to break the monotony, to heighten the dramatic effect. He does not give the play with masks or leggings, as the ancients presented it; he does not maintain the sacral style in all its rigid simplicity, where he does not regard it as fit, and—above all—as pleasing to the modern audience. One cannot say whether he has added the advantages of modern dramatic technique to the ancient methods of production, or whether he has simplified modern methods, freed them from



ALEXANDER MOISSI AS HAMLET

the burdens of petty detail by introducing into them the largeness of concept exemplified on the classic stage, but certain it is that he has blended the two indisputably well. The important consideration is that he has maintained the dramatic idea of the whole, that he has made the awful tragedy of "Oedipus" real and kept intact the immensity of its conception.

The same is true of Reinhardt's Shakespearian productions. He does not give these plays as their author gave them, with negligible scenery, and signs for decoration and lucidity, nor does he adhere to the Shakespearian stage traditions that have accumulated through the centuries. He utilizes the best of each method—the old and the new—insofar as it helps him to make his production artistic. His presentations are historically correct, but if "correctness" means anything ugly or grotesque or unsymmetrical, it is omitted or modified. Especially is this true of the costumes. These he reduces, as far as possible, to an "ideal costume"—one that suggests the outline of the fashion it represents, but not its details. Frills and

furbelows detract from the harmonious, artistic effect of the whole. Neither a painter nor a sculptor perpetuates the moods of fashion—why should the dramatic artist? If "just plain drapery" will do, it is best; if a jerkin made of one piece and a doublet and hose suffices for the men, so much the better; if, however, as in "Don Carlos," there must be crinoline skirts, then let there be crinoline skirts, but simple and correct and as undecorated as possible. Here it is proverbial that "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

The same is true of the scenery. If it can be simple and plain, grand architecturally, built on big, straight lines, it is well. In "Hamlet," the scene changes very little; the king's throne room is a big, bare, brown-walled room, such as a Scandinavian ruler of the early middle ages might have had. A throne at one end—a simple, block-like structure, covered with a heavy tapestry, bearing the royal arms—is the sum total of the furniture. The effect of the size and the vastness of the room is heightened by the long lances carried by the attendants. This, and the exaggerated simplicity, serve to make the tragedy more poignant, the fate of the melancholy Dane more inexorable, the philosophy of the drama more telling. Some, however, can only see in it a "barn-like" scene, a shabby interior, for they cannot give up the sumptuous palace hall they have been used to seeing, with heavy gold and purple trappings, rugs and cushions in profusions, glittering, gorgeous courtiers.



CAMILLA EIBENSCHÜTZ AS JULIET



ALEXANDER MOISSI AS ROMEO

GERTRUDE EYSOLD
In "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

RUDOLF S. CHILDKRAUT AS SHYLOCK

But if all of the Secessionist productions are given on this scale of simplicity, where do they get their reputation for extravagance? how can their enemies say that they dazzle the audience into enthusiasm by the sumptuousness of their stage settings? Reinhardt surely would not have been the first one to use the turning stage had he not found ample use for it. The first Shakespearian play—or, rather, the first play of any author—which he gave on the stage of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin was "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With the elaborateness of that production he staggered his Berlin audience—they were speechless with astonishment. For weeks they talked of nothing else.

This comedy, he decided, was a fairy-tale, and as such it must be put on the stage. In fairyland, elves and goblins and gnomes are essential, so elves and goblins and gnomes there were. But these were not stage people, not at all—they were woodland sprites dancing about on a carpet of real green moss in an open place where the moonbeams play. The birch trees were so real that the gnomes could pick off the bark with their teeth, and the glow-worms in the cool green moss buzzed secrets into the ears of the goblins that gamboled about. The elves, according to tradition, wore fitting green scarves, and their pretty pink

toes twinkled in the moonshine. They were a vain little lot, and so, whenever they could, they took a peek at themselves in the clear water of the pool, until Puck came bouncing, tripping and skipping along and chased them away.

"Entirely too realistic," said the dissenting critics. "Too bizarre, too extreme," they called it. Then Reinhardt silenced them by bringing "Hamlet" in all the simplicity of its grandeur.

No wonder he has enemies in Germany. At one fell blow he is throwing over many of their most cherished traditions. Juliet is not a beautiful, blonde maiden, with a longing for romance, but a black-haired Italian child of thirteen years, dressed like a portrait of Lucca de la Robbia, chasing about the stage in the exuberance of her youth in the first scenes—subdued and surprised by her sudden great passion in the last. The Montagues and Capulets are real Italians, sensitive, easily angered—one sees immediately that a family feud is unavoidable, that it is a matter

of vital importance in the lives of each and everyone belonging to these households. The curtain rises on a narrow Italian alley, crossed by a first-story bridge—one feels instinctively "If a Montague should meet a Capulet here, why, then—" and sure enough—that is what happens.

The parts of the hero and heroine are played by very young people—that is another Secessionist idea. That



THE LAST SCENE IN "HAMLET," AS PRODUCED BY THE REINHARDT PLAYERS

(Continued on page vi.)



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MME. LILLIAN NORDICA

This distinguished prima donna will be heard next season in a new opera called "The Blue Forest," which Henry Russell is bringing over to this country

Summer Nights in London

IN Russell Square, overlooking Bedford Place, is a statue of Francis, Duke of Bedford. His is the usual costume of the British statue, consisting of rather tight-fitting pajamas and a bed coverlet thrown gracefully over his shoulders and trailing down his back. Handsome and well shaped as he is—a statue has no excuse for being badly shaped—the most remarkable characteristic of this gentleman is his expression of inordinate pride. Rome in its decadence never furnished an emperor so haughty. I do not know what number of duke this Francis was, nor how far he was removed from the first Duchess of Bedford, Edward the Fourth's intriguing mother-in-law, but no degree of intimacy with this bronze gentleman could weaken his effect upon me—he stands the Statue of Disdain. That the red-faced hackney coachmen dared to halt their mangy steeds daily directly under his nose was an exhibition of courage that kept me in a perpetual state of admiration. The square is, however, locked against them, and against me and against everything living except innumerable cats and dogs; were it otherwise I can picture Francis, Duke of Bedford, climbing down from off his pedestal and trailing his bedclothes away to more exclusive scenes.

London has only one Francis, but she has myriad squares like Russell all hermetically sealed to humanity. Their walks are cleanly swept, the dead leaves decorously removed—this labor seems to be done by invisible hands—the foliage of tree and shrub is washed by countless showers and kept a deep and painful green. I have looked in vain for the dusty plane tree of London sung by the Cockney poets—it must be a poetic license. Dust isn't present in the summer, the rainy season, except in the form of mud.

Although this part of London has long been a favorite with touring Americans, it was never fashionable, bankers and stock brokers affecting it for residence. Hard-hearted George Osborne and poor John Sedley lived here, if we may credit Mr. Thackeray, but Russell and Tavistock and Bedford have fallen from the heavy opulence of that black walnut period. Many of the cumbersome and ugly mansions are let out in "board residence," a peculiar and uncomfortable British way of housing strangers, while Upper Bedford Place is slowly but surely taking the boarding-house honors away from Bloomsbury. In the daytime the quarter has little to recommend it besides this floating population, and they usually float early to the Abbey, St. Paul's and the National Gallery. After nightfall, however, excellent entertainment of the continuous variety order is provided.

The performance begins immediately after dinner, when the strangers are starting to the theatres and maids in all conditions of slatternliness rush madly to the Square to pick up taxi-cabs and ride back in them with the air of my lady on her way to a drawing room. Every sort of evening gown and *habit noir*, ranging from 1860 to the present day, are displayed by the Colonials and Americans. One woman who went out every night in a simple muslin frock evidently rested her claim to fashion on the ribbons, a different one each night, which bound up her hair. A gentleman who had left his high hat behind him in Kankakee was, nevertheless, dragged by his determined young wife to all sorts of London gaieties bareheaded and crestfallen. But these people, interesting at ordinary times, merely played the curtain raiser to the true performance.

That began with the magical irruption of all sorts of wandering minstrels. Magic must really work in this plain, matter-of-fact region; you might be scanning the upper and lower ends of this place and reporting, like sister Anne, that you saw nothing, when lo! in front of your very door, to right and left of you, spring itinerant musicians, acrobats, opera singers, actors—it is as if the stony pavement had yawned and yielded them up for your diversion.

And it is true, that when there is a prospect of pennies to be gained Upper Bedford is a region of enchantment. Until night-



Moffett, Chicago

JEANETTE HORTON

Appearing in Charles Klein's new play, "Maggie Pepper"

fall it is the emptiest street in London, a city made up of dismal regions that seem uninhabited; but if one needs a cab called or a trunk moved or a messenger for any purpose, one has but to open the outer door on this desolate street and a dozen swarm round to do your errand. Where do they hide between odd jobs—in the areas, under the dripping branches of the sodden "park"? Do they dangle, like dirty stalactites, from the eaves? I cannot answer these digressive questions—I call upon a cloud of witnesses to confirm me in my belief that nowhere in this overpopulated world are found so many unemployed creatures cringing for a penny. That Cockney cringe! Beneath its ridiculous lack of grace do you perceive something that menaces, that terrifies?

Beneath the open windows of the boarding-houses, "board residences," hotels, apartments, the strange entertainment is now in full swing. We have brought out uncomfortable, backless

stools and sit down with the firm determination to be amused at as small an expenditure of pennies as possible. Our particular villain is a violinist who plays an "Ave Maria" as well as it can be played on four strings. Our neighbors to right and left have drawn a gayer lot, a singer of the worn-out stuff from the 'alls and a tumbler who is also a ventriloquist. In a few minutes, however, there will be a shift and we may get either tumbler or singer, while the stolid auditors one side or other will have to put up with the virtuoso. Across the street there are other performers and the medley goes on as such things do in Pandemonium; each singer, dancer, musician, pursues his little programme (empties his bag of tricks, to be quite professional) as if he were the cynosure of the street. It would be impossible to recognize the slow, stupid, ugly Bedford Place of daytime while this tumultuous variety of noises fills it from end to end.

Listen! A stentorian voice from the upper end of the Place dominates the clashing sounds.

"The first dramatic impersonation I will give you this evening, ladies and gentlemen, is the closing act of 'The Only Way,' from the famous novel by Charles Dickens, 'The Tale of Two Cities.' I will, with your kind permission, represent Sydney Carton."

This was perfunctory politeness, for without anybody's permission the shabby Thespian strode into the middle of the street, dashed his hat onto the pavement and launched into the tragedy. The man was by no means a bad actor. His voice was susceptible of great changes; it could be tender and sweet, it could be rich and powerful. While he acted the other performers at a little distance went on with their work undisturbed by the tragedian or he by them. Only the one-legged man who had a trained dog and the dwarf tumbler who happened to be nearest paused in their labors and gave poor Sydney Carton the tribute of a tear.

As the slow twilight faded out and the slower stream of bronze dribbled into their unwashed palms the performers gradually worked their way out of the Place in the direction of Ennesley Gardens. The pavement Irving had passed the hat and disappeared; the tumbler, the ventriloquist, the comic singer had vanished, and only the violinist with four strings still lingered, ready to play the "Ave" over again for the smallest encouragement. But even he made haste to dive into the outer shadows when, with a show of caparisoned steed, mysterious covered cart and loud

staccato note from a hidden piano, entered the Masked Musicians, prepared to give their concert.

It was my first sight of this eminently British institution, and I waited with something like a thrill to see what made their perennial fascination. The black-palled cart halted, the piano gave out a gentler tinkle, steps were lowered and two men and a woman modishly dressed like dinner guests and wearing velvet masks descended and stood in front of the cart. Their first selection, given in the conventional concert style, is from an ancient, florid opera; then the men step back and lean negligently on the wheels of the cart while the prima donna shrills the aria of "Santuzza." A good baritone voice follows with a sentimental song of the day, his mate "obliges" with a shrieking tenor, there is a final trio, and the concert is over save for the penny catching. Baritone, a slim, elegant figure in a perfectly fitted dress suit, holds out his shining silk hat as if conferring a favor; the other masks stand in attitudes of easy unconcern, not even whispering to each other—all is carried out with the most polished decorum; it is like a game, the carrying out of a wager. Pence roll in thickly and there is no sordid suggestion.

This is the featured act of the Bedford Place vaudeville. No sooner have the maskers faded away as silently as they came than the minor performers re-emerge from the shadows to reap but a languid interest and few pennies. Indeed, it is eleven o'clock and Russell Square, economical of gas as of other material comforts, is turning it off and going to bed.

Tavistock Square, a replica of Russell except that it lacks a Francis, bounds Bedford Place at the upper end, but the itinerant performers neglect it altogether. Were it not for the immature men servants who are learning to be butlers in this penurious school and the overworked maids from the *pensions*, pretty Tavistock would be as deserted by night as it is by day. Little Cockney love affairs go on there by means of shoves and taps and a prodigious deal of heavy chaffing while the mistresses and boarders are watching the passing show. How these toil-worn, harshly driven menials can think of any sport but sleep, even under a summer moon, is surprising, but until the cheese-paring housekeepers call them in to lock up for the night, these coupled Cockneys wander up and down, bantering, nudging and ha-ha-ing like rough lovers the world over.

WILLIS STEELL.



French Military Tower in the heart of the desert



The "fumoir" in Count Landon's garden



Robert Hichens, the author, in Count Landon's garden

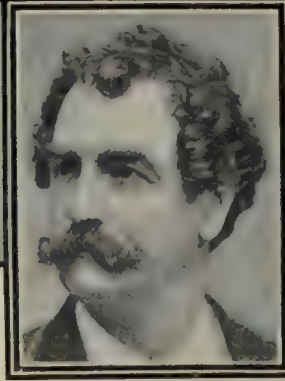
PREPARING FOR THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

The Messrs. Tyler, Ford and Morange expedition which went into the desert to secure material for the forthcoming production of "The Garden of Allah" at the Century Theatre, New York, arrived in Phillipville, Africa, on April 12. Three days later they met Robert Hichens at Biskra (Beni-Mora). After a week's sojourn there, they pierced the heart of the desert, saw a sand-storm at a safe distance, and Mr. Morange, the scenic artist, secured the sketches he desired.

The American Stage a Generation ago



AUGUSTIN DALY



LESTER WALLACK

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth wrought a perfect transformation in the metropolitan city of New York. The Broadway of 1875 has given place to a boulevard of towering skyscrapers which is the wonder of observing tourists. In no direction, perhaps, has the transformation been more complete than in its effect on the conditions surrounding the production of works of dramatic art. The

stage methods of the past have been completely revolutionized by the progress of the city in its business development. The playgoer of a generation ago sees nothing in the management of the theatres to-day to remind him of what he regards as the "palmy days" of the drama, and he is apt to cause the present admirers of the stage no little amusement by his sage remarks about the "good old days" of Forrest and Booth, Charlotte Cushman, and Ristori. The old theatre has

passed into history, leaving behind it many pleasant memories for what Young America calls the "old fogies." These memories are gratefully treasured by the playgoers of the olden time, who gain more real pleasure from their contemplation than from any of the "combination" plays which are offered them in the twentieth century theatres.

For the old stock theatres of the metropolis formed a very important element in the city's attractions. They were as distinct and prominent features of New York life as the Stock Exchange or the City Hall. Every visitor to the city

visited one or more of them, and when he returned to his home he told the story of his night at the play, and became the envied of all his hearers. His reminiscences of Lester Wallack, rare old John Gilbert, Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris, not forgetting delightful old Mrs. Gilbert, whiled

away many a long evening in the farmhouse or the village inn, and entranced the listeners, as they eagerly drank in the words of him who had gazed on these famous actors of the metropolis. All this is changed now. The same plays and the same players who furnish amusement for New York City to-day will be seen in every city of

the land which possesses a theatre, or an apology for one, and its citizens have but to await their appointed time to enjoy the show precisely as though they had made a trip to New York to attend it. The distinctive theatre of New York as we knew it a generation ago has passed away, apparently forever.

The stock company marked the very beginning of dramatic enterprise in New York. Indeed, no other form of theatrical entertainment was possible at first than that presented by the stock company. The city had no traffic arrangements with any other towns except by the dawdling stage coach, travel by which was not only very slow, but very expensive. To transport an entire production from city to city was at that time a

practical impossibility, so that the combination system, which now prevails so extensively, was not at all practicable. Burton's stock company was a very creditable organization for the time in which it existed, but the first company which really became famous in New York was that of Lester Wallack, which held the amusement-loving public in the hollow of its hands for nearly forty years. During its long and memorable career it encountered much serious competition and was obliged to fight vigorously to maintain its position. The Daly and Palmer companies, organized later, made serious onslaughts on its position, but, in spite of all opposition, the Wallack company never yielded a point in the struggle, and it was as popular when the death of Lester Wallack resulted in its disbandment as it was during the long years of its successful career.

Lester Wallack had been for some time the leading man of the old Burton company, playing under the name of Mr. Lester, when, in 1852, he decided to join the forces of J.W. Wallack, who had assumed the management of the old Brougham's Lyceum at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, under the name of Wallack's Lyceum. New York at that time was not the great city it has now become. According to the census of 1850 her entire population amounted to but 515,547 souls, less than a sixth of its present dimensions.

Fourteenth Street was really the practical limits of the city's boundary to the north. To be sure, there are a few scattered residences above this line, but to all intents and purposes Manhattan Island was a wilderness above Fourteenth Street. The business centre of the city was near the old Wallack Theatre, and the house drew its patronage from north and south, east and west.

It was under these conditions that the first Wallack's Theatre opened its doors.

Lester Wallack had made for himself a magnificent reputation during his engagement at Burton's, and it was not long before he became the real head of the Wallack fortunes. As a manager he at once made a popular appeal, but he was wise enough not to rely wholly on his own popularity for the success of his house. He formed a supporting company of artists such as had never before been seen on the New York stage, and this company he continually strengthened from year to year until it became known the world over as one of the most perfect aggregations of players

ever brought together under a manager.

Among the many notables included in the Wallack list of players which entertained New York for more than a generation ago were W. G. Blake, Mrs. John Hoey, who temporarily left the stage and married the president of the Adams Express Company, Ione Burke, one of the most charming women who ever trod the boards; John Brougham, the genial comedian, whose bright



CLARA MORRIS



E. A. SOTHERN



FANNY DAVENPORT



EDWIN BOOTH



ROSE COGHLAN



ADA REHAN



JOSEPH JEFFERSON



AGNES ETHEL



JOHN BROUGHAM



W. J. FLORENCE



Sarony

John Drew and James Lewis
In "The Taming of the Shrew"Falk Kyrle Bellew
When leading at Wallack's

Sarony

Charles Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert
In "The Taming of the Shrew"

spirits made him a welcome companion in any circle; C. J. Parsloe, C. Chippendale, Charles Fisher, who was imported from England by Mr. Burton to take the place in his company, vacated by Mr. Wallack, and afterwards seceded to the enemy; John Gilbert, the "rare old man" who succeeded Mr. Fisher when the latter was engaged for the rival Daly company; Harry Becket, Osmund Tearle, Kyrle Bellew, Rose Coghlan, Harry Edwards, Madame Ponisi, one of the finest "old women" of the stage; Annie Robe, and others whose reputations are cherished in the archives of the drama.



FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

The Wallack company remained at its old theatre near Broome Street until the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. By this time the bounds of the city had greatly enlarged, and the movement of the population uptown had become of great volume. The census of 1860 credited New York with 813,669 citizens, a gain of nearly 300,000 in ten years. The business centre had reached Fourteenth Street, and Mr. Wallack found it politic to advance with the upward stream. He leased a site at Thirteenth Street and Broadway from the Astor estate, and there constructed his second theatre, the finest building of the kind that had been erected at that time. Here he remained for more than twenty years, from September 25, 1861, to January 4, 1882, when the company moved into its latest new house, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, which was its final resting place. When this last house was first occupied the population of the city had grown to 1,250,000, and Wallack's was in the van of the theatres in the upward movement.

The success of the Wallack company was permanent from the beginning. Of course, there were fluctuations in the receipts, and some seasons were

more profitable than others, but it was said that Lester Wallack never experienced a losing season. It became "the fashion" to pass an evening at Wallack's. This success naturally attracted other men to the theatrical business, and Wallack's met and subdued several rivals before Augustin Daly, the man whom it could not conquer, stepped into the arena.

Mr. Daly had devoted a good deal of his time to journalism, and had written several plays, among them "Under the Gaslight," which achieved a remarkable popular success. He became infatuated with the stage as a business proposition, and, finally, after trying his hand at managing several stars, he made a bold break in 1869, and opened the little Fifth Avenue Theatre in West Twenty-fourth Street, with a stock company of great ability. The opening of the Fifth Avenue began a new era in the dramatic history of New York. It was a challenge to Lester Wallack, which he promptly accepted and a struggle began between the two managers for the popular favor, which never ceased until Mr. Wallack was carried to his grave.

It was on August 16, 1869, that Mr. Daly inaugurated his enterprise. The whole interior of the little house, which adjoined the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was remodeled, the most ex-



SARA JEWETT

quisite taste being displayed in the decorations. The stage was a small one, but perfectly adapted to the style of entertainment which Mr. Daly proposed to give. The opening performance was of Robertson's comedy, "Play." The theatre was packed to overflowing, many attending with the hope of catching a glimpse of the young author of "Under the Gaslight," and many, no doubt, attracted by the novelty of an attempt to beard the Wallack company in its own pasture. Those who went with a view of

Stage hands and house staff of Wallack's Theatre on the day of Lester Wallack's funeral,
September 10, 1888

seeing Mr. Daly were wofully disappointed, for the energetic manager did not leave the stage during the entire evening. He acted as prompter, stage manager, property man, musical director, and in every other capacity known to stage art. E. L. Davenport, one of the famous actors in the cast, told me at the conclusion of the performance that Mr. Daly had been a "blasted nuisance," or words to that effect, though, possibly, more emphatic. "I ran across him everywhere," he said, "and he nearly tripped me up as I was making my most effective entrance. If the new Fifth Avenue is to be a success, Mr. Daly must be ruled off the stage during performances."

That was the opinion of Mr. Davenport, an old and popular "star," who had been accustomed to rule every stage on which he appeared. It was not the opinion of Mr. Daly, however, who continued, to his dying day, to supervise his productions, not only at rehearsals, but at performances as well, and competent critics allege that, notwithstanding the annoyance he caused to sensitive actors by this process, it was the secret of the great success which the energetic manager achieved during a career of more than thirty years as a purveyor of dramatic art.

The cast of "Play" on the opening night of the new theatre included E. L. Davenport, George H. Clarke, J. B. Polk, George Holland, the veteran old actor, the trouble over whose funeral gave to the Church of the Transfiguration, from which he was buried, the title, "Little Church Around the Corner"; William Beekman, William Davidge, another famous old player; Mrs. Clara Jennings, Fanny Davenport, then a young girl of surpassing brightness and great intellectual force; Agnes Ethel, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Emily Lewis. Others in Mr. Daly's first stock company were: James Lewis, the comedian; D. H. Harkins, Lina Edwin, Marie Wilkins, George Jordan, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Franchau, and Fanny Morant. This was an organization which had never been excelled as a whole, by even the Wallack companies, and Mr. Wallack foresaw that it was likely to press him hard in the struggle for dramatic honors: Of the original members, George Clarke, James Lewis, and Mrs. Gilbert remained under engagement to Mr. Daly until death cut short his career as a manager. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert are now dead.

"Play" was not a popular success, although Mr. Daly had altered and remodeled certain of the scenes to adapt them to the American idea. After the first night's performance, he placed Robertson's "Dreams" in rehearsal, being assured that

"Play" would not achieve a long run. He presented it three weeks, his audience growing smaller with each representation, and on September 6 presented the new bill. This also had but a three-weeks' run, and then Mr. Daly boldly outlined his policy of rivalry to Wallack's by offering "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

The chief feature of the Wallack season was the production of old comedy, in which Mr. Wallack did masterly work, and Mr. Daly proposed, as he expressed it, "to beat him at his own game." William Davidge was the Jesse Rural in the new production, and Mrs. Jennings the Lady Alice. The play was given but two evenings, and was followed, September 29, by "London Assurance," in which E. L. Davenport played Sir Harcourt Courtley, and his daughter, Fanny, appeared for the first time as Lady Gay Spanker. Rapid changes of programme continued, and during the first season of the Fifth Avenue twenty-two plays were presented. All were produced with strict attention to detail, and when the season closed, on July 9, 1870, the theatre had to its credit one of the greatest financial successes that had ever been known to the New York stage. "Frou-Frou" was produced on February 15 and ran continuously until May 24, more than three months, with Agnes Ethel in the title rôle. It was the bonanza find of the new theatre, and at once placed the enter-



White

LOUISE GUNNING

Recently seen as Josephine in the all-star revival of "Pinafore" at the Casino

prise on a substantial foundation. There was a good surplus in the treasury when the season closed, and the energetic young manager at once set to work to absorb it in future work.

In the sixties and seventies, the celebration of New Year's was a feature of every business in the metropolis. The managers of the theatres always invited their players to watch the old year out after the performance, and the New Year was always welcomed with full glasses of punch and little bursts of oratory by the actors. Mr. Daly observed this old custom on his first New Year's Eve in the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. The play of the night had been "The Duke's Motto," with Mr. Davenport as Lagadère, and when the curtain dropped the entire company gathered on the stage and engaged in merry converse and the exchange of New Year's greetings. Mr. Daly mingled with his players, and old George Holland and Mrs. Gilbert were the most honored of the company. Promptly as the prompter's clock struck midnight, Mr. Daly raised a glass of the time-honored punch to his lips and welcomed the New Year. Every member of the company quaffed the toast, and, as the glasses

Scenes in Charles Nirdlinger's New Play "Dolly Madison"



Photos White Beatrice Noyes Elsie Ferguson Amelia Mayborn Helen Bond
 ACT I. DOLLY (ELSIE FERGUSON): "I AM PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT I SHALL MARRY JAMES MADISON"



Beatrice Noyes Helen Bond Elsie Ferguson Amelia Mayborn
 ACT I. DOLLY (ELSIE FERGUSON): "IT'S ALL A BIT OF SILLY GOSSIP"

were replaced on the table, Mr. Daly said:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: I am told that the people down at the Thirteenth Street house have predicted that we will never see another New Year as an organization in this house. I want to tell you that we shall live to sound the funeral knell of that old company. Let us drink once more to our future prosperity."

The glasses were raised again, and the hopeful toast was given with cheers. It proved a prophetic toast, for Daly's Theatre did outlive its rival nearly eleven years, though probably had Lester Wallack not died the disbandment of his company would have been postponed much longer.

Mr. Daly had scarcely reached his thirtieth year when he undertook to establish a new stock theatre in New York. He was full of life and energy, brimming over with novel ideas, and a man to whom labor was a sincere pleasure. Like other managers of theatres, he had engaged a stage manager when he organized his company. John Moore, one of the most genial and companionable men who ever lived, and thoroughly versed in the technique of the stage, was the man he selected for this position. He began service with Mr. Daly at the opening of the theatre, and remained with him until death

severed the connection at the uptown house. But Mr. Moore found very soon that he was stage manager in name only. The real power on the stage, as well as in the business office, was Mr. Daly himself. He was not an actor, but he seemed to possess, by intuition, all the knowledge of the actor's art that it was possible to acquire. At rehearsals he was his own stage manager, and Mr. Moore's privilege was confined to making suggestions, based on old stage traditions, which Mr. Daly accepted or rejected, as suited his convenience, and, sooth to say, his rejections were more numerous than his acceptances. Mr. Moore became nervous and excitable over this condition of affairs during the first year of his service, and finally became so agitated at his apparent uselessness as a stage manager that he approached Mr. Daly one day and said:

"Say, boss, I don't seem to be cutting any figure here. Hadn't we better tear up my contract and call it quits?"

"Why, John, what's the matter now?" asked the manager, with a quizzical smile.

"Well, sir, you seem to be doing my work, and I don't feel just easy about taking my salary," said Moore.

"Now, John," was the response of Mr. Daly, "you go right along with your work, and don't bother over little things. I am the manager of this theatre, and mine is the gain if the company does good work, and the loss if it does bad work. In assuming that responsibility I intend to manage my stage in my

own way, so that I shall have only myself to blame if any evil results. I want you to attend to the details of the stage management, but the rehearsing part of the business I am going to supervise myself."

And he kept his word until the last production was made at Daly's Theatre. George Clarke succeeded Mr. Moore as stage manager, but his position was simply an honorary one. Every bit of stage business of the old Fifth Avenue and Daly's Theatres was directed by Mr. Daly himself, and he was very stern in his enforcement of stage discipline. Many an actor and actress has sacrificed the future by refusing to submit to his methods. They were severe and annoying to independent artists, but they did the work for which they were intended and have turned out finished artists by the score to grace the American stage.

Mr. Daly's company remained at the first Fifth Avenue Theatre but little more than three years. On New Year's Day, 1873, the house was destroyed by fire, all the scenery and costumes being swept away. It was a great loss to the young manager, but it developed his energy wonderfully. Within twenty-four hours he had secured the lease of the old New York Theatre, in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, and in sixteen days he had remodeled



White

ALICE DOVEY

Playing Angele in "The Pink Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

the old house, and the temporary Fifth Avenue Theatre was opened. It was here that Clara Morris made her wonderful hit in "Alixé," a hit which made her the reigning star of the country for many long years. The loss of the large stock of scenery by the fire was a serious one for Mr. Daly, for it necessitated the production of new scenery for every revival of his old plays, and revivals were the pet of this manager. He had in mind the establishment of a theatre similar in design to the Théâtre Français of Paris, with a large repertory upon which he could depend in all emergencies. After the fire in Twenty-fourth Street, every bit of scenery and every piece of property prepared for Mr. Daly was religiously guarded. Not only was the basement of his Thirtieth Street house filled with his collections, but many sets were stored safely elsewhere. Not a play was produced at any of his four houses which could not be revived at a day's notice if he deemed it advisable.

In the meantime, just before the destructive fire at the original Fifth Avenue, another element had entered the dramatic field, which promised to make much trouble for both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly. Sheridan Shook, a Republican politician, had built a theatre in Fourteenth Street, just around the corner from Wallack's, and this was opened as a vaudeville house September 11, 1871. The venture proved a failure, vaudeville not having, at that time, achieved the measure of popularity which it now enjoys. After one season, Mr. Shook decided to abandon his

original scheme, and engaged A. M. Palmer to form a stock company for his new Union Square Theatre.

Mr. Palmer was the son of a clergyman, who had been bred to the law, but had abandoned the profession to become Librarian of the Mercantile Library. He opened the Union Square, September 17, 1872, with a company comprising Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as leading man; James H. Stoddard, who afterward made such a great record in eccentric rôles; Sara Jewett, as leading woman; John Parselle, McKee Rankin, afterward a prominent star; Stuart Robson, as comedian; Rose Eytinge, Charles Stevenson, Kate Claxton, and Marie Wilkins. This was a very strong stock company, worthy to compete with the two great companies which modeled dramatic art in New York; but it did not prove such a dangerous competitor as both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly had at first feared. Indeed, it did not really come into active competition with them at all, for Mr. Palmer's policy was directly diametrical to their own. He bent his energies to the securing of English dramatic successes for reproduction on the New York stage. Never, during his entire career at the Union Square, did he attempt to produce an old comedy, or any of the standard dramas, and the company was sustained for ten long years, enjoying a remarkably prosperous patronage.

Among the notable successes achieved at the Union Square Theatre were: Boucicault's "Lad Astray," Sardou's "Agnes," "Miss Multon," "The Danicheffs," "A Celebrated Case," "The Banker's Daughter," "A Parisian Romance," and "The Two Orphans," in the latter of which Kate Claxton made such a tremendous hit that she has played her original part ever since as a star. It is doubtful if any play of the last twenty-five years has achieved such a permanent success as this one, with the possible exception of James O'Neill's "Monte Christo," which has only just been laid on the shelf after more than thirty years of constant repetition, season after season. Palmer's Union Square Company was a more serious competitor to Wallack's than to Daly's, because the theatre was in practically the same location as that of its rival, but with its different class of work it may be doubted if it really had any perceptible effect on the fortunes of Wallack's.

In these palmy days of the old stock companies, stars did not travel with supporting companies, as they do now. They sought engagements at the stock theatres, and were supported by the regular companies attached to the houses. Mr. Daly was more

inclined at the beginning of his managerial career to the presentation of stars than was Mr. Wallack, and during his first season at the old Fifth Avenue he introduced Mrs. Scott Siddons as an attraction, Charles Matthews, and the great Edwin Booth after-

ward played engagements with the Daly company, and John E. Owens, with his Aminidab Sleek and Solon Shingle, was very often to be seen at Daly's. The appearance of stars made the work of the companies exceedingly trying, for rehearsals were interminable for the preparation of creditable support. But the actors of those days expected to earn their salaries by hard work, and did not look forward to a one-part season when signing their contracts. I have known Mr. Daly to rehearse his company from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, giving them time for dinner before the performance, and resume the rehearsal after the play, keeping his people on the stage until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. Such work as this, if forced upon an actor now, would result in a flood of protests, which would probably lead to the institution of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Players.

But it was this kind of steady, versatile work which made the good old actors of the past. A stock actor, by means of it, was initiated into every branch of the profession, and achieved a versatility of methods which will be sought in vain among the professors of dramatic art to-day. He did not get the enormous salaries which are the rule now; but he gained an experience which gave him a clear insight into all the technicalities of his profession. Fifty dollars a week was an exceptionally large salary in the seventies, and the man or woman who received it was looked upon as a grand personage by fellow members of



Moffett, Chicago

JEAN MURDOCH

A young Chicago actress whom Daniel Frohman has engaged for three years. She made a very successful début in the leading rôle in "Seven Sisters" in Chicago, in which she succeeded Laurette Taylor. She will continue in this part the coming season, opening in September.

the company. Now the juvenile of the average company thinks he is mightily undervalued by his manager if he secures less than this amount for his week's work, and the compensation of the higher class artists soars into the hundreds. E. L. Davenport, a leading star in 1870, considered himself generously paid at \$100 a week when Mr. Daly engaged him for his leading man. Had he flourished at this time he would have scorned a thousand dollars for the same service which he then rendered.

One of the beauties of the old stock system was the bond of sympathy which it established between the actor and his audience. Seeing the same man in different parts week after week, and month after month, the auditor naturally had the means of testing his artistic ability on a liberal scale. The leading man.

or the comedian, or the juvenile, became the friend of his patrons, and often little cliques would be formed in the "pit" to encourage individual members of the cast. Applause is the actor's chief sustenance on the stage, and it was dealt out to him freely by his sworn friends. Sometimes two or three of these cliques would be present at the same performance, and then the noise and apparent confusion in the house would be almost inconceivable. It was all good natured, however, and was enjoyed by the audience as sincerely as it was by those directly interested. It was, indeed, a battle of the claquers, and whichever group won, the verdict was accepted cheerfully by the defeated opponents.

There were nights, however, in every season, when the cliques united in their demonstrations. Those were the good old "benefit" nights. Every actor or actress who held a leading position in the company was accorded by the terms of the contract with the manager a "benefit," and sometimes more than one, in addition to the salary allowed. This benefit was looked forward to anxiously, much as the small boy looks forward to the coming of Christmas. On his benefit night the profits of the theatre were given to the beneficiary. He was allowed to select his own bill, and even engaged extra performers if he so desired, and, indeed, this was often done. As a rule, however, the extra people accepted no recompense for their work, so that all the addition to the receipts drawn by them went to the beneficiary. The announcement of a benefit was sure to bring to the doors of the theatre all the friends of the actor thus honored, and he would sell tickets himself for the event, and press his personal friends into service for the same purpose. It was very seldom that a benefit did not induce a crowded house, and the beneficiary was the centre of attraction. He was applauded to the echo, and oftentimes made a little speech acknowledging the courtesies of his friends. "Benefit night" was the happiest time of his life, and when it was passed he gave himself up to spending the money it had brought him, and dreaming of the next benefit, a year ahead, and forming plans for its success.

December 3, 1873, found the Daly company in possession of the new Fifth Avenue Theatre at Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, and here they remained until December 3, 1879, when the new Daly's Theatre, erected on the site of the old Wood's Museum, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, was ready for them. Three years later Mr. Wallack removed to his new house, diagonally opposite, and the two rival companies were then facing each other. It was in the new Daly's Theatre that John Drew and Ada Rehan first appeared under Mr. Daly, both in minor parts, but both rose to be the leading artists in the Daly company, and, in Mr. Daly's judgment, at least, the leading stock artists of the world. It was in this fine theatre, probably the most completely appointed of any dramatic temple in the world, that Mr. Daly made those magnificent productions of Shakespeare, which fairly startled his admirers. "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," were among the presentations, and in all of them Ada Rehan was practically the star.

The Daly old-comedy repertory was even more extensive than that of Mr. Wallack. It embraced "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Hunchback," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "She Would and She Would Not," "The Country Girl," "The Recruiting Officer," "Wives as They Were, Maids as They Are," "The Busybody," "The Good-Natured Man," "Bold Stroke for a Husband," "Belle's Stratagem," "The Provoked Husband," "The Road to Ruin," "The Critic," and "The Heir at Law." The very mention of these titles will recall to the old playgoer a series of performances which were deliciously rendered by a company of genuine artists.

But the doom of the stock company system had been spoken early in the eighties. The wonderful increase in the railroad mileage of the country, and the expansion of trade, was the one great cause of the decline of the old dramatic methods. As soon as it became possible to transport productions complete from city to city, dramatic speculators began to arise, and the combination system sprang into life. It was quite evident that it would be much cheaper to move a company with scenery from one city to another than to maintain stock companies all over the land, and make new productions in every city of different plays. And so the fashion came into vogue of producing plays in New York, not with a view to making much money out of them there, but in anticipation of large returns "on the road." The system was profitable from the start. If a play simply paid the cost of its original production in the metropolis managers were satisfied, because all the receipts in other cities, exclusive of the cost of traveling expenses and the payment of salaries, were clear profit, and a season of such profits meant a small-sized fortune. And so the system grew until there was scarcely a manager in the land who had not adopted it. The "combination system" it is called, and it is a very profitable one for the managers, but it struck a blow at the advance of dramatic art from which it will probably never recover.

Of course, the combination system literally swept the stock company out of existence. Productions had to be made by artists who were willing to travel with the show, and they remained in New York only long enough to give the play the national reputation required for advertising purposes. Actors were engaged, not because they were competent general artists, as in stock companies, but because they were specially adapted to the parts furnished them by the playwrights. They were engaged for the season, and, of course, played no other part during the year than the one in which they were first cast. To a man serving under these conditions the acquirement of versatility is an absolute impossibility. Indeed, to acquire the general technique of the player's art under such circumstances is almost impossible. The man may master the character assigned to him perfectly under judicious stage management, but beyond that he cannot go. He can never reach the standard of pure art which made memorable the acting of the old stock forces; and, indeed, he has no ambition to do so. The inspiration of the stage was squelched by the combination system. Actors are content to go through the season repeating their lines and doing

(Continued on page vii)

THE PLAYER'S PRAYER

Oh, Master Player! Thou who hath cast us in these our varied rôles,
Thou, the Director of the vast and mighty stage we call the world,
Hear Thou our prayer!

Grant us first the gift of understanding—the heart of truth, the mind of charity;

Teach us to judge not our fellow players, their rôles, nor how they play them,

But rather to remember our own parts, and the exceeding hardness of the task of true portrayal.

Grant Thou that those of us who stand apart In high and hard-won places may remember The long, hard path-way and the blood-marked foot-prints

They left thereon, and be a little tender— A thought more kind to those that follow them.

And to those others, Destined forever to the smaller rôles, Grant Thou a simple peace and understanding Of their own value in their humble parts, That the Great Play, without them, could not be.

And oh! Teach all— The greater and the less—That all who wear The laurel and the wreaths of rarest roses Are pierced with sharpest thorns!

Especially we ask Thee to remember All those who this night wear the mask of mirth O'er pallid, tear-wet faces; Who doff their mourning for the jester's motley That others may be merry.

Last, and most of all, We do beseech Thee: Grant to one and all Fortitude, peace and calm in that dread hour When Time, Thine ancient Prompter, shall ring down The Final Curtain.

Oh, Mighty Master Player! Grant Thou then That there be other better Plays to come!

AMEN.

PARMLEE BRACKETT.



Photo Walery

Mlle GILDA DARTY OF THE ODEON. CREATION CHERUIT

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, July 10, 1911.

THE Grand Prix is the signal for the flight from town of all fashionable Parisiens. For the men the high silk hat gives place to that of Italian straw or its imitations, and to its first cousin, the Panama hat, of more or less genuineness. The crowds on the boulevards and those who frequent the restaurants in the Bois de Boulogne as now mostly composed of tourists, who find much to amuse and interest them even during the dead social season.

For the true Parisien nothing is more sad, however, than to stroll through the fashionable residence quarters and see the hermetically sealed windows of the apartments so recently full of light and life. An unnatural quiet reigns over all that betokens a Paris widowed of its Parisiens.

It is at the different and innumerable beaches from Dunkerque to Biarritz, and the casinos of the many watering places, that the true Parisiens are now to be found.

The French watering places are organized on a different plan from those of any other country. At the majority of European resorts there are three concerts a day at the casino, and one or two theatrical representations of small importance during the week. Formerly there were two unique German watering places, Homburg and Baden-Baden. In imitation of the French resorts, they tolerated public gambling. But since 1870 the German authorities have suppressed all public play.

In France the prosperity of a watering place or a seaside resort can be directly traced, not, as might be logically inferred, to

the number of bathers who pass the season there, but to the sums of money which the visitors hazard at play. For the municipal budget is increased by a certain percentage of the gains.

It therefore follows that without the card rooms in the casinos the municipalities would find it impossible to offer the visitors the numberless artistic entertainments they do, and these comprise plays, operas, operettas, concerts, horse shows and races; in one word, expensive attractions.

Take Nice, for example, where several thousand visitors assemble each winter to escape the shivers and chills of Northern Europe. It is owing to the large subventions of the different gaming clubs that the fêtes during carnival time have become world renowned. The cost of these fêtes mounts into hundreds of thousands of francs. The general average of play at the Municipal Casino is fifteen million francs, so that the Casino contributes a large part of the expenses occasioned by the fêtes.

In the summer it is Trouville, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains and Biarritz which attract the greatest number of players, and consequently have the greatest number of fêtes for the amusement of the crowds of visitors. It is in these four fashionable resorts that the most elegant society meets again during the summer, and it is there everyone anxious to follow society is to be found shortly after the great exodus from the capital. In the larger cities the life is freer and more independent than in the smaller summer resorts, where there is not so much to occupy and amuse the visitors, who are, therefore, more interested in the doings and sayings of their neighbors. The *petits trous pas chers*, as they are

slightly called, are therefore avoided by those lucky worldlings who need to consider how much their pleasures cost them.

At Trouville the most picturesque moment is the bathing hour,

lac de Bourget, of which Châteaubriand was so fond, or the funicular to Mont Revard.

From eleven to noon and from six to seven in the afternoon



Photo Felix

A TRIO OF PRETTY GOWNS BY REDFERN, OF PARIS

about eleven o'clock, when the board walk is filled with a kaleidoscopic procession of Parisiens.

The different springs are the meeting places at Vichy, for it is the custom to drink the prescribed waters morning and evening. At Aix-les-Bains the favorite promenade is the path beside the

the favorite rendezvous at Biarritz is the macadam walk bordering the Beach. King Edward strolled there regularly every day.

Formerly the famous tables d'hôte were excellent places to study the crowds, but for several years they have given place



Photo Felix

A PAQUIN CREATION

to small tables, which if they are more cosy, are less picturesque.

In a former letter I said that Frenchmen had become great sportsmen, worthy to compete with the best athletes of England or the United States. This evolution in French customs had its inspiration in the leisure of both men and women. Golf, tennis and football are the sports in which they are well up. If this School of Muscle is interesting from the man's point of view, I greatly deplore woman's participation therein. The Frenchwoman has always been the type of race incarnate in her carriage as well as in her accoutrement. Because of the exertion they necessitate I fear that the participation in sports will make her the loser, from the æsthetic point of view, of that sweet supineness which does not detract from the coquetry that is her greatest characteristic.

It must be remembered that the training of a woman of the Latin race is quite different from that of an Anglo-Saxon or a German, just because the latter go to extremes in violent exercise, and thus become masculine. I do not deny that in tennis, for example, a woman may exhibit a certain amount of grace, and that the required agility renders the muscles supple. That does not, however, prevent an enthusiast of this game from deforming her feet by jumping, from enlarging her hands and ruining her complexion; in a word, the essentially feminine woman goes to the greatest extreme and becomes nothing but a sportswoman.

American as well as English women, following the example of the stronger sex, indulge in sports from their earliest years, and have done so for generations. It follows that there is no reason why the Anglo-Saxon race should discontinue its open-air exercises to which their bodies have become gradually accustomed.

So it is nowadays that at all the seaside resorts and watering places the young people of both sexes are to be found during the morning and afternoon on the tennis courts or golf links, and after dinner the groups appear at the casinos or the theatres. They are often congregated about the gaming tables until the dawn, and it is there that the fair sex shines in the beautiful toilettes created by the dressmakers and milliners.

Perhaps it is not too late to tell you of the big art sales which have taken place at the Hotel Druot and the Galleries Georges Petit. The three principal were that of Pierre Decourcelle, the lucky author of "Deux Gosses," which ran for more than a thousand nights, and which made for its author the pretty sum of



Photo Felix

A DOEUILLET CREATION

half a million francs, a sum which enabled him to form his collection. Then came the Henri Bernstein sale, Bernstein the author of "Après Moi," the play which caused such a scandal at the Theatre Francaise last winter. And last, but not least, that of M. Maurice Kann, composed of masterpieces of the Flemish and Dutch Schools of the eighteenth century.

While the Decourcelle collection contained some important canvases of real quality, was altogether of a very unequal artistic value, this fact did not prevent the owner from realizing the sum of one million five hundred thousand francs, thanks to very clever publicity. You must confess that was a very good investment for the father of a family.

The Bernstein sale was no less cleverly prepared, thanks to huge publicity, which had no connection with the artistic value of the works of which it was composed, and which caused bids that were as crazy as were the paintings themselves. The entire gamut of impressionists were exhibited in all their ugliness. When one remembers the eulogistic articles concerning it which appeared in all the papers, and the sadness with which M. Bernstein assisted at the dispersion of the collection he had so tenderly formed, the whole thing seems a dream. I confess that if through some poor joke I had inherited such a mass of paintings, I would have been more than thankful to have gotten rid of them so easily. Their proper place would be an insane asylum.

This Impressionist School, which prides itself on having invented the plein air style, seem to have forgotten that the Dutch landscapists of the seventeenth century almost all died of maladies contracted in the marshes where they were accustomed to plant their easels, and that they are beholden to Manet for a technic which consists in the juxtaposition of colors on the canvas, instead of mixing them first on the palette. Therefore, it becomes incumbent upon the spectator to recede from or approach nearer these pictures, so that the colors are fused when the image reaches the retina of the eye.

It is evident from this technic, which really is no technic at all, that the *mise au point* must be entirely optional, and depends entirely upon whether the spectator, or more exactly the painter of the picture, is short-sighted or far-sighted. Another technicality of



Photo H. Manuel

Large Tagal hat trimmed with long green plume, worn by Eve Lavallière and made by Mme. Lenthéric

this school of painting consists in reproducing the effects of lights that are so out of the ordinary that the average mortal finds it impossible to verify them.

Example: the work of Claude Monet, to whom we owe the incorrect term impressionism, thanks to a painting shown by him at the Salon des Refusés of 1863, and which consisted of showing a series of pictures representing a single subject at different hours of the day. The Rouen Cathedral, the Meules de Foin, London Bridge, the Ménephars, are the four most famous series by Monet. He paints on different canvases the divers lights that present themselves to his eyes, from dawn to twilight, in such a fashion that each canvas receives only the effects of the light of the corresponding hour. So it results from this method that the painter is the sole judge of the different light effects reproduced, and the spectator has no verification, or guiding point by which he can discern the hour corre-

sponding to each canvas. Evidently there is a remedy for this, which would consist in incorporating the hour of the impression into the title of each canvas, for lack of which we are obliged to depend upon the good faith of a conscientious painter. So the result is that the public guarantee of sincerity is absolutely insufficient.

Why try to reproduce in paintings light effects that even instantaneous photography can reproduce only imperfectly? Why should all these impressionistic painters endeavor to analyze the effect of light upon the face of a woman seated at a window, half lighted by a lamp and the moon, even though they are exact, since the effect of these crossed rays of light is a tint which makes the woman look as though she were suffering with cholera?

Such *taurs de force* produce only monstrosities, and artists like Rubens, Titien, Velasquez, and Raphael, preferred to make noble portraits, which are to-day a joy to the eye of the beholder, and the glory of our museums. The truth is, that the impressionist school is nothing more than a big bluff, a wonderful "trust" organized by certain big picture dealers. No further proof of this is required than the following conversation I had recently with one of these dealers, when he showed me a painting signed Henri Matisse. When I naively asked him what the picture represented (as subject), he replied cynically: "Ten thousand francs!" PETRONIUS.



The Paquin booth at the Turin Exposition. Mme. Paquin is seen between the columns

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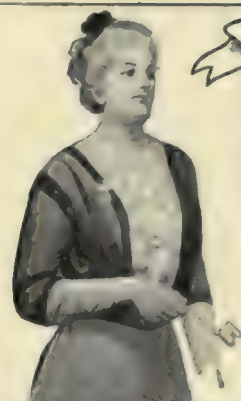
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Max Reinhardt and His Famous Players

(Continued from page 60)

is, that an actor is *not* a photographic plate, capable of reproducing any character whatsoever, but a creator of a rôle. To create a rôle, one must be in sympathy with it, feel with it, live one's own life in that of the character. An older woman cannot, therefore, play Juliet as she should be played. The actor who acts the least is the most effective. An older woman, more finished in her art, no doubt, could not make Juliet as real as a young actress who still has some of the girl's ideas and passions intact is their idea.

In order always to have plenty of young people to fill his youthful rôles, Reinhardt maintains a dramatic school in connection with his two theatres in Berlin. This enables him also to have sufficient understudies and keeps him ever supplied with the necessary "supers." But for "Oedipus" there were not enough, so he enlisted the services of the university students, who were only too glad to get a chance to play under his direction. Whether he will call upon the college men in America he does not know yet—but it is very probable "they have intelligence," he says, "even if they haven't talent, so it is easier to train a great many of them in a short time." He generally trains them himself, or on the evening of a performance he stands at the opening of the central entrance, baton in hand, conducting the wailing mob of Theban citizens like an orchestra, and releasing them in divisions, like an army.

They call him "Der Tausend Künstler" in Germany—that is, "the wizard." He generally has no less than seven rehearsals in a morning, for he is always trying out new plays, reviving old ones, training in understudy casts, and keeping a tremendous, ever-changing repertoire in two theatres intact. Besides this, he organizes a theatre chorus, to sing chorals and any desired songs behind the scene, or on it, if necessary; runs a dramatic school, consults with architects and artists about scenery, maps out new ventures and reads new plays. In between, he dashes to Dresden to help Strauss stage his "Rosencavalier," takes a flying trip to Leipzig to see that "Oedipus" is put on properly, tears to Vienna to produce a few Shakespearian plays, sails to England, where he stays for two weeks to train a new set of English actors whom he has never seen before and a new mob of 600. When he comes to America he will take the fastest steamer he can get, stay between two or three weeks, in which he will map out his tour, train his new people, acclimatize the old, and get everything in running order. Then he will leave the enterprise in the hands of one of his assistants and look about for new worlds to conquer.

A German who was asked whether his countrymen would not be angry if Reinhardt departed for America with some of their best talent, said: "On the contrary, we shall be proud to show your country what we can do, and especially proud and glad if we, as foreigners, can add to your enjoyment of the Shakespearian dramas, a part of your inheritance."

*Reinhardt has expressed the desire, if it can be arranged, and the season permits, to give the performances of "Oedipus" in the college stadias, with the help of the students, in Syracuse, Harvard and California.

EVA ELISE VOM BAUR.

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Among the important productions to be made by Henry B. Harris this coming season will be "The Quaker Girl," a musical play, now running at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, London. The music was written by Lionel Monckton, who contributed the most popular compositions that were heard in "The Geisha" and "The Greek Slave." He was the principal composer of "San Toy," and also wrote the music of "The Cingalee" and "The Country Girl." The lyrics are by Adrian Ross, who began writing lyrics in 1891, during which time he has been identified with such musical successes as "San Toy," "The Messenger Boy," "The Toreador," "The Country Girl," "The Girl from Kays," "The Orchid," and "Havana." In London the principal male part is being played by Joseph Coyne. Simultaneously with the production in this country it will be given in Paris.

Henry E. Dixey, who appears this coming season in Lehar's new comic opera "Gypsy Love," will, it is said, have the best part he has played since his great success in "The Seven Ages."

The American Stage a Generation Ago

(Continued from page 70)

the regulation "business" of the part, with no thought for the future of their art. Combination makes plenty of money for the speculators in dramatic art, but it has thrown a wet blanket over the art itself, which has fairly smothered it in its clammy folds.

Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly did not lower their colors before the enemy. New York was large enough, and had enough genuine appreciation of dramatic art to continue its support of the two famous stock theatres. Both managers continued to make revivals of the old comedies season after season, and to produce new plays for their patrons. Mr. Wallack's company never left New York, retaining its oldtime policy to the last. Mr. Daly made tours with his organization to the large cities during the summer, but his main reliance was on his New York audiences. This condition of affairs continued until death broke the link between managers and artists. Mr. Wallack was the first to pay the debt of nature, in 1888, and his company was then disbanded. His funeral, in the "Little Church Around the Corner" was a most impressive pageant. The stage-hands and employees of his theatre marched to the church in a body, and the mourners included every actor and actress who could gain admittance to the church.

Mr. Daly died in Paris, in the summer of 1899. He was busy, when stricken, in arranging his plans for his coming New York season. With his death came the end of the stock theatre in New York. His company was disbanded and his theatre sold. Ada Rehan and John Drew, and Otis Skinner, are still active in professional life, appearing as stars throughout the country. The rest of the grand old company is scattered far and wide, doing combination work in any company which is fortunate enough to secure their services.

New York, since the death of Mr. Daly, has had no real stock company, judged by the standard of olden times. The old comedy and standard drama have disappeared. For the present generation of playgoers the offerings of the modern manager seem to be satisfying, and, possibly, they would fail to appreciate the beauties of the old performances, if they were submitted to their judgment. But to the old playgoer, the present condition of dramatic art is anything but satisfactory. He dreams of the old days when the grace of a Wallack enchanted him, and the natural humor of a Lewis delighted him. The managers are happy, for money is flowing into their coffers in an unceasing stream. For them, at least, the driving of the stock company into oblivion was a blessing.

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Franz Lehar, the now famous author of "The Merry Widow," tells some interesting stories of the early days before his success came, and when a \$1,000 bill looked far bigger to him than it does to-day. In the London *Telegraph* he says: "Just prior to the production of 'The Merry Widow' in Vienna one of the leading musical critics came down to the theatre and demanded, after his usual custom, to be admitted to the rehearsal. He met with a blank refusal. But the manager, anxious to pacify him, took him aside and confidentially whispered that it really didn't matter, because in a week's time another piece would be in rehearsal, which he would be welcome to come and see. This just shows how even an expert may be mistaken. 'The Merry Widow' ran in Vienna alone for a year and nine months. When 'Rastelbruder' was originally produced years ago I had not, as you may imagine, more money in my pocket than I knew what to do with. Moreover, I was something of a novice in the matter of terms. With all diffidence I approached a friend of mine, offering him the publishing rights for the modest sum of £80. The expression on his face sufficiently revealed to me the enormity of my offense. Nothing daunted, I tried another publisher, who eventually agreed to let me have the sum specified, only, however, in three instalments, based upon the length of the run of the piece. His £80 brought him in eventually over £8,000!"

Eddie Foy, the well-known comedian, will be seen next season in a musical farce called "The Pet of the Petticoat." The piece is said to be modeled on the Hoyt pattern.



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EVE LAVALLIERE

(Continued from page 54)

the follower of Mme. Réjane in a certain class of rôle; her greatest successes have been in "Le Vieux Marcheur" by Henri Lavedan, "La Veine," "Les Deux Ecoles," "L'Oiseau Blessé," and "Un Ange" by Alfred Capus, and her last three unforgettable triumphs in rôles in which she is unsurpassable, "Miguette," "Le Roi," and the famous "Bois Sacré" by those two incomparable writers of comedy MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers. Her extraordinary success in the last two named plays is too well known to need comment; such comedy acting it would be hard to equal, in humor, drollery, finish and the perfection of the simulation of naturalness. Her interpretation of the ultra-modern, unscrupulous, decadent, gay, amorous little wife of the Directeur des Beaux Arts was a masterpiece of comic genius. She made traditions in this rôle as Mrs. Fiske has in "Becky Sharp." Lavallière's personality, by its very directness of originality, is always exaggerated; in her art she never exaggerates; never sinks to buffoonery, vulgarity or over-emphasis, and she handles the most difficult of risky scenes, with which this type of French play abounds, with a curious refinement of realism, perfect balance and judgment, and an exquisite gift of resource and humor.

A short while ago she was in London with that rare and delightful comedienne of a perhaps more legitimate school, Jeanne Granier, making instantaneous success despite the fact that she went absolutely unheralded. Like most foreign artists Lavallière is anxious to play in America, but not before she has perfected herself in the art of dancing, for which she has an extraordinary gift. Up to the present her dancing has been all improvisation, never having studied it, or else working out some deliciously eccentric idea with Max Dearly, that most miraculous of French artists, unrivalled like Lavallière in his versatility and pregnant spirit of mocking humor. They always appear together at the Variétés with the rest of that perfected group, Granier, Guy, Prince, etc.; what a combination of players; and what a pity that some enterprising manager does not capture the entire company to give their repertoire in New York. There is little doubt of the success that would greet them, and that Lavallière with her enigmatic charm, perfection of art and completely Parisian genius, would win her way into the hearts of those lovers of exquisite finish of detailed comedy acting, and those who respond to a humor that is as brilliant in its mental conceptions as in its abandonment to the merely comic element of the situation.

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Three new records by Mme. Gluck have been added this month. They are: "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," Everhart-Cadman; "Will-o-the-Wisp" (Piano accompaniment by the composer), Charles Gilbert Spross; "Pagliacci-Balatella" (Bird Song), Leoncavallo.

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To sum up, here are two Irish ballads by McCormack: "Kathleen Mavourneen," Crawford-Crouch; "The Irish Emigrant," Sheridan-Baker.

Henry W. Savage has secured the American rights of the famous Paris talking pictures, and will exhibit them in this country next season. It is said the pictures are life-like in their illusion and reproduce the voices of the actors so well that it is difficult not to believe a genuine performance is taking place. The illusion is the combined triumph of the photograph and the graphophone.



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The Drama League of America

The Drama League of America grew out of a small Woman's Club in Evanston, Ill., which had been studying the theatre and plays that were given in Chicago for several previous seasons. Their scheme of work had attracted so much interest in adjoining towns, and they had to respond to so many letters of inquiry that they finally thought their scheme of study was of sufficient interest to others, so the Drama League of America was organized on March 22, 1910, for the announced purpose of improving dramatic conditions in America by means of educating the public to demand and support the better class of plays given in the theatres; their aim being to create an intellectual and appreciative audience, and it becomes obvious that it is first necessary for that audience to train themselves as individuals by the reading of plays, and of acquiring some knowledge of technical play structure.

In increasing the organization and widening its importance as rapidly as possible, they so planned its scope as to enable them to absorb or co-ordinate their work with the work of other associations interested in bettering the drama, so making the scheme of the League nation wide. In a very few weeks they had 165 clubs represented among their members by regular appointed delegates, and a large number of individual members that have, by now, totalled more than 12,000.

The League does not exist for the purpose of burdening its members with meetings in the ordinary way of clubs; such gatherings are possibly confined to mass meetings called once or twice a year to compare experiences in drama study, or to appoint delegates to the yearly convention at which the future policy of the organization would be discussed and determined. Its chief work would be to organize in each important city, and as the work grew in the cities and towns of less importance, an intelligent proportion of people who would be interested in seeing good plays, in furthering their appreciation of such plays, and so obtaining a dependable membership that would give the good plays audiences when given in the theatre, thus supporting them and encouraging the managers to supply them with other plays and productions of the same standard. In other words, without interfering in any way with the existing machinery of the theatre, the League would work to increase the box office receipts of plays of which they approve, so giving the managers more support in the production of that sort of play, and adding what is believed to be a new and very large playgoing public to the audience now supporting the theatre, without interfering with the present theatre population who would probably continue to select their amusement as at present. The attendance would be encouraged at these plays by bulletins issued by the playgoing committee of the League, particularly the central playgoing committee of the club, that would furnish the rest of the members with intelligently arranged information on plays before those plays arrived at their town; and in the larger producing centres, by playgoing committees who would attend the first performance, make up a bulletin representative of the mind of the entire committee, and so endorse the play to the local members through the mails the following day.

The League has adopted the definite policy of refraining in any degree from the censoring of theatrical performances. They will not issue bulletins except on plays of which they approve, in any way or another, and the bulletin will express that information definitely and tersely in a scheduled form that enables even the busiest individual to understand the reason for their approval of the play and obtain some idea as to whether or not it will interest him. This criticism and advice more nearly approximates the personal word of mouth advice upon which the success of any play actually depends than is possible from the newspaper critic, the very interest of whose criticism depends upon its being the expression of an individual point of view; and his audience is much less exactly known to him just as his personality is much less exactly known to his readers, than will be true of the relations between the playgoing committee and the members of the League, who would be in any sense dependent upon their advice and judgment in selecting plays worthy of support. It is not expected that members will give up going to the theatres for amusement in the way that they are in the habit of doing at present, but it is expected that they will realize their responsibility to support all those plays recommended them by their committee that they are able to



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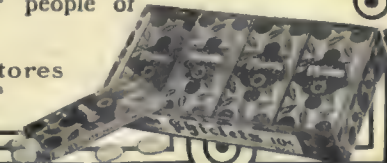
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attend, or that they believe would be interesting from the résumé published in the bulletin they receive.

In addition to this active work in supporting plays the League has prepared and in process of preparation further courses in this study of the drama, both in the reading of published plays and familiarity with books of criticism and discussion of the theatre and its problems that are recommended by the League. This enables clubs in any locality to take up and follow through a consecutive course of study that should, in the end, fit them to a much more intelligent appreciation of the drama, of acting, and of the different details of the modern theatre, and so eventually enable them to arrive at their own discriminating judgment as to the plays that they most enjoy, and are most worthy of their support.

It should be recognized that both these fields are absolutely unoccupied. The exertion of the League should add instead of detracting from the income of the managers, particularly those managers who make an effort to produce the sort of play that is most worthy of support, and that most benefit the communities in which it is given. It also obtains better publicity for the manager, and supplies him with a definite audience upon which—as his experience will prove—he will feel sure of support in ventures he might not otherwise dare attempt. The intention is just as practical as the Labor Union, where labor organizes to make the opinion of the individual effective; or the Consumers' League, which has been developed from the principle that the buying of an article creates a supply. It is constructive, not destructive, in contention and in development; and while not disturbing the regular theatregoer, adds a new and, it is believed, an intelligent and discriminating public that already exists and has failed to support the theatre regularly from lack of interest, and that has got out of the habit of expecting to be interested or entertained by the run of plays that have met most with popular support.

No distant ideal dream of a Municipal Theatre is announced as a part of the League program, but it is evident that the creation of an intelligent audience will the sooner create a demand for such a theatre, *provided* that the commercial manager does not respond to this demand, and himself provide the supply.

The League has also other plans. It believes that a great number of working men, wage earners and school children would better be entertained and amused in the regular theatre than in the Moving Picture Show, and they would obtain more for the money expended, provided it would be possible to induce them to attend the plays that would be bulletined by the League. With this idea in mind they have in Chicago already made arrangements, and they are being worked out in other cities, to continue somewhat the same system that was inaugurated at the People's Institute in New York, and which is now being carried on through Mr. Julius Hopp in arrangements made with him, by the New Theatre and Grand Opera, to provide wage earners an opportunity to attend the theatres at reduced rates. The manager knows in advance whether or not his house is going to be filled for certain performances, especially the earlier performances announced for the engagement of any production. Through the machinery afforded by the League, and by the assistance of teachers in the schools, settlement houses, Social Unions, and perfectly reputable organizations of that sort, it would be possible to distribute a certain number of vouchers entitling the wage-earners presenting them at the box office that evening to a ticket at reduced rates. It would be the aim of the League to limit this privilege to the lesser priced seats, and not to encourage the wage-earner to spend more money than would be necessary for him to see the play. The League believes that a gradual taste for the theatre would be formed in this way in a class that now little support the regular drama, and that the manager would meanwhile immediately benefit by the income secured from the reduced rate ticket, which would be at least in excess of what he would receive through his box office channels, as well as give the actor the inspiration that can only be afforded by means of a larger audience and more crowded house. Of course, all pains would be taken to see that this privilege was not abused, and that the tickets were given out by responsible persons to *bona-fide* wage-earners who were not regular attendants at the theatre.

As to results already obtained in the application of these principles: In Chicago this last fall, Nazimova's managers, when they found their first announced play did not meet with the approval of the League, rushed into performance "Little Eyolf," which they announced themselves was given at the request of the Drama League,

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the performances for which were all sold out,
for which also they believed the League had
been partly responsible. The Chicago managers
have become so convinced of the live response to
the League bulletins that they have made an ar-
rangement with the League to mail extra copies
of their bulletin to a larger list of League mem-
bers than is obtained by sending a bulletin to
each individual member of the club organizations
that belong to the League. Under ordinary con-
ditions, the League sends one bulletin to the
club, which is posted in the clubrooms, where it
may, or may not, be seen by the members in
time to ensure their attendance at any of the
performances.

The managers have themselves proposed
paying the additional expense of mailing the
original bulletin to each member of all these
clubs, whenever the League decided to issue
a bulletin upon a play, and pay for the ad-
ditional expense of printing and mailing of the
same. These bulletins are posted at the different
libraries, in the different clubs, business and so-
cial; in many of the schools, factories or other
similar organizations. The demand for books on
the drama at the library of Evanston, also of
Milwaukee and Chicago, has so increased this
season that the librarians have all been compelled
to duplicate all of the books on modern drama
in their departments!

Mrs. Fiske opened an engagement announced
to last for four weeks last fall, and put "Becky
Sharp" in for the opening attraction for one
week. On account of the bulletin issued by the
League, this play was given for three weeks and
the engagement extended to five weeks, while
"Becky Sharp" was finally made the sole play
for the remainder of her tour.

Among the plays that have so far been bulle-
tined in this season were those in Mrs. Fiske's
répertoire, a number of those given by Bern-
hardt, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back,"
"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," "Little Eyolf,"
"The Aviator," "Pillars of Society," "Caste," and
"Disraeli," the long run of the latter piece in
Chicago being credited by Mr. Arliss in large
part to the *Drama League Bulletin*.

The case of "The Aviator" is also notable.
This play failed to find its public in Boston and
Philadelphia, and went to Chicago for a two
weeks' engagement, after which the managers
had decided to end the tour. The bulletin is-
sued by the League had caused them, however,
to change their decision, the play ran for five
weeks there, and was then taken to New York
and put in the Astor Theatre, where the run of
"Seven Days" had recently closed, in the hope
that it would find a similar supporting public
under the best possible conditions in New York
City. It somehow failed of this, however, and
consequently, after some weeks' continuance of
the play, it was taken off, although the managers
themselves remained to the end as insistent in
their belief that the play was a worthy, amusing
and entertaining one.

As a matter of statistics and indication of the
growth and interest of the League, it may be
stated that the League has published some 30,000
bulletins, some 3,000 educational leaflets; that it
now contains a membership of some 12,000 mem-
bers, and in eight months has membership in 23
states including Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin,
Michigan, Iowa, Massachusetts, New York, New
Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Washington, Da-
kota, California, Tennessee and Maryland. It
has been endorsed by five State Federations and
its purpose presented before the National Fed-
eration for its approval. Its bulletins are regu-
larly posted in the University of Chicago, Wis-
consin, Minnesota, Northwestern, and Harvard.
The committees, officers and directors include
Mrs. A. Starr Best, of Evanston; Dr. Richard
Burton, Mr. Louis K. Anspacher, Mrs. Otis Skin-
ner, Dr. William N. Guthrie, Miss Alice M.
Houston, Mrs. J. W. Meaker, Jr., Mr. J. E. Wil-
liams, Mr. Charles Caffin, Mr. Hobart C. Chat-
field-Taylor, Prof. George P. Baker, Mr. Alfred
H. Brown, and on the Advisory Playgoing Com-
mittee, Mr. Walter P. Eaton, Mr. Louis K. Ans-
pacher, Dr. William N. Guthrie, Dr. Richard
Burton, and Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown.

Among those who have become interested in
the League, and have appeared at various meet-
ings and otherwise become influenced of its pos-
sibilities and successful operation are Mr. and
Mrs. Faversham, Mr. Sothorn, Miss Marlowe,
Mr. Tyrone Power, Mr. Henry Miller, Miss Hen-
rietta Crosman, Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr.
Forbes Robertson, Mr. Ethel Barrymore and Mr.
Walter Hampden, while among the dramatists
the names of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Rann
Kennedy and Mr. Percy Mackaye are also to be
recorded.

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wrinkles. Does not merely
cover up but eradicates them.
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thyol Soap should be used in
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Lotion, 50c., Soap, 25c.
Send for testimonials.

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S. S. PHOEBUS :: : Manager



Photo Bangs

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An Extract From the Following Letter Written By

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

New York City, June 28th, 1911.

MESSRS. HAINES BROS.,

Dear Sirs:—

I have found the Haines Bros.' Flexotone Player piano a most delightful instrument. The superb tonal quality of the piano is a delight, while the simplicity and effectiveness of the flexible Expression Control of the player mechanism is indeed a marvel.

Very truly yours,

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Write for Descriptive Literature

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Fern

Mlle. DORGÈRE, OF THE PALACE ROYAL THEATRE

Gown of English embroidery, with belt of charmeuse satin, finished with a tassel and silk embroidery.

Semi-Annual Review of Fashions

THIS is the season when women should take account of stock; in other words, look over their costumes and hats in order to find out how many of them were really successful, *i. e.*, becoming. For no toilette really fulfils its mission that has not been the indirect means of numerous compliments to its wearer.

It is not "What a pretty gown you have," but "How well you are looking," that is the real test of a becoming costume or hat. For the costume should be regarded as the frame to the picture, which, when rightly selected, always enhances the value of the painting it encircles.

In making this semi-annual review of her frocks the clever woman will don them and then stand before a triplicate mirror. Or if she is not the happy possessor of one of these necessary adjuncts to good dressing, then before a full-length mirror. For it is not sufficient that a hat or gown should be becoming to the face or upper part of the body. There must be a general harmony of the silhouette from top to toe, both front and back.

If this general harmony is preserved it will often counteract some minor discrepancies of the toilette, though it can never entirely obviate them.

Too often a hat that looks well when the wearer is seated is out of proportion when she is standing, and the wearer must bear in mind that she is more often seen in a hat when she is standing or walking than when she is seated, so that if something must be sacrificed to one or the other position, then the seated position must give way to the upright.

Color plays an important part in the becomingness of dress. Some women are endowed by Dame Nature with complexions, eyes and hair that harmonize with any color. The freshness and loveliness of youth takes small account of the important rôle color plays in the becomingness of a toilette. Truly, the French named the beauty of youth aright when they called it the *beauté de diable*. But even girls who rejoice in youthfulness are not always endowed with complexions of the chameleon-like character that makes every color becoming.

There can be no definite rules laid down regarding the harmony of the various colors with the different kinds of complexions. The best test is either one's own critical judgment or the greeting of friends on how well one is looking. Criticize yourself as you

would your dearest foe. Don't be prejudiced in your own favor. Look on things and yourself impartially. Then you will be your own best critic, always provided that you have a trained eye for line and color. And it must be confessed that most American women have this sense much better developed than most men merchants

and buyers who cater to their taste. It is quite different with the dressmaker and tailor, for they cater to the individual, and frequently understand better how to set off a customer's good points or how to conceal her bad ones better than the individual herself. This is because they are apt to be more impartial in their judgment, and also because of their greater experience in the treatment of many different types of figure.

While there is nothing definite regarding the changes in the fashions for the autumn, these are not likely to be of a radical nature. They will consist largely in the use of new trimmings, and new methods of applying them. Bead embroidery will still be used for the ornamentation of elaborate afternoon and evening gowns. The distinctly new trimming is worsted embroidery. It is truly beautiful, for the designs are unusual, while the combinations of colors are equally artistic. Much of this worsted embroidery is worked on black net, so that when this garniture is applied to the material it gives the appearance of having been embroidered directly to the fabric. It will be as lovely for the ornamentation of satin and marquissette gowns as for those of velvet.

Fancy metal nets will be more popular than ever. One of the new ideas in the use of these nets is for the foundation of collars, cuffs and revers. A part of the net is left unadorned, a portion of it is embroidered with chenille or worsted figures, and the net is further ornamented with colored crochet roses similar to those seen in some of the crochet Irish lace designs. For

example, an aluminum and dull gold net is ornamented with brown and green chenille embroidery and small crochet roses in two shades of blue.

Speaking of metal trimmings brings to mind that cloth of gold and silver are to be quite as fashionable as ever, and their continued vogue has brought into being a lovely new silk called drap d'or and drap d'argent, according to whether the color is gold or silver. It drapes beautifully and has all the lustre of metal, yet since it is entirely made of silk it will not tarnish in the least, and



Photo Felix

MLLE. DORGÈRE

In a lingerie gown of deep embroidered ruffle over one of lace on a foundation of cerise satin



We Alone Are Never Satisfied With the Armour Toilet Articles

Each new achievement of our wonderful experimental laboratories is but a spur to further effort. And though the Armour Toilet Articles hold first place in popular esteem for purity and delicacy, we strive continually for improvement. In earth's remotest corners men are ever seeking new ideas for our use.

In one department of our marvelous organization alone a large corps of expert chemists work continually—testing, combining, adapting rare essences and odors.

Before them lie the choicest perfumes of the earth's famous garden spots. And there is no stint of time, expense or skill, if thereby a new idea may be evolved.

Sylvan Soap

represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

It cleanses perfectly, yet with so gentle a touch that the most tender skin is soothed. And it leaves the skin softened, vitalized—glowing with the bloom of health.

Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You may choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty woman could demand no more, the price is but 10c the cake at your dealer's.

Supertar

has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."

Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage for the scalp.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use.

Let your hair have the delight of a perfect Supertar shampoo.

Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptionally high quality and light as thistledown.

It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are three odors—violet, carnation and sandalwood. It is sold by all druggists.

Try one, or better still, try all of these articles. Each is its own best advocate. And we are content to abide by your judgment. All good dealers everywhere can supply you.

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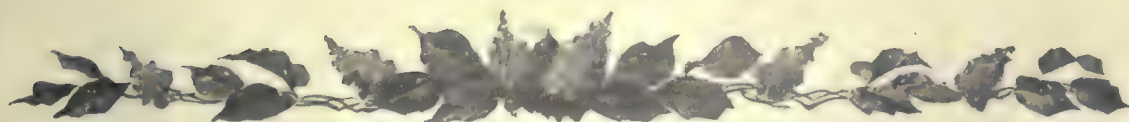




Photo Felix

Mlle. LABABY

In a gown of golden charmeuse with a double tunic, one of lace, the other of silver gray mousseline de soie, bordered with silk acorns

furthermore, the price is only \$1.75 a yard. A lovely new model I saw of drap d'or had the entire foundation gown made of it, and draped with a tunic of turquoise blue silk voile edged with a narrow fringe of crystal beads and bugles. This combination of blue and gold is quite novel and one that it apt to become a great favorite.

There is considerable talk of fringe being much used this autumn. It is not only tiny ball fringe, bead fringe, but even the old-time sewing silk fringe. The French women certainly have been using both narrow and wide silk fringe on their costumes this summer, but this is one of the French fashions that is hardly likely to gain any great recognition in this country. To be sure, a few women have worn tailored suits and dresses this spring that had skirts edged with either ball or silk fringe. The new serpentine draperies certainly are well suited to the exploitation of fringe trimmings, and for these we will probably adopt the French idea. But that many women will consent to have their tailored suits and dresses ornamented with dabs of fringe I utterly decline to believe.

Skirts will be a trifle wider than those which were over-popular this spring. For tailored suits the best widths will be from two to two and one-quarter yards. They will generally be of the plain type. When plaits are used they will be set in so that they are scarcely seen. Indeed, it may be said that plaits are a concession to the large woman, for skirts of tailored suits will continue to adhere to the straight lines, and in order to preserve these and yet

give the required room large plaits become an actual necessity. Talking with the head woman of one of the most exclusive Fifth Avenue tailoring establishments the other day, she told me that in the spring customers insisted on such narrow skirts at the beginning of the spring season that it was impossible for them to walk, and several actually fell down when trying to enter their motors, while to go upstairs was an impossibility. Naturally these skirts were sent back to be made wider, which really meant new skirts. As the establishment could not afford to make two skirts to one suit the rule was quickly enforced that if a customer wanted a skirt narrower than one yard and three-quarters she would have to stand the expense of alteration. All of which goes to show how little women realize the amount of room required for freedom of movement. It is one thing to stand still and have a skirt fitted and another to sit or walk in it.

Suit jackets are to be short this autumn, somewhere from twenty-five to thirty inches, and I doubt not that many of the smartest women will be wearing the jaunty little boleros with postillion backs for their more elaborate costumes. Made of double-faced satin, these postillion boleros are just the thing for a between season's garment. The double-faced satins are mostly black with the back of some brilliant color, so that they will be quite correct to wear with gowns or tailored dresses of a contrasting color, provided that color harmonizes with the reverse side of the satin. Of course, a satin that is black on both sides would be more economical.

There has been considerable use of chiffon taffeta in Paris this



Photo Felix

Lingerie gown with a sash of pale blue. Hat and parasol to harmonize. Worn by Mlle. DuRostow.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO VANTINE'S

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

I HAVE just made a little journey to Vantine's.

Vantine's is a bazaar, an object-lesson, a sermon, a school, a fair, an exposition—a store. There is only one objection to the place, and that is, it exhausts your stock of adjectives.

I have known Vantine's for a quarter of a century. I used to stand outside the show-windows and look long, also longingly, at the beautiful things displayed; but until recent years I never went inside, because in some way I imagined that Vantine's was out of my reach.

I thought that anything that Vantine displayed was so high in price that no one, unless he were in the Yim Hill class, could afford to put his beak inside the door.

There are many people in New York who have never been to Vantine's—people born in New York and grown to manhood's estate—yet Vantine's was started before I was born—and that was over half a century ago.

Now that I have spent a couple of hours looking over this little Permanent Exposition, for about the steenth time, I am amazed that any one living in the vicinity of New York should not have made this pilgrimage.

Vantine deals in curios, art fabrics, individual bits of hand-carving, embroideries, silk patterns, ivory, lamps, shades, teak-wood carved by men and women with all the time there was.

He who has not seen Vantine's has something to live for; otherwise, he will grope through life surrounded by an aura of ignorance, blase, bloated, self-satisfied, untaught, hiking down life's highway to dusty death—the buzz-wagon of Fate close upon his heels. Poor Man! To live long and well you must know what is being said and done by the rest of mankind.

The Treasurers of the Storied East

It is a marvelous thing to know what our brown and yellow brothers are doing in Japan, China, India, Persia, Turkey and the islands where the palms lift their fronded forms in air, and the spices send their curious scents out to meet the traveler.

We sometimes say that we can make anything in America that they can anywhere in the round world. This does credit to the heart of the man who says it, but reflects no compliment to his head. In fact, the exquisite things, requiring great patience, skill and care to think out, and then execute, can only be made by people who have passed through the pioneer stage in which we, as a people, now linger.

The Japanese detect shades, tints and perfumes that are beyond us and outside of our range and realm, because they have been educated in a way that we have not.

The Joy of Visiting Vantine's

Go to Vantine's! Don't think you are compelled to buy. Simply go and see and look and linger and examine.

Behold rugs made in the Fifteenth Century—before Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West. Rugs made before the days of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci—individual things, the price of which is three or four or five thousand dollars. Then, side by side with these, you will be shown other rugs which to me were just

as beautiful—perhaps more so—made in imitation of the antiques; things worked out with the same loving care and indifference to the flight of time, that can be bought for as little as \$7.50. The joy of visiting Vantine's is that you are not deceived as to values.

The prices placed upon the articles are not the art value, or speculative value, but simply the commercial value. It is art commercialized!

That is to say, the thing has been purchased for what it is worth—what it will bring. You are buying of men who know exactly what they are selling. They have a pedigree of these articles which they offer. They know where they come from, how they are produced, what they are worth.

Values and Intrinsic Worth

I suppose there are a great number of people just like myself who imagine that everything in Vantine's is very costly; whereas, the real fact is that beside the rare and precious antiques coming to us from centuries ago, there are other things in great profusion in the way of fabric and art treasures that are to be purchased for very moderate sums. At Vantine's I saw Japanese brocades at fifty dollars a yard, twenty-seven inches wide; and side by side were shown fabrics that could be bought for three dollars a yard, seemingly equally attractive. The difference was that one had history behind it, the other had not.

A Half Century of Fair Dealing

Housekeepers and all who love the beautiful world do well to inform themselves as to the values of these treasures. And I do not know of another school in America where the knowledge of values can be attained so well as at Vantine's.

At Vantine's they are not afraid to tell the truth.

The Vantine folks recognize that to deceive the customer would be a calamity for Vantine; also, to sell anybody anything he does not want, or to sell anything at a price beyond what it is worth, would not be a mistake, it would be a sin.

A half-century of fair dealing lies behind this concern.

If it comes from Vantine's, you know it is not shoddy or bogus. If you buy it at Vantine's you'll be proud to say so.

At Vantine's you are dealing with experts who have only one ambition and desire, and that is that you should know as much about a thing as they do, and when this is done, if you wish to purchase, you have the opportunity.

The methods of booth and bazaar, which usually obtain in places where curios are kept and sold, do not prevail at Vantine's. Here the American philosophy of one price and absolute truth is the watchword.

The Interior of Vantine's

Vantine's is not so big in compass that it tires you out and sends you away with a confused jumble of impressions.

I was delighted to see that at Vantine's the furnishings are not in competition with the goods offered.

Beware of the place fitted up like the Golden Nugget Barroom in Dead Gulch.

Absolute simplicity prevails at Vantine's

in way of fixtures and furnishings. Everything is simple, plain, wide-open and direct. Men and women salesmen here have time to display goods and to tell you all you wish to know about them.

The Making of Gifts

People with hazy ideas as to what they want in the way of presents for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, would do well to visit Vantine's. There is nothing else in the wide world like it, and nothing else just as good.

Don't go to Vantine's with any thought that you have to mortgage your house and lot.

If you have five dollars to spend, ten dollars, one hundred dollars, go and consult Vantine's and see for yourself what you can get in the way of things of which there are no duplicates.

Or, if you have no money to spend, and do not want to buy, my advice is, go anyway and see this wonderful store; and you will remember me with gratitude for having called it to your attention.

The Wonderful Display

There is no other store in the world that carries so big and varied a stock of Oriental silks as you can see here.

If I were a teacher in a high school in the vicinity of New York, I would take my pupils in companies of a dozen to visit Vantine's; and there I would study the manufacture, the dyeing, the hand-painting, the decoration, and the preparation of silk fabrics.

How many people know that the genuine pongee silks are hand-woven, made in China, and sell here at from one dollar to four dollars and a half a yard!

Here are silks made for men's suits, which in beauty, strength and effectiveness defy the dictionary.

Here are lamps of one thousand and one varieties, with the light turned on, worked out in poems of leaded glass.

Here are stone lanterns from Japan, bearing the loving marks of the chisel, carved by artists who work for twenty cents a day, and are glad of the chance.

If one would study the Orient, here is the opportunity. Crepes, cashmeres, shawls that can be drawn through a finger-ring, kimonos from three dollars up to two hundred; coats worn by Chinese dignitaries and discarded, upon which are worked out sonnets in design and quatrains in color.

If you do not want to buy, you can at least store your mind with enough impressions to fill you with gladsome glee for years to come; and, in addition, you can stick closely to the truth and get yourself placed in the Ananias Club by telling your friends of the things you have seen at Vantine's.

The only way then for you to get back to solid footing is to get your accusers to go to Vantine's and see for themselves.

Here the art-lovers meet; those who hunger after the gewgaw and long for the gimcrack go elsewhere.

If you do not know Vantine's, you surely do not know America, much less China, Japan and India.

Vantine's is the store that has a soul.

And folks with the Vantine Habit are distinguished people.

summer for both costumes and these postillion boleros.. They are generally of a bright color, and are worn over white gowns or those of a contrasting color, as for example, pale green over pink, or purple over mauve. This idea of a colored jacket has gained more ascendancy here in the revival of the colored soft jacket that many of the girls have prepared for mountain and seaside wear. The brilliant greens, reds and bright blues of these soft cloths look very well against the white serge, linen or pique of the frocks worn beneath.

It is rather to be lamented that Paris so soon again advocates the vogue of taffeta, for while French taffeta is lovely in both quality and color, as much cannot be said of the mass of taffeta made in this country. So that most American women will naturally hesitate to invest in French taffeta costing anywhere from \$2.50 to \$4 per yard that will be so quickly imitated to sell for forty-nine cents.

The generality of silks that are now most in demand are of the soft, supple quality that makes for satisfactory wear. When they are cheapened and adulterated it is by some means that does not take away from their wearing quality. So it is to be hoped that fashion will continue to advocate the soft, supple quality in silks.

It certainly has been shown that almost any silk can be made soft and supple. Witness, the beautiful brocades that are now so much used. Yet it is only within the last three years that manufacturers have succeeded in making brocades in this soft, supple quality. Heretofore our idea of a brocade was a silk that was so stiff it would stand alone.

The new season is to see the loveliest of brocaded velvet flowers and figures strewn over a ground so soft and diaphanous as chiffon voile. It is easy to imagine the elegance and beauty of a costume made of such material, one that would be indeed fitted for a presentation at court. Indeed, these new velvet brocades have been used for court trains by a number of the smartest English women during the memorable London season. For the new idea in court trains is that they shall be made of a more or less transparent fabric. One notable train worn with a satin costume was entirely of English point lace.

Costly materials are generally beautiful in themselves. To-day more costly fabrics are being used than ever before in the history of the world. Undoubtedly there have been special instances where a single fabric cost more, but the quantity used was small, so that it is true that there is a greater quantity of costly fabrics being used to-day.

One of the reasons that narrow skirts have gained such a great ascendancy in the world of fashion is because of this great use

of costly fabrics. Were skirts wider the quantity of material required for the construction of a costume would amount to so many more yards that the price of the completed garment would be prohibitive.

The vogue for the veiling of evening costumes will continue well into the autumn season. Laces and the more open-work weaves of voile and marquisette will be much favored for this purpose. The exquisite hand-made Italian and French laces will

be first choice for evening costumes. As the price of these puts them out of the reach of most women, there are some clever machine reproductions of these laces. I use the word reproduction advisedly, because in the better qualities machine-made laces are veritable reproductions rather than base imitations. Time was when no lady would wear a machine-made lace; to-day the best machine laces can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine article. Some of the new voiles and marquisettes are of the nature of the old-time grenadine. Others have the lustrous satin stripe alternating with the new mesh.

Thus it can be seen that the foundation gown having good lines that is too good to be thrown away can be readily made to do duty another season, and given quite an up-to-date appearance by the new covering or coverings. For two or more veilings will continue to be used on many gowns. This gives the opportunity for the exercise of originality in the combination of colors. But to carry these novel combinations out successfully one must have some knowledge of the harmony of colors, so that one may blend into the other in an artistic manner.

I am confirmed in my belief that short coats and skirts from two to two and one-quarter yards will prevail this autumn by no less an authority than the president of the Ladies' Tailors' Association, Mr. James B. Blaine, who is also the head of a leading Fifth Avenue establishment. He showed me a lovely white Bedford cord visiting costume made in the coat dress style. The narrow skirt had a tunic of the Bedford cord

edged with a narrow band of dark brown fur. The corsage was made in bolero effect, and attractively ornamented with wide white silk braid with lovely soft revers made of unlined orange red chiffon.

A charming little dinner frock designed by the same firm has a wide band of changeable plush in tawny, tigerskin effect bordering the skirt, which just reaches the ground. Over this is a white chiffon tunic discreetly embroidered in dull gold threads, with the same design ornamenting the short-waisted corsage.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.



Photo Felix

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Amateur Actors

I have a strong grudge against clubs of amateur actors, because they habitually insult the art they dabble in by assuming that it is a sin which can only be covered by charity. It is quite a common thing for organizers of amateur performances to appeal to the author to forego his fees on the ground that the proceeds are to be given to some charitable institution. That is to say, a popular author is asked to hand over some hundreds a year to amateur societies to give to their pet charities, and that, too, without the slightest guarantee that the management of the performance will be businesslike enough to realize for the charities the whole value of his contribution, or, indeed, any part of it at all. A more unreasonable demand can hardly be imagined within the limits of practicable human audacity. Even professional philanthropists like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Passmore Edwards reserve the right to choose for themselves the objects of their endowments.

Almost all amateurs desire to imitate the theatre rather than to act a play. They actually call their performances "theatricals," and are as proud of that illiterate insult as any genuine dramatic artist would be outraged by it. They lose all their ordinary decent instincts the moment they give themselves up to what they privately think is the sin of acting. You see gentlemen who are morbidly particular about the cut and fit of their coats and trousers walking on the stage in ludicrously misfitting tunics from the costumier's amateur ragbag. You see the amateur carrying a tinsel-topped pantomime spear for the hire of which he has paid more than the local blacksmith would have charged him for a real spear. Women who would die rather than be dowdy in church or at a garden party, face the footlights in costumes and make-ups which no self-respecting figure in a penny waxwork would tolerate. Reach-me-down dresses, reach-me-down scenery, reach-me-down equipments are considered good enough for dramatic masterpieces—are positively preferred to decent and beautiful things because they are so much more theatrical.—*London Tribune*.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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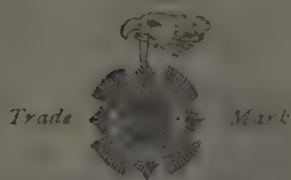
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.



White

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 127

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Copyright Alfred Ellis

MME. SIMONE

The distinguished French actress who makes her first appearance in America this season under the management of Messrs. Liebler. Mme. Simone will play in English, which she speaks perfectly, and will be first seen on October 23 in Rostand's play "Princess Lontaine," the English title of which is "The Lady of Dreams"



Mr. Sothern



Miss Ware



Miss Starr



Mr. Dodson



Mr. Warfield



Mr. Arliss



Miss Barrymore



Mrs. Fiske



Miss Marlowe



Mr. Wilson



Mr. Drew



Miss Anglin



Mr. Collier



Miss Tempest



Miss Allen

OPENING DRAMATIC

THE managerial announcements for the new theatrical season are unusually promising, many of the plays scheduled for production having the record of success abroad, or having already received approval in this country in preparation for their submission to New York audiences. Of

recent years our managers have become very careful of their productions; and while, no doubt, there will be a number of failures, as usual, the season seems to be secure with many novelties and plays of great excellence. The challenge for native plays of

superior merit has been answered by every American dramatist of promise. The predominance of activity seems, indeed, to be with our own dramatists, except that in musical comedy foreign authors and musicians are unusually well represented. Many of the plays that achieved success last season will be continued for a while with the original players, but a new play is held in reserve in almost every such case.

Maude Adams will be seen again in "Chantecler" in New York, and will tour in Rostand's work until next year. The natural demand for this play outside of New York will permit of no other arrangement; but when Miss Adams plays in Manhattan she will give a number of matinees, which Mr. Charles Frohman announces as "Maude Adams' Afternoons with J. M. Barrie." One of the three short plays to be used is called "A Little Play;" another is entitled "Judy;" the third is still unnamed.

Early in September, at the Empire Theatre, John Drew will open in a new comedy called "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies. Ethel Barrymore will follow Mr. Drew at the same theatre in a new play by A. E. Mason called "The Witness for the Defense." Billie Burke's new play, in which she is to appear in September, is a four-act comedy called "The Runaways," by Pierre Veber, adapted by Michael Morton. Marie Doro will have "The Butterfly on the Wheel," a four-act play which is now running at the Globe Theatre, London. Hattie Williams has a new comedy. Madame Nazimova, who has come under the management of Charles Frohman, will have two plays, one by a new American playwright and the other a modern comedy from the French. Mr. Frohman will also give us Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's newest play, "Preserving Mr. Panmure." This manager has many other interesting plays scheduled for production. Among them are a new comedy by Augustus Thomas; a play by Porter Emerson Browne, called "Sex;" a play by Thompson Buchanan, and another by A. E. Thomas. He also has a play by Winchell Smith, a comedy by Martha Morton, a new drama by William Gillette, and plays by Hall Caine, Haddon Chambers, Henri Bernstein, and a new comedy by Messrs. Caillavet and de Flers, entitled "What Woman Wills." Haddon Chambers' play, "Passersby," which has been running at Wyndham's Theatre in London, will be seen at the Criterion in September.

One of the most elaborate productions of the season, which, if successful, should bring prosperity to the Century Theatre, will be "The Garden of Allah," a play made from Robert Hichens' well-known novel. This piece has been under consideration by various managers for several years, and Messrs. Liebler have taken unusual care to ensure an adequate setting, scenic artists and stage-managers having been sent all the way to the Sahara to obtain the desired effects. Lewis Waller, the well-known English romantic actor, has been engaged for the rôle of Androvsky, the monk, and will make his first appearance in America.

Among the numerous plays to be produced by the Messrs. Shubert, many excite special interest from the prominence of the authors. There are "Fannie's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw; "Buntz Pulls the Strings," a new Scotch play, which will be presented with the original Scotch company in New York; "Sarah," by Douglas Murray; "Balthazar," by the author of "Zaza;" "The House of Dances," a piece done in Paris by Mlle. Polaire; "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," new comedy; "Next," a new farce by Rida Johnson Young; "Fine Feathers," by Eugene Walter; "The Warning," drama by Arthur J. Eddy; "Romance," a new play by Edward Sheldon; "Won't You Walk Into My Parlor?" by Cosmo Gordon Lennox; "Who's Who," new comedy; "The Glass House" and "The Sin Register," both farces by Charlotte Thompson; "The Masked Venus," by Gaston Rondier; "Who Owns Helen?" "Wireless Telegraphy." "Papa's Mama," "The Dirigible Airship," "A Thousand Dollars," "The Best People," "A Modern Mar-



Mr. Bellew



Mr. Faversham



Mr. Hackett



Miss Lipman



Miss Doro



Mr. Mantell

OF THE SEASON

riage," and "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst, with Charles Richman in the leading rôle.

Mrs. Fiske's two plays are new. One of them is by Langdon Mitchell, entitled "The New Marriage;" the other is "The War of Souls," by Paul Hyacinthe, son of the well-known French preacher. Mr. Fiske, with associates in management, will produce, at the New Amsterdam or the Knickerbocker, Edward Knoblauch's Oriental play, "Kismet." This play has an interesting history in that it is the work of an American author, who had to find a production for it in London. Apart from the fine spiritual qualities which it is said to possess, it is largely spectacular, and the promise is made that the production will far surpass the one made in London, where it gained great success.

David Belasco promises a number of interesting plays. "The Woman," by William C. De Mille, will be presented by Mr. Belasco at the Republic Theatre on September 18th. Another of Mr. Belasco's productions is "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley. David Warfield will come to the Belasco Theatre on October 17th with his strange new play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." Nance O'Neil, after two seasons in "The Lily," will appear in a new drama fitted to her emotional qualities. Frances Starr will have a new play by an American author, the title of which is not yet disclosed. Blanche Bates will carry "Nobody's Widow" on tour, and "The Concert" also goes on tour.

Margaret Anglin will appear in repertoire at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre in a succession of important plays, of which at least two, namely, Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion" and "Green Stockings," are new. John Mason will go on tour with "As a Man Thinks;" Holbrook Blinn will take out "The Boss," but later will be seen here in a new play by Edward Sheldon. Lawrence D'Orsay will return to his quaint part in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Sothorn and Marlowe will continue in their exclusive Shakespearian repertoire. Robert Mantell will give Shakespearian plays until about January, when he will produce "Charlemagne the Conqueror," by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Grace George will head the stock company which W. A. Brady plans to keep at the Playhouse permanently, "The Earth," a play by James B. Fagan, being the opening attraction. Miss George will also make an elaborate production of Shakespeare's charming comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."

With these few exceptions, and, no doubt, occasional revivals, the season will be filled with novelty. Rose Stahl opens her season, August 31st, at the Harris Theatre in "Maggie Pepper," which has been prepared for this public by a number of performances before reaching New York.

Early in the season George Arliss will come to Wallack's with "Disraeli," in which his character part of the great English statesman is said to be eminently satisfactory. Wilton Lackaye will be seen in "The Stranger." Elsie Ferguson will begin her season early in October in "Dolly Madison," and will come to New York in November. Henry Kolker will appear in "The Great Name," in which he has won considerable success in Chicago. Kyrle Bellew will come to New York the first of the year in a new play.

Otis Skinner will be seen in "Kismet," and later in a new play by A. E. Thomas. W. H. Crane will have his choice of two American comedies. Francis Wilson has a new comedy called "The Magic Ring." James K. Hackett will have two new plays, one by the author of "The World and His Wife," and the other by James B. Fagan. William Faversham has a new play by Edward Sheldon, which is said to be ambitious in theme. Robert Edeson will open his season in "The Cave Man," a comedy by Gillette Burgess. "A Man of Honor," written by Isaac Landman, is the new play for Edmund Breese. Blanche Walsh will have a new play, in which she will open out of town about October 15th. Helen Ware has a drama by George Broadhurst, entitled "The Price," in which she will be seen in New York late in November. Viola Allen's new play is by Louis M. Parker, whose play of last season, "Pomander Walk," was such a triumph of delicate fancy and sentiment. Gertrude Elliot will come to New York in "Rebellion," by Joseph Medill Patterson. Clara Lipman's new play, "It Depends on the Woman," was written by herself. Marguerite Clark, who has signed a three-year contract with William A. Brady, will be seen in a new comedy by Owen



Miss Adams



Mme. Nazimova



Miss Burke



Mr. Skinner



Mr. Mann



Miss George



Mr. Lackaye



Fritz Scheff



Mrs. Campbell

Davis, called, "When All the World Was Young." William Collier has a new comedy called "Taking My Advice." Tom Wise and John Barrymore will be seen in Anne Caldwell's new American play, entitled "Uncle Sam."

Douglas Fairbanks will open the season at the Playhouse with "A Gentleman of Leisure," by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse. Frank McIntyre will make his debut as a star at the Hudson Theatre in a new comedy called "Snobs," by George Bronson Howard. "A Modern Marriage," in which Cyril Scott will appear, is an adaptation from the German by Harrison Rhodes. Theodore Roberts will have a new comedy drama by Rupert Hughes, entitled "Sadie." Louis Mann's tour will open with "Elevating a Husband." Dustin Farnum and William Farnum open their season in "The Littlest Rebel," by Edward Peple. Minnie Dupree will have a new play, as also will William Courtney.

Among other plays which will be seen during the winter are: "The Right to Love," by Jules Eckert Goodman; "In God's Country," by Hayden Talbot; "The Fox," Lee Arthur's detective mystery play; "White Magic," "The Affair in the Barracks," "The Arab," by Edgar Selwyn, "The Wild Olive," "Dame Nature," "The Antelope," "The Greyhound," "The Weakling," by Guy F. Bragdon; "The O'Flynn," and "What the Doctor Ordered," this last a comedy by A. E. Thomas.

Blanche Ring will be seen in a new musical comedy, entitled "The Wall Street Girl." Sam Bernard will continue in "He Came from Milwaukee," but will have a new piece early in the new year. James T. Powers will be seen in a new piece to replace "Havana," in which he has been so successful for the past three seasons. Julian Eltinge will come to New York on September 11 with "The Fascinating Widow," in which he has made a suc-

cess. Eddie Foy will be seen in a new musical play entitled "The Pet of the Petticoats." Lillian Russell will have either "The Opera Ball" or "Her Majesty Mimi." Lew Fields will produce "The Wife Hunters" at the Herald Square, and Lillian Herlein, who was so successful in "The Rose of Algeria," will be seen in

"The Never Homes." George M. Cohan will return to the stage in a new play by himself, entitled "The Little Millionaire." DeWolf Hopper will be seen in revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan works, which are announced as "The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival." "Jingaboo," a musical farce by Leo Ditrichstein, will be given in October.

The list of musical productions is long. Henry W. Savage is making elaborate plans for a production in English of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." For the rôle of Johnson he is bringing here Icilio Calleya, a marvelous tenor, and Irma Delossy, a wonderful dramatic soprano. Other early productions to be made by Mr. Savage are "Little Boy Blue," which is a musical comedy adapted from the German of Rudolph Schanzer and Karl Lindau, with music by Henry Bereny. This will be produced in New York in October, and is scheduled to make as big a sensation as "The Merry Widow." Other pieces are: "Le Million," "Somewhere Else," a new musical comedy by Avery Hopwood, "The Grape Girl," "The Prince's Child," "Baron-Good-for-Nothing," "The Summer's Folly," and "Weeping Josephine."

Among the Shuberts' long list of musical offerings are "The Gypsy Coaster," which is being adapted by Leonard Lieblich; "The Astrologer," by Robert Schanzer, and music by Robert Leonard; "The Cloak Model," "Der Ledige Gatte," "The Prima Ballerina," "The Fortunate Fool," "The Kiss Waltz," the cast of which includes Charles Bigelow, Robert Warwick, Eva Davenport, Sallie Fisher, and others well

(Continued on page x)



Sarony

HATTIE WILLIAMS

Will be seen in a new comedy early in October



White

Frank Mills

Marion Kerby

Henrietta Crosman

Act. 1. Jess (Miss Crosman) finds Olive in the arms of Dick

SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY "THE REAL THING" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

CRITERION. "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS." Musical play in two acts. Book by Wilbur Nesbit and Otto Hauerbach. Music by Karl Hoschna. Produced Aug. 7 with this cast:

Pidgeon Williams, Harold Forbes; Socrates Primmer, Percival Aylmer; Charlotte (a maid), Dorothy Wilcock; Carolyn (Cuddle) Swifton, Carrie Bowman; Tucker, Joseph Harris; Harry Swifton, John Hyams; Generalissimo Bombastino, Edouard Durand; Count Von Schnigglefts, Irving Brooks; Helen Bombastino, Henrietta Lee; Phineas Medders, Ray L. Royce; Lucy Medders, Leila McIntyre; Daphne Daffington, Alice Hills.

If there were a Pure Dramatic Food Law, one of the first questions that would have to be decided would be. What is American musical comedy? It would have to be ascertained what substitute the authors and managers were using in the place of common sense, and whether deleterious or not. There is no doubt that they contain some of the elements that used to be thought essential to pieces of this kind, but some of the symptoms produced in the minds of the audience, such as a confusion of judgment, as to what it is all about, makes it reasonable to suppose that some of the ingredients are harmful. It certainly is somewhat astonishing that two men could collaborate on what is called "the Book" and not be able to make the story comprehensible.

Here is a case in which three fashionable hats, in as many boxes, are sent to three different women, in consequence of which they hide in various rooms, one of them finally getting into an upstairs room, from which she is sought to be released by means of a ladder. Her husband is a Frenchman, who carries a sword cane, and, to all appearances, but not to all intents, is a dangerous character. But he is a mere fiction of the stage. There are various toxic ingredients in the play, and some of the groups of dancers seem to have partaken of the insane root. The logic of the piece lies in their supple legs. In one of the numbers, "Dear Little Games of Guessing," they tumble all over the floor.

Some of these dances are very attractive, for in our analysis of the thing, while we might find a trace of humor, we would confidently and scientifically give 60% to the youth and vitality of the girls who lend themselves to all sorts of costumes and colors. It is only by means of a card index of the various devices of the ballet master that any intelligent account of the dancing could be conveyed. Some of the tricks seem to be new, while others we have often seen before. We never tire of them. If the suggestion that \$3.00 is to be the charge in the future for entertainment of this kind, the public will respond only because of that 60% which we mention and which is universally understood.

Some of the songs are very good, "O-o-h! Maybe It's a Robber," showing Miss Leila McIntyre to her best advantage. She is a sweet person, who is at her best when she is pretending sentiment or fright or any of the emotions. She is a valid feature of the comic opera (query: What is comic opera? which for the present is sufficiently answered in her presence as the girl of our dreams). It is neither here nor there, the phrase not seeming to be entirely apt, to say that she is the wife of Mr. John Hyams, who, in his official capacity in the play, is described as an all-round good fellow. This he seems to be, and we offer this description as the best critical account we can give of him. He has one song, "I Am Ready to Quit and Be Good," which he sings with the Bachelor Boys. The song is much applauded, but the sense, or the occasion for it, and the fitness of the music of it, are mysterious.

There are Quaker girls and girls of many kinds. It is a stage-land opera. It can be readily said of it that its chorus is made up of the girls of our dreams; otherwise it owes its passing success to its ballet master and stage-manager. The stage-manager is Mr. Frank Smithson, who should receive ten times the remuneration that is probably given to the two authors of the "Book."



Davis and Sanford

LUCY WESTON

Will play the title role in "The Quaker Girl"

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "THE REAL THING." Comedy in 3 acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced August 10 with this cast:

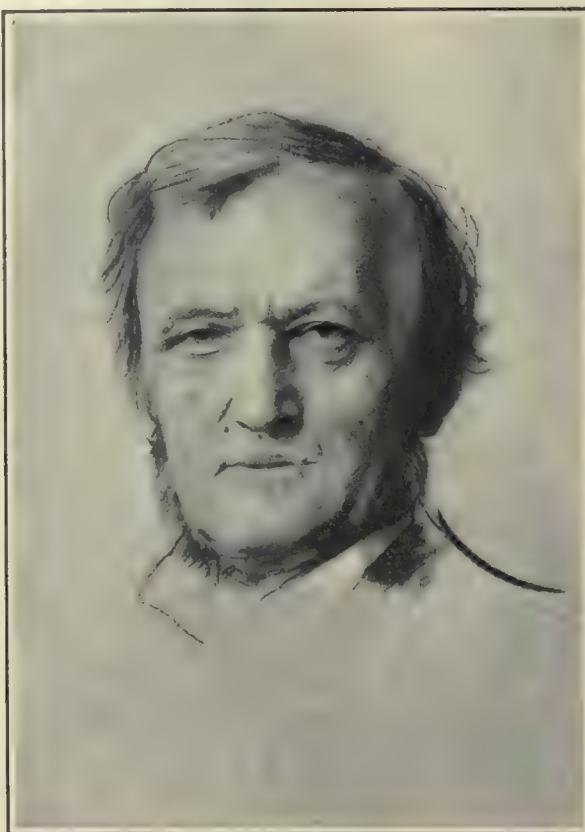
Richard Grayson.....	Frank Mills	Dorothy.....	Alliene Morrison
Kate Grayson.....	Minnie Dupree	Olive Wycoff.....	Marion Kerby
Jack.....	Mac Macomber	Jess Lorraine.....	Henrietta Crosman
	Tom Bradley.....		Albert Brown

With a personality of compelling charm, a comedy technic unsurpassed on the stage of to-day, Miss Henrietta Crosman is persistently unfortunate in the selection of the mediums for the display of her admirable art. Here is a comedienne whose methods are as magnetic, as buoyant and as artlessly convincing as those of Ellen Terry. She should be a veritable fixture in the metropolis, yet her visits are short and far between, and all for want of a good, suitable vehicle. The "every-day comedy" with which she opened her season at the Maxine Elliott Theatre is called "The Real Thing." It is hardly that. It has some merit and reveals promise on the part of its author, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, but it has not the enduring

(Continued on page xi)

Richard Wagner as He Saw Himself

TWO bulging volumes, crammed to their capacity with intimate, interesting details of a great man, written of himself by himself—this is a terse description of "My Life," by Richard Wagner, translated into English and recently published by Dodd, Mead & Company. The existence of this work has been known for a long time, for an even dozen copies were privately and secretly printed years ago and given for perusal to the most inner circle of Wagner intimates and disciples. Wagner had dictated this, relying on copious notes in his diary, to his wife, Cosima, and, so it is hinted, to his royal patron, the late King Ludwig II of Bavaria. This manuscript was then set into type by French compositors, strangers to the German language, and afterward twelve copies were privately printed and the type forms then destroyed. This explains the secrecy which has attached itself to the work. But now it has been given to the public, both in German and English.



RICHARD WAGNER

It is not often that a great man so completely bares his character for the benefit of the reading world. Wagner may have argued logically that by the time this work would reach publicity he himself would be a demigod of art, and that, being also dead, the world at large would welcome even these unlovely glimpses into his character and would forgive everything for the sake of the wonderful heritage of music dramas that he has left the world. If that was his argument, he did not err.

A careful and sane reading of these two interesting books will not decrease any one's love for Wagner's great operas and music dramas. Nor will it serve in any way to increase the reader's admiration for Wagner, the man. But it may again pose that moot question: What has a great man's art to do with his private life? Wagner's art is huge—his private life was for a great part detestable.

As a lad he was no better than most boys—he even drowned a litter of puppies (which will be a great shock to some of his sentimental admirers who believed that his love for animals was a keynote to his finer nature). He was an unsatisfactory pupil at school; he soon learned to drink copiously; he associated with the lowest sets during his student days; he escaped duels only because his adversaries died or something; he gambled, and was generally about as debauched a specimen as even a reformer might seek for the purpose of an example. His own mother and his sisters refused to have any more to do with him, after he had worried them frantic by his escapades, one of which consisted in risking his mother's pension money in a gambling house.

For pages and pages his own narrative of his sordid and dispiriting life suggests to the reader that some good, old-fashioned chastisement might have been in order, but then one recoils with a start from the idea of anyone spanking the future composer of "The Ring!"

Later he pulled himself together and earned a precarious living as conductor at smaller theatres and opera houses. And he does not hesitate to paint moral conditions of these stages in the blackest possible hue. It was in this period that he met and loved the actress, Minna Planer, who became his first wife, and who

bore with him patiently during his long period of poverty. There appears to have been, according to his own printed words, no reason why he should have really married Minna, save that he was desperately head over heels in love with her at the time—and yet he prints a lengthy record of this poor woman's life, her indiscretions, a list of her cavaliers. That he might have spared her. Everyone who ever has had any interest in Wagner biographies knows that Minna was not a saint, but she cooked for the great man, washed for him and ran his household during troublous times. And for that alone he might have kept his tar brush off her past.

And, oddly enough, on the other hand, this autobiography is quite lacking in detail about the affair between Wagner and Mme. Wesendonck—a love affair which as fruit bore "Tristan and Isolde," and which is rehearsed in explicit tenderness in the Wagner-Wesendonck letters published but a few years ago. The

chief impression the reader gets by the mention in the autobiography of the Wagner-Wesendonck love affair is that Minna Wagner acted the rôle of unreasonable and ungenerous wife. But by that time the loquacious Richard had so torn Minna's character that it is hanging like shreds about her person, so an additional sabre thrust or two does not matter. At the time of their marriage Minna and Richard were about on a moral and mental par; but when he began to unfurl his eagle's wings and soar, she could not keep pace, being only a soiled dove. So they had to part company—it was inevitable, and art demands such sacrifices. Wagner's *coup de grace* to Minna in his autobiography is unpardonable.

It is generally known by students of music literature that Wagner wrote his own five-foot book shelf. He was a marvellously industrious writer. Whenever he suffered a change of philosophy he wrote a pamphlet; he wrote essays galore; he attacked the Jews; he explained Beethoven; he defended his own theories of art and the state. In fact, it has often been a matter of sincere regret that he did not write less and compose more, for the world would have been infinitely richer if he had. So with all these polemics that have rushed from his pen into many bound volumes, it is hardly surprising that the present autobiography does not contain any more enlightening chapters about his art. For a musician of his order he seems to have less preparation than almost any of the great ones. And this brace of volumes informs the curious reader all too seldom just how and when these great inner treasures of invention and melody came welling forth. There are only occasional glimpses of the artist here—such as when in later years, after the row had been patched up, he and Otto Wesendonck are sight-seeing together in Venice. They go to the Academy of Arts, and Wagner writes:

"In spite of all my indifference, I must confess that the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' by Titian, exercised a most sublime influence over me, so that, as soon as I realized its conception, my old powers revived within me, as though by a sudden flash of inspiration. I determined at once on the composition of the 'Meistersinger.'"

And so, too, there is another interesting reference to this opera, dating from the time when the composer was living at Biebrich on the Rhine. He writes:

"The fair season of the year was now approaching, and I was once more seized with a desire for work. As from the balcony of my flat, in a sunset of great splendor, I gazed upon the magnificent spectacle of 'Golden' Mayence, with the majestic Rhine pouring along its outskirts in a glory of light, the prelude to my 'Meistersinger' again suddenly made its presence closely and distinctly felt in my soul. Once before had I seen it rise before me out of a lake of sorrow, like some distant mirage. I proceeded to write down the prelude exactly as it appears to-day in the score, that is, containing the clear outlines of the leading themes of the whole drama."

And the prelude to "Das Rheingold" originated at Spezia, where he had arrived exhausted by seasickness. He writes:

"After a night spent in fever and sleeplessness, I forced myself to take a long tramp the next day through the hilly country, which was covered with pine woods. It all looked dreary and desolate, and I could not think what I should do there. Returning in the afternoon, I stretched myself, dead tired, on a hard couch, awaiting the long-desired hour of sleep. It did not come, but I fell into a kind of somnolent state, in which I suddenly felt as though I were sinking in swiftly flowing water. The rushing sound formed itself in my brain to a musical sound, the chord of E-flat major, which continually re-echoed in broken forms. These broken chords seemed to be melodic passages of increasing motion, yet the pure triad of E-flat major never changed, but seemed by its continuance to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. I woke in sudden terror from my doze, feeling as though the waves were rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral overture to the 'Rheingold,' which must long have lain latent within me, though it had been unable to find definite form, had at last been revealed to me. I then quickly realized my own nature; the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within. I decided to return to Zurich immediately and begin the composition of my great poem."

There is a pathetic allusion to his feelings at the time of the first "Lohengrin" performance at Weimar. Wagner was then living in Switzerland, being a political exile because of his activity in the Dresden Revolution of 1849. The ban placed upon him by the Saxon government made it impossible for him to witness this Weimar "Lohengrin" *première*, so he had to cool his heels and impatience at Lucerne. He writes:

"We (he and Minna) spent the evening of the 28th of August, while the first performance of 'Lohengrin' was taking place at Weimar, in Lucerne, at the Schwan Inn, watching the clock as the hands went round, marking the various times at which the performance presumably began, developed and came to a close."

It is touching to think that this creative genius should have been barred from hearing this fond musical child of his dreams and brains come to life. But even before this sentiment of exile has

an opportunity to grip the reader, there occurs this typically venomous paragraph:

"I always felt somewhat distressed, uncomfortable and ill at ease whenever I tried to pass a few pleasant hours in the society of my wife."

There is scarcely a page in the two volumes that does not contain some allusion to money. Wagner had a gourmand's appetite for ducats. He asked loans from almost everyone—man or woman, that did not concern him—and this process doubtless earned him the enmity of many.

Of especial interest is his account of intercourse with Liszt, Von Bülow, Tausig, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz. So, too, is it fascinating to learn that while he was composing "Lohengrin" he was enamored of the Greek classics:

"Nothing could equal the sublime emotion with which the Agamemnon trilogy inspired me, and to the last word of the Eumenides I lived in an atmosphere so far removed from the present day that I have never since been able to reconcile myself with modern literature. My ideas about the whole significance of the drama and of the theatre were, without a doubt, moulded by these impressions. I worked my way through the other tragedians, and finally

reached Aristophanes. When I had spent the morning industriously upon the completion of the music for 'Lohengrin,' I used to creep to the depths of the thick shrubbery in my part of the garden to get shelter from summer heat, which was becoming more intense every day. My delight in the comedies of Aristophanes was boundless, when once his 'Birds' had plunged me into the full torrent of the genius of this wanton favorite of the Graces, as he used to call himself with conscious daring. Side by side with this poet I read the principal dialogues of Plato, and from his 'Symposium' I gained such a deep insight into the wonderful beauty of Greek life that I felt myself more truly at home in ancient Athens than in any conditions which the modern world has to offer."

Some idea of Wagner's well-timed revolution against the silly, old, grand opera conventions may be gained from his paragraph on the Singing Contest scene from his 'Tannhäuser,' which runs as follows:

"There are many people, even nowadays, who, in spite of having witnessed a perfectly successful production of this scene, have not received the right impression of its purport. Their idea is that it shall belong to the traditional operatic 'genre' which demands that a number of vocal evolutions shall be juxtaposed or contrasted, and that these different songs are intended to amuse and interest the audience by means of purely musical changes in rhythm and time on the principle of a concert programme, i. e., by various items of different styles. This was not at all my idea; my real intention was, if possible, to force the listener, for the first time in the history of opera, to take an interest in the poetical idea, by

making him follow all its necessary developments."

And how he had to make the then prevailing class of opera singers all over anew to suit his purposes is shown by another paragraph. In this he tells of



Brown Bros.
The indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein sorting opera scores in the library of his new Opera House in London



Brown Bros.
Exterior of Oscar Hammerstein's new Opera House in London which is to be opened in November

(Continued on page xii)

Peg Woffington in Paris

SPRUNG from the gutter like Rachel, and equally obsessed by its nostalgia, Peg Woffington, with all her defects, ranked among the most elegant and accomplished women of her century. "She is of low origin, it is true," wrote Burke to a friend, "but talents and Nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the fairest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance."

Peg's education had been of the slenderest, but she had had the good fortune as a girl of fourteen to receive her training for the stage in Madame Violante's booth in Dublin. Considerably more French than English was spoken behind the scenes in that fashionable and historic place of entertainment by the foreign funambulists who formed the backbone of the company; and Peg, with the quickness of her race and the adaptiveness of her sex, seems to have imbibed the strange tongue, as it were, instinctively. The acquisition was one that was to prove of signal service when she came to visit Paris some sixteen years later. It was no mere pleasure hunt that took her across the Channel in the summer of 1748, and without a sound knowledge of French the journey would have been bootless.

Although over seven years an established London favorite, the Woffington remained acutely conscious that, in matter of self-expression, she had still much to learn, that there were voices within her still inarticulate, facets of her genius still unrevealed. Thalia had long smiled upon her as her truly begotten child, but she pined for recognition from the sterner muse. In a word, being laudably anxious to add several important tragic characters to her repertory, she induced her compatriot and counsellor, Owen Mac-Swiney, art connoisseur and sometime manager of the Opera House, to accompany her to Paris to see Mlle. Dumesnil, the reigning tragedienne of the Théâtre Français. "There are a great many English now in Paris," writes Fitzpatrick, on August 6, 1748, "and among the rest, Mrs. Woffington is here with Swiney. I have often the pleasure of conversing with her at the playhouse, where we sit in judgment on the players. We have agreed that in comedy they far surpass the English actors, but in tragedy they fall short of them; though they have a woman here who is very little inferior to Mrs. Cibber."

Paramount among the noteworthy performances seen at the Théâtre Français by the beautiful Woffington at this period was the *première*

of "Semiramis." Voltaire's epoch-marking tragedy had been produced on the 29th of August, when the success of the play was seriously imperilled by the crowded state of the stage, due to the phalanx of aristocratic spectators, who, following a time-honored custom, had placed themselves on exhibition there. Certain allusions in Voltaire's essay on "Ancient and Modern Tragedy," prefixed to "Semiramis," reveal to us that the philosopher had made Peg Woffington's acquaintance at this juncture. In dealing with the painful circumstances of the first performance of his play, he refers to her indirectly as "la principale actrice de Londres," and relates how she expressed her astonishment that a vital section of the intelligent playgoers of France could be such spoil-sports as to mar for others what they themselves could not possibly enjoy.

This frank expression of opinion apparently aroused Voltaire to action. At subsequent representations of the tragedy the patrician stage loungers were sturdily forbidden the liberty of the *coulisses*; and Voltaire had the satisfaction of driving a nail or two into the coffin of an absurd practice.

During her sojourn in Paris Peg had made the acquaintance at some reception of a handsome young Italian rejoicing in the high-sounding style and title of Domenico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, and, little given to the tutoring of her emotions, became quickly captivated by the gallantry and distinction of his address. This chance meeting influenced the entire after career of the brilliant amateur swordsman and master of equitation, known to fame now as Signor Angelo. Arrangements had been made for a public fencing match to take place a few days later. All the greatest and most skilful exponents of the science of *carte* and *tierce* had consented to appear there, and Angelo, under the persuasions of his friend the Duc de Nivernois, had determined to enter the lists. To her frankness Peg Woffington allied an audacity which frequently warred with her feminine traits (it was this quality that made her so admirable a Wildair), and when she heard of Angelo's resolve, she conceived of a somewhat unconventional courtesy.

The fateful day came. With the calling out of Signor Angelo's name the distinguished assembly was surprised to see a tall, dark-eyed, richly dressed lady step forward, and graciously present to the handsome young swordsman a tiny bouquet of roses. Taken aback for the moment,



PORTRAIT OF PEG WOFFINGTON BY JOHN LEWIS

Since spurious portraits of Peg Woffington abound, it is noteworthy that this characteristic painting is signed and dated (1768) by the artist, John Lewis, a Dublin scene painter of merit. Examples of the print are now very scarce. Lewis' painting was discovered in 1904 by Mr. Lawrence in a private collection at Dalkey, near Dublin. Subsequently, on his recommendation it was purchased by the National Gallery of Ireland.



White

DUSTIN FARNUM



White

PERCY HASWELL



Marsden

WILLIAM FARNUM

The brothers Farnum are to star jointly this season in a new play of the Civil War by Edward Peple, entitled "The Littlest Rebel." Miss Percy Haswell, a well-known and favorite actress, also appears in this piece, but only in the first act. The part is an important one in the big military production, the whole story hinging upon it. That is why it was necessary to pay a large salary to an actress of Miss Haswell's standing for only forty minutes' work

Angelo quickly recovered himself, and, amid breathless silence, pinned the dainty offering to his left breast.

"This," he said, addressing the crowded assembly and gracefully indicating the nosegay with his right hand, "this will I protect from all attack."

At this bold avowal many smiled, but Peg had reason to be proud that day of her champion, for not the greatest master of the sword in France was able to disturb a petal of the posy. The sequel of this romantic episode was that the giver of the roses and the receiver departed for London together, where the ebullient knight opened that famous fencing school, which was maintained by father and son for considerably over half a century.

Peg Woffington's brief sojourn abroad agreeably stands as a landmark in her career. There had been much balancing of the old books preparatory to the opening of the new. Before setting out on her journey to Paris she had broken finally with Garrick, and said good-bye to the boards of Drury Lane. On her return, mentally refreshed by her experiences of the Comédie Française, it was largely a Woffington hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected that charmed the frequenters of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for the next twelve months. She, the reigning Queen of Comedy, was now to take higher flights, and to command tears where she had formerly provoked smiles and laughter. At first, as the gossips were not slow to observe, she reproduced somewhat slavishly the sing-song and lingering cadences of the Dumesnil; but the knowledge derived by her from study of the French stage was something better than added comprehension of mere externals. It had dawned upon her, as upon no English actress previously, that the claims of art were paramount, greater even than the long-conceded claims of the Ego. It sounds curious to us now to read how lavishly she was praised at the beginning of 1749 for disfiguring her beautiful face with the wrinkles of old age in appearing as the gray-haired

Veturia in Thomson's tragedy of "Coriolanus." What we to-day should take as a matter of course was looked upon then as a remarkable example of histrionic self-abnegation. It was but the note of sound artistic progress on the part of an actress of intellect and resource, one who was soon to touch all hearts by the searching pathos of her Lady Jane Grey, and to put the seal upon her new reputation by her Desdemona and Lady Macbeth.

The intimacy between Signor Angelo and his *chère amie* lasted longer than affairs of the sort usually did, so far as the lady was concerned, for Peg, with all her winsomeness and charm, was constitutionally incapable of deep affection. Always in the brunt of the interminable battle of sex, the Woffington neither asked nor gave quarter. With her there was no respite; her war cry was "One down, t'other come on."

But when she paid that speculative visit to Dublin in 1751, which culminated in a brilliant three years' record in her native city, Angelo accompanied her for a brief period, and in the Sheridans made the acquaintance of a gifted family, some or other of whose members were to remain his friends throughout life. This visit to Dublin is referred to by the younger Angelo in his Reminis-

cences, and is an important clue to the date of his father's first coming to England, which is usually assigned by chroniclers of eighteenth century small beer, absurdly enough, to the year 1755. How far this is wide of the mark can be surmised from the fact that Peg Woffington left Ireland for good in the summer of 1754, driven away by the same politico-theatrical embroilment that occasioned the exile of the Sheridans.

Unlike her strongly differentiated sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley, Peg had no genius for domesticity, and was far too fickle-minded to give her heart and soul to anyone, no matter how brilliant or fascinating. Possibly of all her lovers she liked Garrick best, but happily for him she was no self-deluder, and knew full well the defects of her

(Continued on page ix)

To An Actress

In this stern world, that is a crowded Stage,
Dear Lady, fair of face and kind of heart,
God grant that Playwright Fate's e'er altering page
Henceforward holds for you Life's happiest part!

ARTHUR STRINGER.



From Sketch

THE HAREM SCENE IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "KISMET," WHICH WILL BE SEEN HERE THIS SEASON

This play, it is said, was offered in vain to all the prominent American managers. No one was able to see anything in it until its author took it to London, where Oscar Asche produced it with phenomenal success. Harrison Grey Fiske and Klaw & Erlanger have now secured the rights for this country; and will produce it on a large scale at the Knickerbocker or the New Amsterdam

THE theatre audience prefers to giggle. In making its preferences

When the Audience Giggles

particularly plumed himself, was in the tent scene where he is visited by Cæsar's ghost.

known it is sometimes ill-mannered, and sends a pang to the heart of the actor. If he be a Henry Miller, Arnold Daly, or a Richard Mansfield, he is likely to come before the curtain and scold. But the audience laughs even at this exhibition of petulance. Anything that caused extreme mental agony as well as physical pain was tragic to the ancient Greek audience, we are told, but not so with their up-to-date Yankee cousins in this year of grace, 1911.

There is only one explanation for it, and this is that the theatre crowd prefers to laugh. Ordinarily intelligent men and women—opera lovers at that—would not split their sides with laughter if they saw a man fall through a trap-door to death, yet an audience at Melbourne, Australia, did that very thing when Signor Frederici, the popular basso, was singing the rôle of Mephisto, and beckoning to the unhappy Faust and Marguerite to accompany him into the flames of Hades, fell through the trap and broke his neck.

The fat man is much funnier on the stage than on the street. The ballet girl who slips and falls, severely spraining the wrist, causes a wave of merriment to pass through the house. There would be nothing hilariously funny about a man's garter having slipped down to his shoe-top, on the street-car or in an office, yet such a mishap has broken up whole scenes, and it was necessary to ring down the curtain to adjust the offending article, and to give the audience an opportunity to have its laugh.

When Richard Mansfield revived "Julius Cæsar," and appeared as Brutus, he offered many innovations for public comment and made many departures from the traditions. One of these, upon which he

Arguing with good logic that the ghost existed only in the mind of Brutus, he represented the supernatural visitor by a ray of green light, which struck him obliquely on the forehead. One night, when the cue was given and the house was in deathly stillness, the calcium was turned on, and instead of behaving itself, it literally spat and sputtered so that not even the voice of Mansfield could drown it. The audience immediately tittered and giggled, and finally broke into a roar of laughter, whereupon Mansfield ordered the curtain down and, stepping before it, delivered a lecture to the crowd that had paid to see him.

One night when Olga Nethersole was playing "Sappho," she picked up the bird-cage in the last scene and, at the most telling moment of the entire action of the piece, was about to silently pass out of the cottage leaving Jean asleep on the sofa. Many persons were weeping copiously, as usual, but suddenly the bottom fell out of the cage, a stuffed "dickie-bird" rolled off the perch on the floor, and the curtain fell amid a veritable paroxysm of laughter. Another evening when, as Paula Tangueray, she was threatening to leave the house, and started to rise to do so, a rope of pearls she was wearing about her neck caught on a chair, and she was obliged to remain in an awkward position while the audience giggled and a member of her company came forward to relieve her from her embarrassing position.

Such moments are the terror of actors, for they know better than the audience has ever seemed to realize that people go to the theatre when the grimmest tragedy is announced, if not secretly longing for something to laugh at, actually leaping at the first opportunity to snicker. When Mrs. Fiske was playing at Edmonton, she



PEARL SINDELAR

Bohemian actress to be seen on Broadway this coming season in a new musical production



Photo Illustration Bureau, Tokio

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, TOKIO, JAPAN

This splendid new playhouse, which is the latest sensation in Japan, is modelled closely after the plan of the best American theatres, with only slight modifications to suit Japanese taste and custom. The house is modern and up-to-date in every respect. The seating capacity is 1,400, and it cost half a million dollars to build. The foyers and auditorium are richly decorated in white and gold, the predominating tint being pale blue. There are tea rooms, souvenir booths, café and restaurant connected with the theatre. A first class stock company presents modern plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pinero, and other world playwrights, and there is attached a dramatic school designed especially for young Japanese women, who will be trained to take female parts, which heretofore in Japan have been assumed only by men.

was obliged to appear in an armory with skylights directly over the auditorium. During one of her important scenes, a pane of glass fell, followed by cries of help from a boy who had been watching the performance from the roof and fell through, suspended in mid-air by one leg. Doubtless it was an audience composed of people who were thoroughly appreciative of Mrs. Fiske's efforts, but she was forgotten for a time, the curtain was rung down, and the crowd roared with glee at the predicament in which the boy found himself.

During Madge Kendal's last tour of America, she dropped on the stage in a dead faint because a June bug flew towards her. Everybody giggled, the scene was stopped, and several minutes elapsed before the actress regained consciousness and the bug was removed from her hair, where it had lodged.

When Robert Downing and William Farnum were playing "Virginius" in a town in Texas, an excitable cowboy yelled that if somebody didn't kill Appius Claudius quick, he would; whereupon the audience laughed throughout the remainder of the evening, despite the efforts of the tragedians to make an impression of another kind.

Dr. W. F. Carver was presenting "The Western Scout" at Denver with a realistic chase of the hero by Indians. The former crossed a bridge beneath which was a "raging torrent," and passed on to safety before the bridge fell. It was dim moonlight and the red men galloped up the trail on papier-mache horses suspended from wires. As they made the gallant leap across the "foaming chasm" the stage machinery went wrong, and horses and riders hung in midair until the curtain fell and the audience was howling with delight at the spectacle, absolutely declining to take the remainder of the piece seriously, because they knew the Indians had not caught the hero.

When Daniel Frohman took "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" on tour, the critics on various newspapers through the West accused him of having eliminated all the comedy situations, so that instead of being a good laugh-producer the work, hitherto so enjoyable, had become a pretty tame affair. Frohman was at a loss to understand what was meant, until an investigation revealed the fact that a company which had previously toured the territory in the same piece had been in the habit of "guying" the audience with a pair of Arctic overshoes, which were passed back and forth throughout the action, or left near the footlights near the stage, all of which caused people to giggle so that they missed the "comedy" in Frohman's production and resented his action in robbing them of the laughs they had expected when witnessing the play.

When the same piece was being played at Richmond, Virginia, the leading man made a bad impression upon the audience by slighting his part. Between the first and second acts he started a fight with one of the stage hands, and the announcement was made to the audience of an intermission, the cause of which was circulated in a whisper and caused great rejoicing. The stage manager of the house was a justice of the peace, so assuming the full dignity of his office he deputized two stage hands to arrest the actor, had a quick trial on the stage, fined him ten dollars, collected the fine and gave the signal for the curtain to rise. The novelty of the thing, and the fun of witnessing the effort of the leading man to conceal his feelings, yet being obliged to do so, fearing another arrest for "contempt" if he did anything that Virginia justice might construe as "a breach of the peace," afforded the audience more real enjoyment than the play itself.

The laugh is one of the most desired and one of the most



JAPANESE GIRLS AS BALLET DANCERS AND SAILORS, APPEARING AT THE NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, TOKIO



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Will appear early in the season in "Rebellion," a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson

dreaded things the actor has to face. Sometimes it is next to impossible to force a good round peal of laughter from an audience that seems to sit in a defiant attitude, yet that same audience will break up a scene by laughter if a bug flies around the stage; if the ingenue trips her toe on a rug and spills the tea, or if the villain's cravat climbs up his collar.

One of the most distressing moments in the entire stage career of Clara Morris was during a performance of "Camille" at Baltimore. In the last act, where she crept out of bed to gaze at her wasted face in the mirror, and was about to give the cry of horror at the sight that never failed to bring a flood of tears, she was horrified to observe the theatre cat walking slowly into the centre of the stage. It was one of those awful moments where the presence of mind of the actor counts for much, but in which mere luck plays an important part. Miss Morris relates that she was breathless in the predicament, but putting all her powers to the test, tried to approach the cat, and failing in this she stooped and coaxed the feline towards her. It

came slowly, but the actress succeeded in keeping the interest tense by occasional sobs. Finally she picked up the cat and held it in her lap, still fearing a burst of laughter from the audience. Then an inspiration came, and she called to Nadine, the maid, "I've grown so weak I cannot even hold him, Nadine; so take him away," she sobbed, and took up her scene at the mirror, without so much as a smile from the audience. Years afterwards,

she relates, the husband of one of her admirers, who was in the house that night, declared that his wife had seen Miss Morris in many pieces, but thought the "cat scene in 'Camille'" was best of all, because it was so "tenderly pathetic."

Cats have frequently been impromptu laugh-producers, and usually to the discomfiture of actors, until "Seven Days" was produced and the theatre tabby at the Astor Theatre in New York happened to stroll across the stage while one of the characters was declaring that a relative had a cat

named "Selina." "Is that Selina?" asked a bystander, interpolating the inquiry. The audience voted its approval of the line by a roar of laughter, and it became permanent, the cat being pressed into service at every performance thereafter.

At the Gaieté Theatre in Paris, when "Le Fils de la Nuit" was being performed, the big scene was an engagement between a pirate brig and two small man-of-war's boats. At the première a super, who was engaged to kneel beneath canvas and make "billows" roll over his head, suddenly popped his head through the top of a wave and stared wildly at the audience. The actor commanding the pirate brig had the presence of mind to cry, "Man overboard!" and in the twinkling of an eye the man was pulled out of the water on to the boat and out of sight, which the audience took to be a part of the realistic action of the piece.

Sometimes these accidents have brought good fortune to players and plays, but oftener they have meant chagrin and embarrassment.

After spending \$6,000 in an attempt to produce a desired effect for the "river

of souls" scene in "The Darling of the Gods," David Belasco saw a stage carpenter walk across the stage and cast a shadow on the gauze that was exactly what he had been working for, although the effect could easily have been produced by an expenditure of \$60 instead of \$6,000.

Accidental shifting of the lights upon white drapery, gave Loie Fuller the idea for her serpentine fire dances, which later brought

her fame and fortune. The accidental demand for a song which was hurriedly composed by the song-and-dance team of Williams and Van Alstyne showed them what they could do, and "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree" quickly lined their pockets with gold. The accidental invitation of a London family to their children's governess to take part in a charity entertainment at an insane asylum gave the actress, Olga Nethersole, to the world. But these latter instances are only the exceptions that prove the rule. ARCHIE BELL.



Bangs

STEWART BAIRD

As the Earl of Southdown in "Vanity Fair," recently at the New Theatre



Sarony

TIM MURPHY

Will be seen this season in a comedy entitled "The New Code"



Otto Sarony Co.

FRANK J. MCINTYRE

Will be starred this season in a comedy by George Bronson-Howard entitled "Snobs"



LEILA MCINTYRE AND CHORUS SINGING THE TOY SONG IN "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS" AT THE CRITERION



JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Justice"

The Hull-House Players in "Justice"

THE last decade has witnessed a dramatic renaissance in England without parallel for many generations, possibly even since the Elizabethan era. The wave of realism that began with Ibsen in the latter half of the nineteenth century has swept over Europe, and appears to be culminating now in that group of English dramatists, whose work, intensely unpopular at first, and still accepted generally for its incidental humor rather than for its essential truth, is yet recognized by serious students of the theatre as marking an epoch in dramatic history. Such students are, however, painfully aware that hitherto America has taken little or no part in this great movement which has revitalized the drama of the older countries, and therefore a peculiar interest attaches for them to the recent series of performances by the Hull-House Dramatic Association of John Galsworthy's "Justice."

It is proverbially hard for a writer's contemporaries to appraise his work justly; on the one hand, rejection of popular conventions and standards of value leads inevitably to disparagement and misunderstanding; on the other, evident power and sincerity are apt to be given indiscriminating praise by those who take life and art seriously. The former were meted out in full measure to Ibsen, the latter to Pinero. And so any earnest critic will admit that criticism reflects the critic rather than the criticized, even when he is concerned to maintain that Galsworthy's "Justice" is the greatest English play since Shelley's "Cenci."

The plot is simple, and bears striking resemblances to an earlier but less mature work of the same author, "The Silver Box": A young clerk in a lawyer's office, driven to desperation by her husband's brutal ill-treatment of the woman he loves, commits forgery to enable them to escape together to a foreign country; he is arrested on the eve of their flight, tried, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude, which he serves. The rolling of the chariot wheels of "Justice," not content, however, with this expiation of the "crime," grinds the woman into a prostitute and her lover into a suicide. That is all, but it was enough to make the English Home Secretary, the Right Hon Winston Churchill, inaugurate a reform of the whole English prison system within a few hours of the first performance of the

play, at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, on February 21, 1910, a red-letter day in the annals of English drama.

The first performance of "Justice" in America, at Hull House, Miss Jane Addams' world-famous settlement in Chicago, on March 29, 1911, though it did not manifest the incalculable power of the theatre in so striking a manner, was memorable for other reasons. On the crowded car clanging down Halsted Street toward the settlement a husky voice chanted the pork-packer's pæan of efficiency and organization to the white, unsmiling faces; the sun, a red ball with sharply defined edges, was setting over the stockyards in soiled splendor behind five smoke-stacks thrusting upwards through the mirklike pipes of a great organ; blaspheming women and ragged children clamored in the filthy roadway; the wastrel and the hungry loafed outside the flaring saloons; fried-fish shops were placarded with portraits of the mayor-to-be; his brass band brayed against the oncoming night. Then—the curtain lifted, still on the pitiful drama of man's inhumanity to man, still on the pitiless drama of implacable cause and effect. "Justice" is a greater sermon than any preached from the pulpits of Fifth Avenue; it shows remorselessly what is.

The Hull-House Dramatic Association was founded by Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham some ten years ago, and has been continuously managed by her since then; during that time it has produced an average of over two plays a year, many of them works by dramatists who are taken seriously by the thinking public, and are, in consequence, financially unpopular with the normal manager, who has the unthinking man's natural mistrust of such a dangerous and unwarrantable entity as ideas. Three of Shaw's plays, one of Ibsen's, and two of Galsworthy's have been among its productions during that time. The Association, which is composed entirely of working men and women, employed for the most part in professions not generally associated with art, began its career with melodrama, passed to domestic comedy, perfected its technique with such plays as "School" and "Our Boys," and finally established its claim to serious regard from students of the drama by a successful and charming production of Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." Since then it has produced, almost without exception, plays worthy of production, and it is an open secret that among the four plays it announces for the coming season will be included, in addition to a revival of "Justice," John Masefield's altogether magnificent "Tragedy of Man." This year the cast of "Justice" was composed of a

Frenchman, a German, several Irish, and two Russian Jews, who could not speak English when they landed in America: the elocution was almost without exception on a level of excellence unknown to the commercial stage; it would seem that Mrs. Pelham has the power of making genius articulate. She was asked at the close of the performance by a wealthy Chicago woman if she were not afraid of stirring up dissension among the classes; she answered, "I don't know—I'm trying to." Perhaps that is why she succeeds artistically.

The mounting of the play was simple to the point of shabbiness and occasionally inaccurate (it may be mentioned that everything connected with these plays, which it is possible to produce in the settlement, from the scenery to the programs, is there produced), but, if the actors had played in their shirt-sleeves on bare boards without attempt at staging, the effect would have been the same, for they did not act the play—they lived it. The entire cast was excellent, and it is difficult to speak of the principals without seeming to exaggerate. In particular, Louis Alter as William Falder, the young clerk, Charles McCormick as the judge, and Frank Keogh as Robert Cokeson, an old clerk, gave really remarkable performances, as superior to those of the ordinary good professional actor as an original painting is to its chromo-lithograph. "The natural cold rudeness of a man who was never kind," which is the moving principle alike of Javert in *Les Misérables* and the judge in "Justice," was portrayed by Mr. McCormick with a skill that was masterly in its repression, and Mr. Keogh's interpretation of Cokeson was worthy to rank with any character study by any American or English actor during the last ten years; the timorous assurance, the fumbling determination, and the silk-hatted Quixotry of a man conventionally religious, conventionally right, conventionally well-meaning, and altogether unconventionally big-souled, found an accuracy of expression that one is accustomed to associate only with one's own closet-readings of the great ironists, in the continual and, as it were, birdlike surprise of the little old clerk's half-parted lips and eyes, rounder than the full orb of his spectacles. It is equally difficult to speak with moderation of Mr. Alter,



Mishkin

ROBERT EDESON

To star this season in Gelett Burgess's new comedy "The Cave Man"

though it must be admitted that few more thankful parts than his have ever been written. The great scene in the third act, when Falder, alone in his cell, in a silence you can hear, an utter appalling soul-destroying silence, unbroken save for one terrible moment by the clash of a falling tin, paces up and down, up and down, up and down, like a caged animal, till he hurls himself in a paroxysm of hysteria battering madly with head and hands against his clanging cell-door,—that scene left its audience with a memory of stricken and dry-eyed horror that will not easily be effaced.

Nor can one forget that this great actor, in whose veins runs the blood of generations of oppressed ancestors, producing a temperament that can give unparalleled expression to such a part as Falder's,—this great actor for twelve hours of every day makes cigars,—and Chicago lets him.

But, when all is said and done, the players are secondary, "the play's the thing." And those who have the welfare of the theatre at heart realize, with a great thankfulness, that the decade

which can produce and win recognition in face of calumny, indifference, and contempt for such men as Galsworthy, Shaw, Masfield, Barker, and Synge, to name but five English dramatists, and not to mention the no less distinguished writers who are doing such fine work in the continental theatre of Europe to-day, is fraught with the utmost significance and full of high promise for the future. Those whose special concern is American drama may well take hope, seeing the American public produce for itself plays like "Justice," that pierce through the glamor to the reality of things, true transcripts of life, which the old school theatrical managers are too bemuddled with romanticism and befuddled with legs to give; and seeing, too, that the Drama League, Mr. MacKaye with his National Theatre, the promised

New Theatre of Chicago, and a whole host of similar stirrings of the public spirit betoken surely the approaching birth of an authentic American drama worthy to take its permanent place beside the great and living drama of modern Europe,—a drama whose foundation is knowledge, whose bricks are facts, not lies, whose mortar is blood and tears, not sighings and theorizings, but life as it is.

MAURICE BROWNE.



John Hyams and Mrs. Hyams (Leila McIntyre) and their little daughter, on an automobile trip



Photo Moffett

A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BERTHA KALICH

This interesting actress will go to Chicago this coming season, it is said, to join the New Theatre Company, now being organized by Donald Robertson

THE FUROR FOR DANCING



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MLLE. PAVLOWA AND M. MORDKIN
(Russian Imperial ballet)

THE world has gone dancing mad. On the stage everywhere dancers of both sexes and all nationalities are whirling feverishly to the rythm of sensuous music. Never were there before the public so many remarkable exponents of the terpsichorean art. And what perhaps imparts most interest to this sudden revival is the fact that the dances are as new as the dancers. They are weird, bizarre, voluptuous, beautiful. All are fascinating; some are extraordinarily graceful.

Never was so much attention given to the study of the dance. The furor for dancing seems ever to increase, for the dance is something that holds the spectator spellbound, whether he be of a high or low degree of intelligence. It is never beyond the comprehension of the lowest grade of man, and has a charm that even music has not.

Long, long ago, when the world was young, men and women danced for the sheer love of dancing, but nowadays the best of the world's dancers cultivate their art for money, and they command enormous salaries.

Properly, dancing should be the outcome of some form of joy, sorrow, love or ecstasy, whether performed by the mad, wild, passionate bacchantes, the religious measures of mediæval Christians, the dancing dervishes, the Oulid Nail girls of the desert, or the graceful, fawnlike movements of little children playing in the sun. Dancing was brought to its greatest perfection in ancient Greece. The most renowned sculptors of that time studied and designed the various poses, which in the form of statues, vases, mural decorations, and bas reliefs, have been handed down for the enthusiastic wonderment of the present day. To the Greeks is due also the rare achievements of the combining into one perfect whole, dancing, music, and poetry.



Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE

As the voice is capable of expressing every phase of love, hatred, passion, pain and despair, so the various movements of the body can be made to express the changing emotions of the mind. Primitive man skipped and jumped, twirled and grovelled to express his feelings, and though he could not sing, he doubtless used his voice in some fashion by cries and screams, for the dance must be accompanied by some sort of rhythmic sound, some beat, even though only some series of cries or the knocking of two bones together.

From the Greeks came the modern idea of the skirt dance that took the world by storm two decades ago. It marked the beginning of the decadence of the Greek art of dancing, and was then as now, too spectacular to be regarded as high art. In our day the skirt dance degenerated into the serpentine dance, and that killed it, for the Loie Fuller scheme of dancing was not the legitimate dance, but a thing of startling fabrics and lights and a few running movements. It was not dancing.



A RUSSIAN DANCER

After the serpentine dance came the high kickers and a period of swift degeneration. There was at least a certain form of terpsichorean art in the skirt dance; there were even rudiments of it in the serpentine dance—but what can one say of the horrible high kicking which immediately followed? Lottie Collins probably started this fashion for gymnastics to music. Her *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* song began the craze. Soon no one looked at a dancer who could not send her legs flying over her head,

or sit down on the floor with her limbs stretched out flat at either side of her. In modern times the art of dancing has probably never stooped so low as this; yet its popularity was unbounded, and troupes of these prancing gymnasts went about all over the country. As a dance it expressed absolutely nothing. One had always the feeling that the dancer would suddenly break her bones, or that she had had them all removed before her performance; and even now, when Genée, Maud Allan and Anna Pavlowa have rescued the art of dancing from these depths of degradation, high kickers are still to be found flinging their legs about in obscure music halls.

But all the time when London was given over to skirt dancers, serpentine dancers and high kickers, there still burnt feebly the light of the great Italian forms of dancing. It had lost, perhaps, its wonderful popularity with the days of Taglioni, Cerito, and Fanny Ellsler, and then came Genée, the little Danish girl, to restore the lost art to its pedestal. She raised a ballet which was nothing more than music and bustle into something wonderful and great. True, these movements were only of the briefest, but they were there, and they showed a discerning public what a superb artist was wasting her glorious talents in a city steeped in acrobatic vulgarity and splits.

But the genius of Adeline Genée triumphed, in spite of the indifference of the public. A few critics recognized her great gift and hailed her as a prodigy, and gradually this wonderful dancer came into her own. She was commanded to perform before Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Windsor, and so the great British public, ever a snob at heart, at last began to wake up to the knowledge that one of the greatest dancers in the world had for several years been performing in their midst. Quickly Genée became the rage. The production of "Coppelia" set the seal upon her triumph. In a comparatively short space of time she became the most run-after artist of the day. Like most artists run after in London, she quickly skipped over to America and made new triumphs, and incidentally a fortune.

The growing enthusiasm of the public for the exquisite beauty of the art of dancing did not decline. About that time a few privileged persons were invited by the



VASLAV NIJINSKY

Russian Imperial ballet, and reputed to be the greatest male dancer in the world

management of the Palace Theatre in London to witness the private performance of a Miss Maud Allan, a young American dancer who had made a certain reputation on the Continent, and who had fashioned her art upon that of the more celebrated Isadora Duncan, a barefoot classic dancer, who had already appeared in Berlin with sensational success a few years previously. Her principal dance was as Salome, daughter of Herodius. Those who attended the London theatre upon that memorable afternoon little guessed to what heights of popularity the performance would eventually attain. Thanks, however, to some really wonderful criticism—criticism which seemed to be stamped with sincere enthusiasm and admiration, even respect—the London





White, N. Y.
 MME. LYDIA LOPOUKOWA
 (Russian première danseuse)

public received Miss Allan with arms not only open, but positively yearning to embrace her. When Society, with a big S, took her up, the London public then knew that they were perfectly safe in saying that she was a dancer of genius. Miss Allan had also the disapproval of the Church, and a more gigantic advertisement could not possibly be wished by any artist, in no matter what realm of art. Yet, apart from all these twentieth-century adjuncts to fame, Maud Allan triumphed eventually by the charm and daintiness of her performance, which was at once daring and refined. The objectionable features—such as they were—were promptly put down by the public as “Greek,” and gratefully accepted as artistic and beautiful.

As a matter of fact, Maud Allan was a beautiful dancer within certain well-defined limits. No classical dancer has been able to give so well that spirit of youthful gaiety, at once modest and free, which reached its most perfect performance in Mendelssohn’s “Spring Song.” In those dances requiring depth of feeling or great imagination, she failed dismally; she failed, in fact, just where Isadora Duncan succeeded. Of course, a certain allowance must be made for the experience of the two dancers. Maud Allan was, comparatively speaking, a novice; what she lacked was variety—variety to express any other feeling but youthful exuberance. Time is certain to develop her gifts, and she is even now unique in those graceful movements of the arms which proved so startlingly beautiful to a public which had ceased to expect anything of those limbs in a dance save to wave many yards of voluminous drapery hither and thither.

The success of Maud Allan naturally brought a host of imitators into the field, but of these only the three sisters Wiesenthal are worthy of consideration. Of the others, including Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the less said the better.

These wonderful Wiesenthal sisters hailed from Vienna, where their dancing had given them a great reputation. Their performance was very beautiful, especially the dancing of the younger girl in the *Blue Danube* waltz. This was really a wonderful *tour de force*. One seemed to feel the mad rush of the water, to hear the deep roar of the falling stream, as the dancer whirled hither and thither in step to the music, intoxicated with the rhythm of the waltz. At last, as the notes died softly away, she sank gracefully to the ground, her hair, which had played such a wonderful part in the dance, thrown out on all sides of her. It was by far the most successful item in their repertoire, although the gavotte from “Mignon,” danced by the sisters in the costumes of Dresden china figures, was extraordinarily charming and graceful.

To show how widely different are the dancers now attracting the public, one has only to mention that at one time in London

last season there were on the stage, besides the lovely Wiesenthal sisters, the grotesque and awful Apache dance; a band of Oulid Nail girls dancing their wild, seductive desert dances; the great Russian dancers, Pavlowa and Mordkin, and a weird, wild, pagan of a Japanese dancer who made one feel as if he were watching something from some other world.

The Apache dance was invented in Paris, and its brutal passion, its wild voluptuousness and abandon, its fierce, callous cruelty, took the boulevards by storm. It is the dance of the Parisian hooligan, the degen-



Bert, Paris
 MME. KARSAVINA AND
 M. NIJINSKY
 (Russian Imperial ballet)



White, N. Y.

MISS RUTH ST. DENIS
 American Hindu dancer



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THE THREE WIESENTHAL SISTERS, INTERPRETIVE DANCERS OF VIENNA

erate creature, who seems to be the product of twentieth-century cities. The dance depicts the life, the love and the bitter hatred of this class of desperado. Accompanied by the most haunting melody, it is extraordinarily effective on the stage. This dance is really legitimate, for it expresses something.

To pass on the numerous strange dances, interpreting many things, some of which are pictured here, we reach those most wonderful of all modern dancers, the Russians of the Imperial Ballet. For years things artistic and operatic in Russia seemed as remote as China, and we thought of them smugly as being far behind us in such things. Russia was for so long a remote "uncivilized" place, where they had the habit of sending their best citizens to Siberia, and its Grand Dukes to Paris and the Riviera. When the Imperial Russian Ballet went to Paris we woke up! Never did Paris grow so wild, never was such enthusiasm, for never had such dancing been seen. Nothing more wonderful, more lovely, or more artistic, had ever before been seen. Pavlowa was acclaimed on all sides as the greatest dancer the present generation has ever beheld. Her fascinating beauty, her wonderful poses, and her extraordinary terpsichorean art carried everything before it. Her dancing included all that was best in the old Italian school with a dramatic element, which the modern Italian ballerina has apparently lost. Not only did she reveal herself a dancer, but an actress of the first water. Her performance wedded music and dancing into one exquisite whole.

The Russian men dancers were a revelation. Their grace and power and beauty of movement was beyond description. Americans have seen Mordkin, but there is one still greater artiste from the Imperial Ballet, Vaslav Nijinsky, who dances like a fawn and is as light as a bird bounding far into the air as if he would fly, a marvelous creature. Together with the equally wonderful Tama Karsavina he will be seen this winter at the Metropolitan.

These famous Russian dancers are really the best that we have had yet, for they express so much, so many moods, such varied emotions. They are the stars of the dance at present.

Dancing as a profession is now ranked with the highest of the arts, and it is a most exacting profession, too. To enter it and hope for success one must first of all possess the natural gift, and the rest follows almost of itself. It can never be taught merely by so many lessons. The genius for expressing emotions by the beauty and gracefulness of a certain movement is one which no master in the world can ever impart. He can, of course, develop, foster, and improve the natural gifts, but if the fire of creation is not there the result is uninspired, paltry, cold. The quality of really great dancers is a lamentably rare one. There are many pretty girls who trip about daintily and with admirable precision to certain measures, and if they are young and charming it is very attractive; but they are not dancers any more than the girls of the Gaiety chorus are actresses.

A celebrated dancer has said that to be a really great per-

Photo by Manuel THE APACHE DANCE



Photo Gerschel

HINDU DANCE

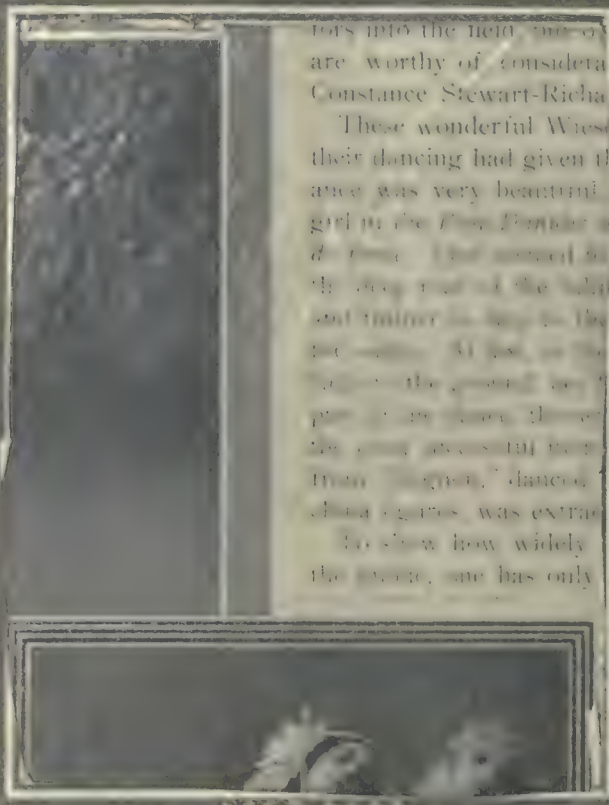


Photo Felix

MILE. TROUHANOWA AS SALOME
(Russian Imperial ballet)



Photo Gerschel

HINDU DANCE

former one must not only have the technique of dan-

appear in public. The result is that they are brought up within an atmosphere of dancing, and have it, as the saying is, "in their very bones."

cing developed to its utmost extent, but one must be a mistress of expressive gesture and deportment as well, while beyond and above all the great essential is that one must be a natural musician. It is this and this alone that marks the really great dancer from the one who is only a brilliant executant of difficult steps. As the great painters receive inspiration from certain aspects of beauty, so the dancer is inspired by the call of beautiful sounds.

It is the music, and the music alone, that calls out the creative faculty which is in her apart from the mere technique that she has taken so many years to acquire. For dancing in its greatest expression is a combination of all the arts.

Without question the greatest school for dancing in the world is that of the Imperial Russian Ballet in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Here the children are received when quite young, and here they complete their education and work assiduously at their profession for many years before they are allowed to



White, N. Y.

MISS RUTH S'Long"
American Hindu

The history of the Russian ballet is unique in the records of art. It was in the seventeenth century that dancing masters were first brought into Russia by Czar Michail Fiedorowitz Romanoff. Up to that period the chief sports had been cockfighting and the national dances. The Czar, suddenly acquiring an interest in

Italian paintings, ordered that one hundred artists should be sent to Moscow, and it developed that about forty per cent. of these artists were not painters, but dancing masters. From that day to the present time there has always been an Imperial subsidized ballet in Russia.

After the French invasion in 1812, French dancing came to be popular, and was merged with the old Italian school. The conventions of both schools were rigorously observed until a few years ago, when the Russians, refusing to be bound down longer by worn-

out traditions, established their own new and highly individual school.

The evolution of the ballet into realistic dramatic form is in keeping with the development of the operatic music dramas, replacing the older lyric and formal operas. The essence of the Russian idea is to express all the emotions in a perfectly natural way, and to abolish the ancient absurdities which stipulated that the première danseuse should trip to death on her toes as lightly as if she were going to keep a rendezvous with her lover.

The members of the modern Russian ballet are not only remarkable dancers, but also great actors, pantomimists and musicians. The training begins at eight years of age and continues until the age of thirty-one, when they are pensioned and go into retirement, even though they may be in condition to continue for a much longer period.

Pavlowa and Mordkin, according to an announcement in the *New York Times*, will not dance at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. They will be supplanted, for the year at least, says the same authority, by the Russian organization to which they originally belonged, and which is giving performances at Covent Garden, London, now. Stalls for the opera nights cost a guinea in London, and when the Russians dance the stalls are raised to 30s. In spite of this their success has been so enormous that they are dancing three and four times a week, giving a complete programme by themselves. The ballets in which they are appearing, and from which their American repertoire will be arranged, include: "Le



Photo Bert, Paris

M. ADOLPHE BOLM

(Première danseur classique, Russian Imperial ballet)

Carneval," an orchestrated version of Schumann's piano suite; "Les Sylphides," with music by Chopin; "Le Pavillon d'Armide," dances from "Prince Igor," "Le Spectre de la Rose," for which Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" furnishes the music; "Narcisse," "Cleopatre," and "Scheherazade." At the head of the company are Vaslav Nijinsky and Tamara Karsavina. Catherine Geltzer, who is now dancing at the London Alhambra in another ballet, will join forces with the dancers here. These Russians will first be seen at a Russian festival, which will last three days, opening October 16 at Madison Square Garden. In the group that will dance here will be Pavlowa and Mordkin, Karsavina and Geltzer, and the other chief dancers of both sets, with the exception of Nijinsky, who never dances on the same evening with Mordkin. After the first performance the two groups will separate; that headed by Nijinsky and Karsavina to dance at the Metropolitan, with a few performances on tour, and that headed by Pavlowa and Mordkin, after the conclusion of the Madison Square Garden engagement, also to go on tour. When the Russians dance at the Metropolitan they will not be seen in connection with the opera, but will give complete performances by themselves; three or four ballets in conjunction.

In Berlin, Miss Isadora Duncan has founded a school of dancing, and there little trained, and brought up in both beautiful and hygienic



MLLE. NAPIERKOWSKA
(Russian Imperial ballet)



Photo Manuel

THE APACHE DANCE

ISDELL IN "MAGGIE PEPPER."

from the one
As the great play
beauty, so the dance
It is the music, and
the music alone,
that calls out the
creative faculty
which is in her
apart from the
mere technique that
she has taken so
many years to ac-
quire. For "danc-
ing in its greatest
expression is a
combination of all
the arts.

Without ques-
tion the greatest
school for dancing
in the world is that
of the Imperial
Russian Ballet in
Moscow and St.
Petersburg. Here
the children are re-
ceived when quite
young, and here
they complete their
education and work
as thoroughly at their
profession for
many years before
they are allowed to



MISS STAHL (FORMERLY THE HACKETT) THEATRE ON AUGUST 31, IN "MAGGIE PEPPER"

Actress of Rainbow Personality

Miss Stahl, one arrives
essentially a reflective
She holds suspended
about her. Original,
of a strong, yet easily
is brilliant. Rainbow-
the seven-shaded ribbon span-
s than she has moods, each as
est.
venue Hotel she burst one after-
mart white cloth frock, a broad,
white plume, from which peeped
a gale of questions about good
whirlwind of jests and laughter.
vestment, such an investment as
something which should make the
persons she loved. I looked, or
he source of all this wealth, and
I a happy toss of her head:
Maggie Pepper."

"Maggie Pepper," it was at once clear, is her mighty enthu-
siasm. Most stars are surgeons to their plays. They dissect
them. They remove one organ and supply another. They lop
off a living limb and replace it with a wooden one. And often
the results are fearful beginnings of woeful failures. Miss Stahl
has applied no scalpel to her new comedy drama.

Rather she has accepted it as she accepts her friends, merits,
faults, follies, virtues, all in one mass, to her loveliness. And
Chicago agreed with her as to the loveliness of spicy Miss
Pepper, so saucy that "everyone is calling you Pepper Pot." Would
New York agree with Miss Stahl and Chicago? The
laughing woman in the white gown with the halo of white plume
didn't know, but the uncertainty did not daunt her. The day was
too goldenly bright. The breeze came in from the lake through
the open window with a too audacious freshness. And her sum-
mer jaunt to Europe, on which she was taking a sister who was
to make her first crossing, was too imminent.

"I hope New York will like it," she laughed. "But if it doesn't,
there's the Road. The Road is generous in appreciation and in
money."

We climbed into a waiting automobile, paid a flying call upon Will J. Davis, the manager of the Illinois Theatre, then dashed out upon the broad highway, the road that Mrs. McCormick built, the North Shore Drive. Already the human rainbow beside me presented another color. The gold of her mood had changed to violet. On the next day but one, she would give a benefit performance for Gad's Hill Centre.

"Gad's Hill Centre?" I interrogated. It was that question which changed the color of her mood.

"What is it?" she said. "It is the Chicago charity that most needs help. Some of the institutions in this and other cities grow and improve and become complicated until they have only one sort of wards, the aristocratic paupers. Gad's Hill Centre represents another sort, those who have never had a chance. I paid a visit to the dispensary on the North Side, and I found a noble woman physician working among countless handicaps, chief of which was lack of money. I looked at the wailing little marasmus babies, the mothers who looked as an ox does when it has been struck between the eyes, and thought of the utter helplessness of these poor foreigners, knowing no word of English, so poor that they lived in filth and squalor indescribable. I said: 'They've never had a chance,' and I determined to give them one. I will help the doctors spread the gospel of fresh air, of water and soap," I said. And I offered her a benefit, and she accepted. I've written the papers asking their help. I've offered to send all the autographs anyone wanted if they would give a dollar apiece for Gad's Hill Centre, the place I've adopted for my hobby. Some women have dogs as a hobby, others have jewels. I don't care for either. Gad's Hill shall be my fad."

Three days later in the farther West I read that dividends had been declared on this investment of good will. The free dispensary at Gad's Hill had been enriched by twenty-five hundred dollars. The gospel of fresh air, water and soap would spread from the top of the hill down its far slopes to its base.

We fell to talking about "Maggie Pepper." "That's a view I love." The white plume and the pink rose nodded to a vista of blue lake water through an interlacing of sturdy brown boughs and a veil of green leaves.

"Maggie is teaching me something about acting that I had not fully realized before. Every part an actress creates is a liberal education to her," she went on. "Each part teaches her something; that is, about acting. Parts do not teach us life. Life teaches us parts. What Maggie Pepper has taught me especially is to smile while suffering myself, and to shed tears only at the suffering of others."

"It is one of the odd coincidences of life—I wonder if they are only coincidences?—that I should play the part of a department store girl, when I have always been so much interested in the lives of the girls who waited upon me in the stores. I have always wondered about their lives at home, and asked about them when I dared. When I had finished my purchases I always left the change with the remark: 'Won't you please have some tea and cake for me? I would have it with you if I had time.' Now, to my pleasure, I am playing the life of one of these girls, a clean, plain, honest life, such as unknown thousands of them lead."

"And there is drama in such a life, humble as it is?"

Rose Stahl turned gray eyes from which all the glints of sunshine had gone, in which was a profound seriousness, upon me.

"There is drama in the life of every woman," she said. "Perhaps the plain lives have the most drama. They have one element of it,—sacrifice. I like to play such women. I will never play the character of a woman who has crossed the border. American audiences don't care for such women on the stage nor in life, and they are right. Why spend three hours at the theatre with a woman you wouldn't invite to your home?"

Flying past the houses of multi-millionaires, Rose Stahl glanced past them at different objects, sights not seen by the occupants of other vehicles dashing past us in their five o'clock drive.

"I have always had the deepest interest in women who work. I am one of them. I sympathize with their struggles. I like to

know how they are spending their money. I have said to many of them: 'Don't care for money for money's sake, but for what it will do. The only difference between a large and small amount of money is the difference in helping power. The money you earn will help your family. Don't be too proud of what you do for your family. That may be only a form of selfishness, for as you raise your family you raise yourself. Money should be used to help yourself, too, to travel, to study, to widen one's outlook upon life. And it helps us to help others. Money is helpfulness



White

ROSE STAHL AND FREDERICK TRUESDELL IN "MAGGIE PEPPER."



Photo Moffett

ELSIE LESLIE

Appearing with George Arliss in "Disraeli"

lifted to a high power. We should never look at it in any other light."

"It is well to take the best care of this power of helpfulness," I suggested.

"Very," she assented. "My advice to the girl who is beginning to make money, that is, a little more than a living, is to buy a bond with her first thousand dollars, and to keep on until she has ten bonds. After that she will do well to invest in mortgages in her home town, where some one who cares can look after her interests. She can earn five or six per cent. in this way. You have heard that if we get four per cent. for our money, we can eat, but if we get eight we can sleep, too. If the working woman pines for stocks, she may venture into them, but never use more than twenty per cent., one-fifth, of her capital, so if she loses it, as she probably will, she won't be reduced to begging."

In Chicago, Maggie Pepper led the same sort of life as did Patricia O'Brien in New York—one of good-humored but resolute seclusion. For this she repeated, as we sped past some of the mansions to which she had been bidden, the same satisfying reasons I had heard from her three years before in New York.

"Concentration is the price of success, especially of success on the stage. One can get along without genius, even without much talent, but she can never go far without concentration. Who can concentrate when she is scrambling to get to Mrs. Black's tea from Mrs. White's luncheon, and throughout her performance is wondering how she can get out of her makeup and into her Paris frock in time for Mrs. Green's supper and then go on to Mrs. Brown's ball? Piffle and empty theatres!

"No, no! Now let me prove to you that I am right about not going about. I live so much alone that every one I meet is a personage to me, and everything that happens is a great event. There are no blurred pictures in my conceptions of persons and things. If I lived in the confusion called society, the blurred vision would surely follow.

"That is the psychology of the quiet life. As to the practicality, who makes more money than anyone on the American stage? Maude Adams. Who is personally least known? Maude Adams. There's the answer."

At sight of a laboring man and his wife and their pudgy offspring walking slowly along the lake front on an evident holiday, the tenderness that is always in her eyes at sight of children showed in the long look she cast at the humble trio. She looked over her shoulder at the little family group.

"All the good fortune, all the so-called glory that have come to me, seem to me to be a compensation for what I have missed," she said wistfully. "And what I've missed is what that little woman we passed has, home and children."

If we probe beneath the brilliant surface of her thought we assuredly reach a strong, supporting stratum, the philosophy she derived from her eight years of student life in a convent in Montreal.

"A convent is a splendid preparatory school for the stage." A whimsical smile followed this audacity, but the reason followed. The star of Maggie Pepper has the forensic gift.

"I am more grateful to the nuns than for any other influence that made and kept me an actress. Indeed, I do mean it. I learned more about acting from the way they read to us 'The Lives of the Saints,' which they did while we were at the table, than from any other source. That was the way I learned to read. In that way I learned to give words their true value.

"But the nuns taught me how to live, and that is the basic lesson of acting. They taught me to bear what comes with patience. I learned from them to make an offering of every disappointment for some good I have received which is unexpected.

"They taught me the futility of vanity. When passing a mirror we girls would look in. A gentle voice near us would say, in a casual way, addressing nobody: 'She looks well enough now, but think how she will look some day!' Always the warning finger was pointing to death, which is inevitable. If we complained that the plaits in a dress turned one way when they should turn another, a pitying smile would cross one of the serene faces, and we would hear, 'There will come a time, perhaps soon, when it will not matter at all which way the plaits of your dress are turned.'

"They taught us equanimity. If it rained on Saturday when we wanted to go for a picnic they would remind us, 'Somewhere the sun is shining, for the Virgin must dry her veil.'"

That night the stage curtain of the Illinois Theatre rose upon the cheerlessness of a stock-room in a great department store. People came and went uttering the jargon of their trade. Suddenly there was a hush in the audience. Something had happened on the stage to focus the divided interest. A woman had crept in from the first entrance, a crushed, crouching, tired little figure in rusty black, with a worn, sad face and hopeless eyes. For five minutes she said not a word, merely glancing in a frightened way from one to the other, her eyes travelling from stern faces to angry ones, from angry to indifferent. But one forgot all the other figures on the stage, and saw only hers. When she spoke at last: "I've

(Continued on page vii)

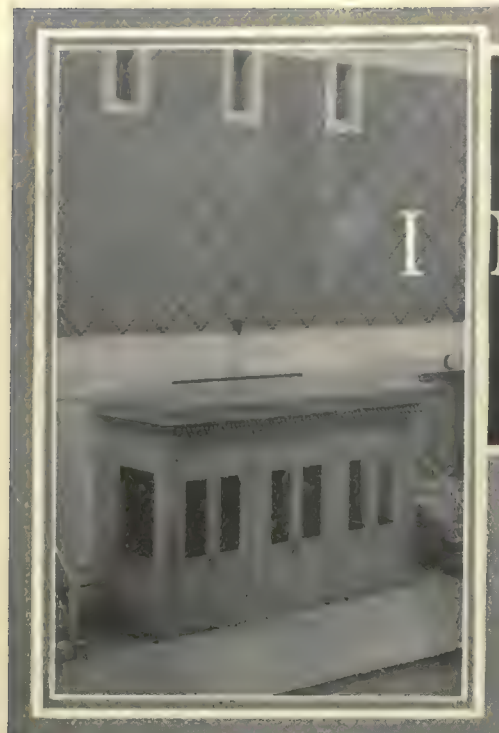


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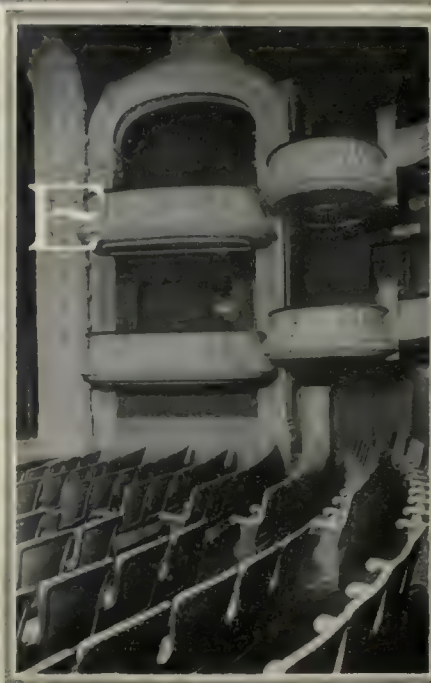
LILLIAN RUSSELL

At present appearing in vaudeville, and to be seen in a new play this winter

THE INTIMATE THEATRE



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW COMEDY THEATRE



INTERIOR OF THE NEW COMEDY THEATRE

A COUPLE of years ago came the glad tidings that in New York there was to be built the equivalent of a national theatre. And every American who takes a heart

interest in the drama perked up with a little air of artistic self-consciousness. It was to be the most imposing theatre in the world—the mere roll-call of its fairy godfathers, the founders, assured us of that, and their order, “carte blanche,” reassured us.

No time was lost in putting preliminaries, for if the men who fostered the New Theatre had not learned that art is long, they knew as well as anyone that life is short. Once persuaded that it was desirable for New York to have a theatre which would serve as a palace of art, with a thump on the table, they gave the order: “One national theatre, well done, in a hurry.”

Something artistic and handsome was wanted—style and all that. And the theatre that was built to meet the specifications was a dream, a vision of delight. Also, it was too big. In a quite literal sense, it was swell.

“Shrink it!” was the command.

So they shrank it. Of no avail. The young American drama still rattled around inside. For the playhouse was constructed on the heroic scale, a palace fit for the gods; while the plays of to-day aim to be just life size and no larger. Also the contemporary playgoing public is less concerned with armies and processions, spectacles and displays, than with the character and concerns of this or that particular man and woman. It has turned

from perspective to become introspective. It may still do homage to a spectacular hero, but all heroes are now subject to a very searching scrutiny. Smoked glasses have been discarded as old-fashioned. And the playwright knows it. He has known it ever since he became acquainted with the Ibsen influence. The actor knows it. He no

longer struts about, bumptious, bombastic, every-move-a-picture. He is as human as he knows how to be. Even the managers know it. A dozen theatres in New York are particularly adapted to the presentation of the intimate drama—plays in which the story is told with such simplicity and general fidelity to life that the spectator sees the action develop as though in a room from which the fourth wall is removed.

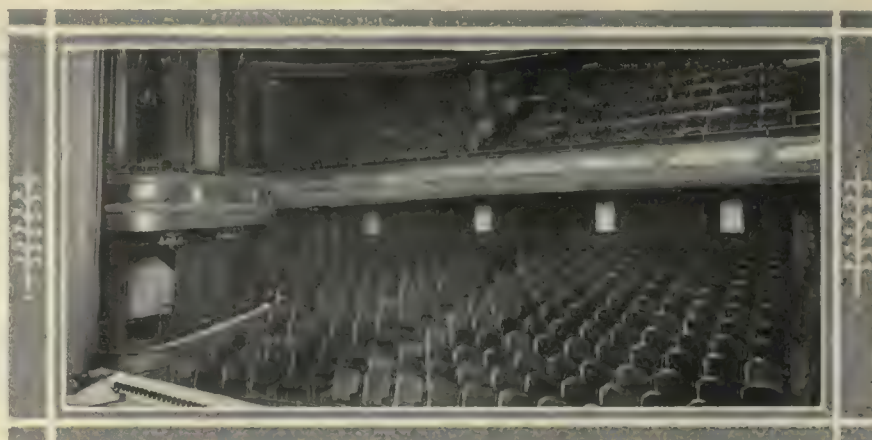
This sort of theatre, built for the most modern plays, is unquestionably the highest development of the art of theatre building. It is America's first definite contribution to the world's drama. It was the more unfortunate, then, that the minds guiding the destiny of the New Theatre should have overlooked this advantage. It is within the last decade that

the work of author, actor, and stage director, has been supplemented by the architect and play producer. Together they evolved the intimate theatre. In the first place, these houses are only half as large as the old-fashioned theatres, and they are so built that the audience is brought much closer to the stage. In many of the new auditoriums the man occupying the last seat in the second balcony is

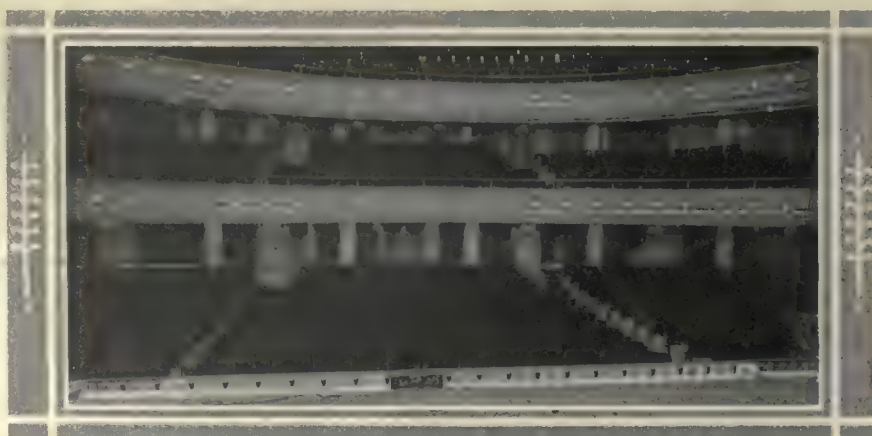
as near the actors as though he sat in the first row of the first balcony in most of the old-fashioned houses constructed on Continental lines. They are still building these theatres in Europe, but their curiosity has been awakened, and soon they will cease to model their auditoriums on the horseshoe plan, and

adopt the fan-shaped arrangement of the seats by which they ripple out from the stage in the arcs of a widening circle.

How keenly the actor appreciates the difference between working in the new and old style theatres may be judged from the fervor with which Mr. Forbes Robertson last year praised Maxine Elliott's theatre on Thirty-ninth Street, where he



AUDITORIUM OF W. A. BRADY'S NEW THEATRE IN FORTY-EIGHTH STREET, CALLED THE PLAYHOUSE



AUDITORIUM OF MAXINE ELLIOTT'S DAINTY THEATRE



Moffett

JOSEPHINE VICTOR
Who will be seen as the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler" this season

appeared in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was a new experience, he said, to act in a house where one felt that every spectator was at one's elbow. In England there are plenty of small theatres, the houses being, as a rule, rather smaller than in this country, but these are built on the same horse shoe plan, with narrow and deep, rather than wide and shallow, auditoriums. The balconies, too, are supported on posts, for foreign architects appear to be still distrustful of the cantilever system. By adopting it our architects have given a pitch to the balconies, which brings them much closer to the stage. In the Globe Theatre, for instance Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the New Theatre, have slanted the floor and both balconies at an angle which makes the two balconies seem to incline their ears in suspense toward the stage. Then, too, there is a festive animation in the red and gold color scheme that invests the auditorium with a sense of liveliness thoroughly in keeping with comedy. Truly it seems as though some of our architects should be credited with the most distinctive achievements in the way of artistic progress that American drama has yet realized.

The prototype of the intimate theatre was the Lyceum on Forty-fifth Street. A year before work was started on this building, Mr. Daniel Frohman was conferring with the architects, Herts and Tallant, to devise a way of bringing actor and audience nearer each other without sacrificing any illusion. It was decided to have only fourteen rows in the orchestra instead of the customary twenty-odd, and the two balconies were eight and seven rows deep. As a result the actors did not have to volley their lines through the auditors assembled at their feet in order to reach the spectators sitting in the suburbs of gallery and balcony.

How times have changed, and methods with them, is apparent when we hear our forebears recall the grandeur of John McCullough and a few of his contemporaries. It is cited, as proof

of his forceful acting, that when he delivered his exhortation to the gladiators you could hear him three blocks away. No need of a barker for a tragedian with such vocal range! With one bark John McCullough would blow Mrs. Fiske off the boards. If he were to storm the Lyceum stage, most of the spectators would want to emulate Ulysses and watch the bombardment with wax in their ears.

To Sarah Bernhardt

A plaintive voice—the voice of gold,
A glorious face which ne'er grows old,
A smile, as if some wondrous scent
Were wafted from the Orient.

Two eyes, like jewels, where glowing fire
Seems burning with a great desire
And alternate with racking tear,
The rippling laugh rings sweet and clear.

Unmindful of time's flowing sand,
A reincarnate "Peter Pan."
Oh—wonder woman, ever young,
Pray leave your final song unsung.

D. M.

"An old barn of a theatre," is a phrase that does many of the earlier houses no injustice. In order to fill the auditorium the players often must pitch their voices like so much hay back into the yawning maw of a gallery. Acting in them is like shooting at long range—one overshoots the mark to reach the target. This is no great handicap in low comedies with broad character types, or in heroic plays, which are built on a scale somewhat larger than life. But the swordplay of drawing-room comedy wits, and the nuances of modern realistic drama, are ineffective in houses which can accommodate themselves on demand to opera. These need the intimate theatre.

It is something of a problem for actors to walk, and talk, and conduct themselves as though the fourth wall of the scene were still in the room, while in reality they are making every move for the edification of a thousand people sitting just outside where the wall ought to be. The situation is considerably less artificial if this human wall with a thousand pairs of eyes and ears is close at hand instead of ranging off in magnificent distances. It might almost be said that, on some occasions, unless one is close enough to hear Mrs. Fiske think, one would miss much of the significance of her character. Her acknowledged pre-eminence in intimate acting in America has drawn many people to see her in one or two of her Ibsen productions when the mental conflict could only be seen through a glass darkly. Undoubtedly it was not Mrs. Fiske's intention to be obscure, and to many people who divined the character she was doubtless perfectly legible.



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ACTOR, GOING TO PLAY GOLF, HIS FAVORITE RECREATION



Photo Moffett

MABEL FRENYEAR

Lately with W. H. Crane and now appearing in vaudeville



Photo Downing

EDITH HELENA

Prima donna with the Aborn English Grand Opera Co.

It has served, however, to draw her into the flock of those actors and writers who are accused of being, not artists, but photographers. To this charge Mrs. Fiske responds:

"Acting is as far from photography as portraiture. A man may easily paint an uninteresting portrait; he can hardly make a camera of himself. Even with the intention to mimic with absolute fidelity, one would unconsciously select, choose the salient, characteristic points. The art is in the right selection of the proper emphasis. As for repression, that is the chief characteristic of some people, especially people of to-day, don't you think? Why, a person whose whole life is controlled, dominated by a calculating mind, will show agitation only under the stress of overwhelming emotion.

"Now if, in the uneventful passages of a play, actors strike a distinctly higher key than would be used in the business of every day, they obviously will be inclined to force their work to reach a climax. And in the intimate theatres any exaggeration is so much more palpable that they should prove an effective influence in bringing about better acting. Consider that for a moment—how the plan of the walls aids in shaping our thoughts and our work. By bringing the plays closer home to the audience, the work of both author and actor must stand a closer scrutiny, so that both should become more accurate. I find, too, that it is more stimulating to work in an intimate theatre, because the mind of the audience is so much more sharply concentrated."

This advantage which Mrs. Fiske cites is an obvious one to any actor. For unless he feels that the whole audience is within easy reach, he will stretch for it. The first thing required of an actor is that he get his part "over the

footlights," and to overcome any difficulty in doing this he will almost inevitably enlarge his gestures, pound his points, in a word, exaggerate nature. In the newer theatres it requires no such physical exertion to "get it over." The distance from the footlights to the first row of spectators, and from them to the most remote seat, has been reduced nearly one-half. Here the actor may grow as confidential as he likes, the playwright may fashion his comedy ever so delicately, and it need not be lost on the spectators.

Ten years ago the play may have been the thing, but it was by no means the whole thing. Gowns, scenery, and elaborate mounting counted heavily. Then came one or two simple little comedies, with half a dozen people in the cast, and a scenic outfit that could be carried in the baggage coach ahead, and everybody in the play-making business took the hint with alacrity and returned to the simple life. It was good business. Take such a play as "The Climax," for instance; there were five companies on the road, and if the railroad had ever failed them they could almost have made their next stand in a taxicab. It is not surprising if some of these plays appearing in big theatres seemed inadequate. Supposing they were preceded in a city by Sothorn and Marlowe in their Shakespearian repertoire? The spectator might well feel that there was some discrepancy in the returns he got for his money. The actors were lost in too big a frame.

Mr. Sothorn, who has applied himself to romantic and Shakespearian plays until he stands first in his own field among American actors, believes that the intimate drama is more of an innovation than a revolution. After a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" one night last winter, he was discussing



White



Weed



White

JULIAN ELTINGE IN HIS FEMININE IMPERSONATIONS

The idea of a man masquerading in women's clothes is repellent to normally constituted persons, and, according to this actor's manager, Mr. Eltinge himself is not in sympathy with his work. In private life he is a manly fellow, ready, if necessary, to back up an argument with his fists, and he is ambitious to gain legitimate honors as a player of romantic rôles. He assumes feminine garb merely because he is successful in impersonating the fair sex, and because of the considerable money there is in it.

(Continued on page viii)



Barker

STAGE SETTING FOR PEELE'S PLAY, "THE OLD WIVES' TALE," AS PRESENTED AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

DID you see "Peter Pan"? A Drama for Children

Did the tears come to your eyes as you saw it? Did you hear the laughter of the children? Have you seen "The Bluebird," where the children go searching for the ever elusive bird of happiness? Have you heard in "The Piper" the wailing voices of the old people left by themselves when the children were stolen away from them? Is it your opinion that the children have at last come to their own in the drama as everywhere else? Dream-children, it may be, but infinitely delightful to you because of the throng of memories they bring into your heart? What is the appeal these plays make to adults? Is

is not wholly their evident moral? Is not some of its memory of childhood's deeds and stories tightening our hearts?

Yet you are mistaken if you think this is the first time the deeds and stories of childhood have attracted the writers of plays. You remember, of course, "Jack-the-Giant-Killer" and "The Sleeping Beauty." But did you

know that in one story Jack was killed and his body refused burial, and that a stranger paid to have it buried? More than this, did you know this stranger was the Prince who loved the Sleeping Beauty, and that Jack's Ghost, in gratitude, was the guide who led him through the maze to the very room where the Princess sleeps? It may be that you never heard the story of Childe Roland, who went to seek his sister after a dragon had carried her away, or of the maiden who found a fortune in a well. But these are good old English fairy tales, all of them, the kind of stories one hears in his childhood and associates with childhood memories. And here is just the point where your mistaken notion that these children's plays are new things under the sun shows itself. It is only three hundred and twenty years ago, at least, that one was written, which made use of all these stories I have mentioned, and filled the audience which listened to it with somewhat the same de-

light that the plays of Barrie or Maeterlinck, or Miss Peabody, fill us to-day. George Peele, who wrote before Shakespeare, was the author, and his play, "The Old Wives' Tale."

Peele was ahead of his time. He knew his business, and while his work is crude, it is as good as that of many of his associates. The only place to tell stories is around the fireplace; especially fairy stories. The only one to tell them is a grandmother. The only listeners now-a-days should be children. In Peele's time, when grown-ups were not ashamed to believe in ghosts and fairies, the story might well be told to them. This is the situation which Peele lays before us: a group around the fire, listening to the old wives' tale. Suddenly there is a transformation. Out of the fireplace bursts one by one the characters of the story; the old wife loses her place as narrator and looks with delight upon the unfolding before her very eyes of the tale she was about to tell.

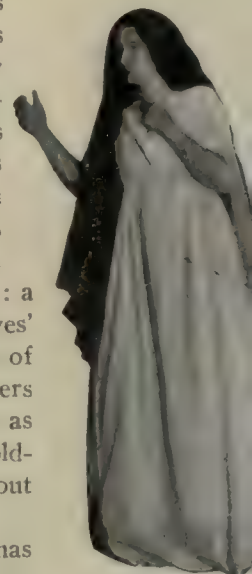
At least, that is the way it has been worked out at the reproduction of Peele's play, given recently by the English Department of Middlebury College. The plans for production included the construction of a stage modelled after one for which Peele might have written his play; the enhancing of the fairy effect by introducing fairy dances in addition to the harvest dances Peele had included in his play, and the getting together a cast equal to the presentation of Peele's somewhat difficult play. The special stage was a complete success. According to the necessary custom of Peele's time, there were no footlights, all the lighting being otherwise arranged for, neither was there a front curtain. As the audience was seated, it saw before it a stage somewhat wider than is common, and but sixteen feet deep. At the back and centre of this stage hung a curtain. Near it, on either side, were exits. In front of one of these there stood a cross, and before the other there was a mound (Continued on page vi)



THE SORCERER



ZANTEPPA AT THE MAGIC WELL

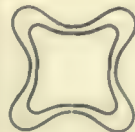


VENELIA



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



VICHY, August 5, 1911.

VICHY is the model watering place of France. It has been so ever since Napoleon III contributed to its embellishment from his personal fortune. The emperor was affected with gall-stones, so came to Vichy each year for the cure, and occupied a pretty cottage which he had built in the new park by the bank of the river Allier. If the waters of Vichy did not keep the august invalid from dying they at least

gave him great relief. That he was not ungrateful is shown by the fact that the plans for the park at the western side of the town were drawn under his patronage, and bordered with pretty villas.

Madame de Sévigné, called the divine marquise, stopped here one season, and the pavilion which she so much praised in her exquisite letters to her daughter still stands, though the waters of Allier no longer bathe its foundations.

Mmes. Adelaide and Victoire, the aunts of Louis XVI, so highly appreciated the life-giving qualities of the waters that they came again, and then decided to erect a thermal station, which Napoleon first patronized in his turn, and which was finally opened under the auspices of the Duchesse d'Angoulême in 1814.

Much has been said against watering-places, and not without plausible reasons. There are some that do not merit the con-



Photo Felix

Mlle. Genevieve Vix, of the Opera Comique. Gown of sulphur satin, veiled with embroidered tulle. The bodice is embroidered in high relief with flowers of gold. Creation Paquin



Photo Felix

Gown of white tulle with a black border. The tunic of black and white striped tulle is gracefully draped. Buckle of small gold rococo roses. Creation Redfern, Paris.

fidence accorded them. I could cite a number which, under the pretext of springs, have built thermal establishments, but an analysis of whose waters bears a striking analogy to rain water.

Enghien is at the very doors of Paris, access to it is easy for all players who cannot obtain entrance to the Paris clubs. They are received with open arms at the Enghien casino. It was Villemessant, the founder of *Figaro*, who made Enghien the fashion during the second Empire. But at that time gambling did not exist, the at-

traction consisted of a galaxy of literary lights.

It is by design that I compare Vichy and Enghien. Vichy, whether in a good or bad year, can boast of receiving more than one hundred thousand bathers, while Enghien can never boast of more than a few hundred, for the crowd which fills Enghien daily returns the same night to Paris.

Trouville-by-the-Sea, the smartest seaside place, is justified for the benefits she derives from gambling by the expenditure of enormous sums for fêtes during the

great fortnight from the tenth to the twenty-fifth of August. It is the same case with Aix-les-Bains and Biarritz.

All these beaches and thermal stations were, until a few years ago, infested with sharps, or professional players, whose work consisted in devouring the unsuspecting amateurs. The Clemenceau law, which was passed a few years ago, put an end to their exploits, for by decreeing that fifteen per cent. of the receipts should be donated to the poor it actually gave the government inspectors a certain amount of control over every casino.

The most daring exploits of these sharpers occurred at the roulette tables of Monte Carlo some twenty years ago. For example, a syndicate of Italians in league with the croupiers of the casino so manipulated one of the tables that certain of the numbers won in a most surprising fashion, thanks to which the management lost more than half a million in one evening. It was after this occurrence that the tables were inspected daily before the opening of the gaming rooms.

The other combination was worthy of a Sherlock Holmes. In league with one of the firemen, to whose keeping the cellars of the Casino are confided, it was agreed that the said fireman should turn off the gas at a certain minute, while his accomplices in the gambling rooms should, during the ensuing confusion, gather up all the money lying on the different tables. The scheme was so successful that the conspirators got away with one million! Since which occurrence the Casino management has added to its gas and electric lights the further guarantee of oil lamps!

Roulette is played only at Monte Carlo, being interdicted in France. Baccarat is the favorite game at the clubs and casinos. The sharpers have found ways of making illegal gains from it also. Here is an incident which took place at Cannes:

An infirm old man, with eyes covered with smoked glasses, and flanked by two domestics, got off the cars at the railway station, where an invalid carriage was awaiting him. With all ceremony he was conveyed to one of the most reputable hotels, where he engaged one of the most luxurious suites. In a short time the whole town knew that the Comte de X—, the grand chamberlain of a certain foreign court, and a rich landed proprietor, was a guest at the hotel. As there was not much going on at the Casino, it was decided to invite Monsieur le Chambellan to "take the bank." He turned a deaf ear to the invitation at first, but finally ended by accepting. He alleged that he knew little of the game. The result, therefore, was totally unexpected. The fake invalid was soon the gainer of several hundred thousand francs. His trick was discovered through a combination of circumstances, for one of the gaming inspectors also happened to wear colored glasses, so that he could see that a number of the cards had been rubbed with sulphur, a detail that was invisible without the colored glasses.

Of a different character is the tale of the Duchesse de B., who some twenty-five years ago was one of the delights of Monte Carlo. Even then she was the type of the handsome dowager with silver hair, but at the same time one of the most daring players in the principality. She was the first to enter the gaming rooms, and almost the last to quit them. She had her "system," and her fetich. The latter was a superb rake with ivory teeth, each tooth incrustated with precious stones, the whole an example



Photo Felix

Mlle. B. Bovy of the Comédie-Française. Model by Madame Lenthéric

had been charged to buy some new rapid fire cannon for the Bolivian army. He was received in the official circles with all the honors due his rank. The general, who had a short memory, forgot to buy the cannon, and was ruined at play. Every time he lost the other players would exclaim, "Another cannon lost."

PARIS, August 5, 1911.

The two leading events of the month of July were the yearly prize awards of the Conservatoire and the resignation of M. le Bargy as member of the Comédie Française.

There has been much discussion of the distribution of the Conservatoire prizes. No great voice or original temperament was disclosed. But there have been many other competitions which have produced like results. Therefore, those who criticize have not the right to say that this year shows a decline in talent.

But the competitions are held under conditions that are not altogether advantageous. Formerly, they were held in the hall of the Conservatoire, a small room that contained few seats. The directors of the Conservatoire gave these seats to people whom they knew, and were interested in the competition. At times this public was a little more enthusiastic than was altogether necessary, but at least it was a sensible and relatively competent public.

To-day the competitions are held in one of the big theatres. Thus it was that in one of the singing competitions the audience was much displeased that the first prize was not awarded to a certain young woman with a strong voice, who in one quite easy scene was never for a moment faithful to the score, but who sang and shouted at random.

As for M. le Bargy, the unforgettable creator of the "Marquis de Priola," in accord with the rules instituted by Napoleon I for the control of the Comédie Française, has sent a second letter of resignation to M. Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française.

His resignation is thus registered in the

of the jeweller's art, and of inestimable value. Despite the fetich the plucky woman lost all her fortune, valued at several millions.

The Marquis de C—— was also an unusual character. The Paris clubs had no more frequent visitor than he. The greater part of his existence was passed at the green table. From five o'clock in the afternoon until the milkmen began their morning rounds the Marquis de C—— played baccarat.

One night, having lost a large sum of money borrowed from the cashier of the club, the lender, seized with misgivings, accompanied him to his home in order to be repaid. The marquis begged the cashier to await him in the salon, while he went to retail the misfortune to his wife.

"It is necessary that you get me out of this scrape, my honor is at stake." The marquise, who understood human weaknesses, handed him her pearl collar, a family jewel to which she was much attached.

"There," said she, "give that as security." But the marquis, with a sad smile, replied: "Impossible, my dear, your collar is imitation. It is a long time since the original has been in pawn!"

Georges Feydeau, in the "Fil a la Patte," drew with infinite spirit the character of a general, minister of war of Bolivia, who



Photo Felix

Mlle. B. Bovy. Creation of Mme. Lenthéric



Photo Felix

Mlle. Nelly Beryl of the Théâtre des Nouveautés. Gown of guipure with embroidered insertions. The girdle is of black velvet and white satin striped ribbon. Creation Douillet



Photo Ph. Agié

THE HOME OF PAQUIN, PARIS

Eggiman, Publisher

The photograph of Miss O'Brien which appeared in our July issue was a creation of Maison Paquin



Photo Felix

Creation Paquin

annals of the committee: "M. le Barye renews his resignation. The committee finds itself obliged to accept it with regret. It deplores the fact that M. le Barye finds himself obliged to rest. The Society of Comédiens reserves all its rights."

This last phrase must be explained. There are precedents to this resignation, precedents that caused much ink to flow. Two of the shining lights of the House of Molière, M. Coquelin and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, resigned in an uproar, the comedian following occurrences in "Thermidor," and Bernhardt left to found the theatre which still bears her name.

The plans of M. le Barye remain to be found out, for he has thus far taken no one into his confidence. In truth, he will be a great loss to the Comédie Française. Here is the opinion of Mounet-Sully, the senior member of the Comédie Française:

"I admire le Barye immensely; he is intelligent and sensible—a great actor. Since he asks to retire I cannot forbid him his wish to rest far from the noise of the theatre. But if he has retired with the idea of playing in other theatres, as the dean of our body I cannot but censure him. I only pardoned Coquelin for leaving us on the day he founded his admirable House of Retreat for Actors. If it is to undertake such a work that le Barye abandons the House of Molière, I will excuse him; but I have my doubts....."

M. Sylvain, the next oldest member of the Comédie Française, is more severe:

"Yes, le Barye has sent in his final resignation. Certainly, the Comédie Française possesses some remarkable artists, but it is not without regret that an actor such as he departs. But it is unpardonable if he leaves us to become the headline of another theatre, and so compete with us. In that case we shall be obliged to institute a suit. Le Barye would then be forced to pay one hundred thousand francs to the Comédie Française. Despite the protections of government officials, Coquelin was forced to pay, also Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Brandès.

"This action on the part of our comrade is much to be deplored. The contracts that one makes should be lived up to, even those with the House of Molière."

Such is the state of mind of the members of the committee of our national theatre. We are evidently in for an artistic lawsuit that will bring out many surprises.

PETRONIUS.

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Fort Worth, Tex. Front and Jones St.

A Drama For Children

(Continued from page 106)

of earth. This stage was a uniform dark red, with which the curtain blended. The cross was the color of moss-grown granite, and to relieve the red there were signs painted in gold over the exits, reading *To Fairyland*, etc., after a tradition of the Elizabethan stage. Some say this is a false tradition, but even if there were no signs, they defend themselves as one notes their effect upon the color scheme. The curtain however, was there for a purpose; it hid an inner stage. When it was open, there was revealed on one side the fire-place, at which the old wife starts to tell her tale, and on the other a magic well which, with its sweep and oaken bucket, figures in the story. Behind these and between them, curtains hid the cell of Sacrapant, a mighty sorcerer and a sore magician, the evil genius in the play. Above his cell there ran a railing to a balcony. This inner stage was also finished in the same dull red, with the fire-place and the cell in stone color, and a soiled old wooden settle next the fire. And here, again, the lettering of the signs in gold relieved the eye. Upon a stage even more simple than this Peele's play was first acted.

The atmosphere of the play is the atmosphere of fairy story. There is in it a sorcerer, Sacrapant, whose works are evil, and a good and holy man, by name Erestus, whose spells undo the power of Sacrapant. There are two girls whom Sacrapant has charmed, and two who seek their fortunes at a magic well, where wonderful heads arise and prophesy them good. These girls, all four, have lovers, with whom they are united by mysterious powers beyond their control. Yet there is no mention of the fairies within the play. To make more vivid the fairy atmosphere, fairy dances have been introduced to open and to close the play; and through the whole of the action, as they open and shut the curtain, set by magic a mysterious table and do the bidding of the sorcerer, the fairies are weaving their spell over all. The beauty of the dances was assured when Miss Isabel Stephens, of New York, was secured to stage them, under the direction of Miss Caroline Crawford, who staged so perfectly the dances in "The Blue Bird," as produced at the New Theatre last winter.

The actors were the members of the Senior and Junior Classes in the college. As Middlebury is co-educational it was possible to give the woman's parts to women, thus assuring a much more adequate presentation of the play than would be possible without them. And yet, men predominated in the cast.

There is abundance of true humor in the situations and large opportunity for apt and telling characterization. If Peele were writing now he would lose the freedom and the simplicity which characterize his only contribution to true English comedy.

What he had in mind when he wrote the play we can never certainly know, but looked at in the light of the twentieth century its spirit is the spirit of "Peter Pan," of boyhood's heterogeneous and vivid imaginings of adventure.

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Book Review

DRAMATIC VALUES. By C. E. Montague. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1911. \$1.25.

This small volume, charmingly written, is made up from reviews that appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* or in the *English Review*. Their charm consists not only in the delightful phrasing, but in the love of truth and in the analytical and critical keenness of the writer. The volume has value to the student of the drama, not as history but as criticism. Every line in it is thoughtfully suggestive. Mr. Montague, among other things, discusses profitably and entertainingly: Good Acting; The Well-Made Play; Some Plays of Mr. G. B. Shaw; Three Acted Plays of Molière; Improvements in Play-Making; Some Points of Ibsen; Play-Going at Stratford-on-Avon; Good and Bad Subjects for Plays, and The Wholesome Play.

Jameson Lee Finney Dead

Jameson Lee Finney, the well-known American actor, was burned to death in a fire at the Carlton Hotel, London, on August 9 last. Mr. Finney was born in St. Louis in 1863. He was educated to be an artist, but, attracted to the stage, he made his debut as a super in "The Marble Heart" in 1887. He was first seen in New York in 1892. His last appearance was in "The Deep Purple."

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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

ROSE STAHL

(Continued from page 100)

worked here for fifteen years. When I began I was a cash girl that high," measuring with a thin, expressive hand the height of her knee, one forgot the speeches of all the rest. That is power. That is what caused a famed London critic to write:

"I have seen four incomparable actresses, Duse, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and Ada Rehan. With these, because of her glorious voice and her indefinable charm, I do not hesitate to rank Rose Stahl."

And as the curtain rose and fell upon the divisions of the play, and the black-robed figure dominated every scene with unapparent effort, there came echoing out of the caverns of memory a wish uttered that admired voice, the first time I heard it in surroundings more intimate than those of the theatre, a wish uttered with the deep note of sincerity, that is of such moving quality when flung at us over the footlights at our hearts.

"I want to appear in human plays, the kind of homely, heart-touching plays one could look upon were the roofs removed from the homes of the middle classes. I want to play women, real women, the kind that buy shirt waists at popular-priced department stores on bargain days."

It was a prophetic wish, one of which we have seen in the two plays of her stardom entire fulfillment.

I reminded her of this as we left the dark, narrow little stage door into the scarcely lighter street. She smiled, but her joy in the new success was tempered. Perhaps it was because the sight of those patient, hopeless folk at Gad's Hill Centre had sunk deeply and permanently into her consciousness. Who knows whence all thoughts come? This, at all events, was her reply:

"I am thankful for my good fortune, but I often think of the other Rose Stahl, who might have done as well, or better, if she had had the chance."

ADA PATTERSON.

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Victor Records

To that gifted composer, Victor Herbert, belongs the honor of composing the first great American opera, "Natoma," and it is with a great deal of pleasure that one listens to the rendition of the famous Dagger Dance from this work when it is played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra under his own personal direction. This odd Dagger Dance, like other characteristic numbers in the opera, is based on Indian melodies which Victor Herbert has been collecting for years. Its melody is most entrancing, and its performance by Victor Herbert's Orchestra can be depended upon to be a perfect interpretation of the work. This is one of the numbers by this organization in the September list of new Victor Records. The other records contain two exquisite Macdowell pieces, "Woodland Sketches," which are favorites on Mr. Herbert's programs and are delightfully rendered.

The first piano record ever made with orchestra accompaniment is contributed by Frank LaForge, who gives a masterly rendition of a movement from the favorite Grieg "Concerto," with a most sympathetic accompaniment by the Victor Orchestra. There is also another piano solo by Charles Gilbert Spross, who plays the dainty little "Marche Mignonne." A splendid harp solo is another feature, the Braga number, "Angel's Serenade," being most attractively given by Charles Schuetze.

The Finale from Tchaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony" is beautifully rendered by Arthur Pryor's Band, and two other fine numbers are played by two other celebrated bands—"Ingelsina March," by Vessella's Italian Band, and "Dance of the Wood Nymphs," by Kryl's Bohemian Band. The Victor Dance Orchestra plays a splendid waltz medley of melodies from the "Pink Lady," which is combined on a double-faced record with the famous old "Immortellen Waltz," also in dance time.

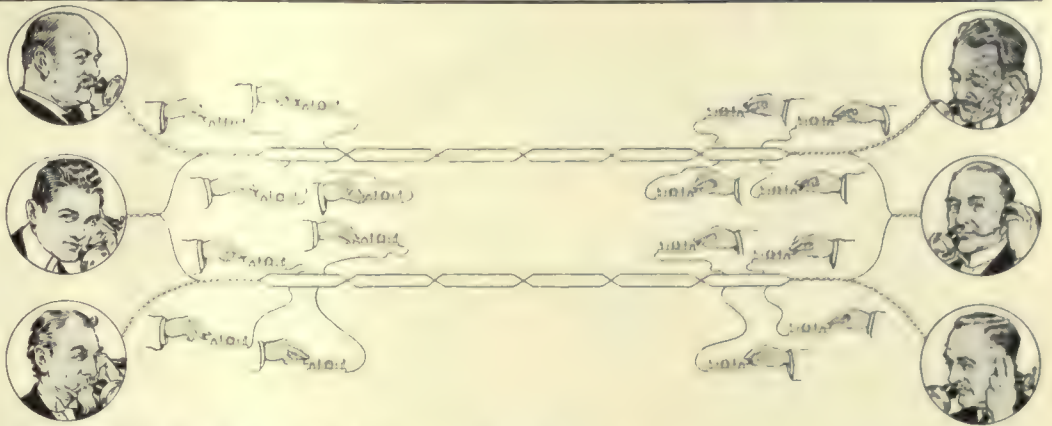
Books Received

AN ARDENT AMERICAN. A novel by Mrs. Russell Codman. New York: The Century Co.

EXCUSE ME. A novel based upon the play by Rupert Hughes. New York: H. K. Fly Co.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA. A novel by W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

WHEN THE RED GODS CALL. A novel by Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.



Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

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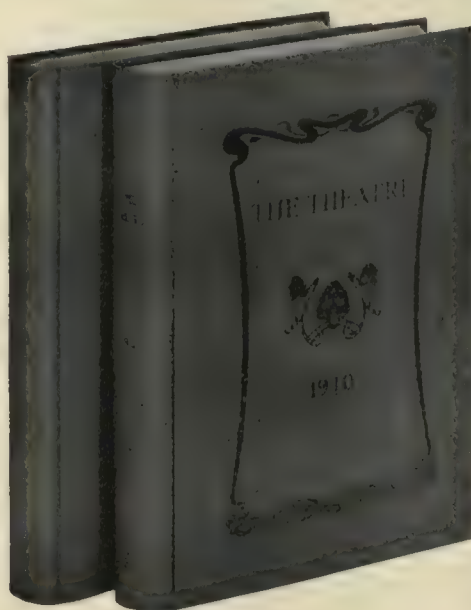
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The Intimate Theatre

(Continued from page 105)

the intimate theatre and also realistic acting. "The managers who are building such small theatres," he said, "have, in my opinion, been misled by the present popularity of small plays. In another year or two the pendulum is likely to swing back again and their houses won't hold enough people to pay the running expenses of a big production. If Miss Marlowe and I attempted to give our plays in a theatre holding only a thousand people, we couldn't possibly get out on it. Even if we packed the house from pit to dome at every performance, we would not be able to make the next town.

"It requires a big theatre and a big stage to mount the plays in our repertoire and get the right effect. In so many of Shakespeare's plays there are crowds, combats, armies marching, and all that, and it requires vista and space to approximate these things. In the larger theatres one paints with a larger brush. When the same rôle is enacted in a smaller house you are not going to employ a difficult method; you will merely moderate your strokes."

However, there is no prospect of the production of big plays being curtailed by the lack of big houses. For there are practically no small theatres in large cities outside of New York. And the reason so many are found in Manhattan is chiefly commercial. In the first place, building restrictions require such large areas around amusement buildings of any considerable seating capacity that the value of the real estate involved makes them doubtful ventures. Then, too, producers usually make little or no money from the run of a play in a Broadway theatre. And yet every week in New York, with its millions of transient visitors, means valuable advertising throughout the country. The Great White Way is a marathon course with big stakes for the production which can stay longest in the race.

When a Broadway success goes out on the road it hopes to pack big audiences into big theatres. Now, an intimate play that may have held the spectator glued to his chair in the close confines of an intimate theatre will have quite a little of its electric power dissipated in the space of a deep auditorium. For we have all responded to an elusive charm, an aura of personality that radiates only to a certain distance; and, particularly, there is a telepathic unanimity of mind that may be conveyed within a charmed circle, but cannot be transmitted over too wide a range. This is a different phase of the art of acting than that employed in the picturesque spectacular school. There we are carried out of ourselves by the freedom, force and surge of events. In the intimate plays we are more apt

(Concluded on page xiii)

Peg Woffington in Paris

(Continued from page 84)

temperament. When little Davy, in a rash hour, tempted her with a wedding ring, she had prescience enough to decline the alliance. We who seek to uphold the dignity of the actor's art by laying emphasis on the purple patches in the variegated records of the theatre, have we not reason to feel thankful for the clearheadedness of that act? A partner, better adapted to assist him in his lifework, was awaiting the great little man. One searches through the eighteenth century in vain for anything more beautiful than the ideal wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Let us not forget who made that happiness possible.

So, too, Peg, though she could not see her way to marry Angelo, was at least instrumental in providing him with a charming helpmate. She had the disinterestedness of a highly generous nature, a phase of her curiously complex character never better revealed than at that melancholy juncture when the embers of a waning passion were slowly dying out. At this crisis in their emotional experience, one night towards the close of the year 1754, the two happened to be viewing a performance at Drury Lane from the snug recesses of a private box. During one of the intervals Peg had been carefully scrutinizing the assembly, and after gazing for some time at a young girl seated in an opposite box in the lower circle, handed her opera-glass to her companion and said, "Do take a look at that young lady—I vow and protest she is as beautiful as an angel." Angelo complied, and at once became imbued with a desire to add a terminal vowel to the description. It was indeed love at first sight, love that impelled him to move heaven

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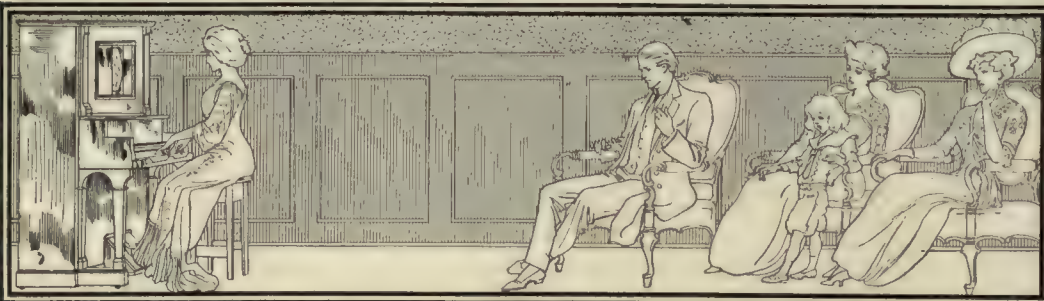
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and earth to obtain his charmer's acquaintance. Inquiries showed that she was a Miss Masters, daughter of a deceased naval officer. Angelo pressed his suit with all the ardor of his warm Southern nature, and had the satisfaction of leading her to the altar in February, 1755. An accessory before the fact, Peg bore her desertion with philosophic equanimity. Consolation was afforded her for the time being by the attentions of Colonel Caesar, who was not by any means her sole remaining hope, although my Lord Tyrawley did so far exercise his wit at her expense as to say that it was a case of "*aut Caesar aut nullus*." W. J. LAWRENCE.

Opening of the Dramatic Season

(Continued from page 78)

known; "The Barefoot Dancer," the music of which is by Albini, the noted composer of "Mme. Troubadour," "Cousin Bobby," "The Beggar Student," "The Queen of the Night," by the composers of "The Merry Widow," "The Blue Club," "Ladies' Day," "Madame Flirt," the book of which is by Leonard Lieblich; "Love in Pawn," "Marriage in Sport," "Kean," and "The Royal Box." "Trilby," the music of which is by Victor Herbert, will also be presented by the Shuberts this season. These managers will also bring Gaby Deslys over for the Winter Garden, and there are several new acts to be imported for the Hippodrome.

Some of the musical offerings which A. H. Woods will present, besides his other attractions, are "Tantalizing Tommy," by Michael Morton and Hugo Felix; "Modest Suzanne," another Vienna musical comedy; "The Pretty Little Milliner," "Slumming," "The Prosecuting Attorney," "The Widow Wise," "Love's Agency," "The Dancer of Cairo." Among the Whitney musical attractions are: "Thermidor," "Baron Trenck," "At Last Alone," "The Whip," "The Girl from Maxim's," and two new operettas by Oscar Strauss.

There is also scheduled a new opera by the composer of "The Spring Maid," called "The Forbidden Kiss," and "The Jolly Peasant," by Leo Fall, in which George Marion will be starred. "The Quaker Girl," which has had great success in London, will present Lucy Weston in the leading rôle. "The Violet Widow," "The Merry Bachelor," "The Bigamists," "The Doll Girl," "The Singing Teacher," are other musical productions.

Marguerite Sylva, in Franz Lehar's new comic opera, "Gypsy Love," will be seen at the Globe Theatre early in the season. Fritz Scheff, in "The Duchess," by Joseph Herbert, and Harry B. Smith, with music by Victor Herbert, will be an early metropolitan offering. Donald Brian will star in "The Siren," a musical play by the author of "The Dollar Princess." Julia Sanderson and Frank Moulan will be in the cast. "Boy or Girl" is another Viennese operetta scheduled for a big success.

The Shuberts have arranged for another American tour by the well-known English actor-manager, Martin Harvey. He will be seen here in Max Reinhardt's big production of "Oedipus Rex," at the Manhattan Opera House. Professor Reinhardt will also present Offenbach's "Die Schöne Helene" and "Sumurun," a pantomime which had extraordinary success at the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin. The Lieblers have made arrangements with Lady Gregory for a twelve weeks' tour of the Irish Players. They will appear in a repertoire of their most successful plays. "The Count of Luxembourg," the London musical comedy hit, has been secured by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and will be produced here about January 1. "The Primrose Villa" is another musical play secured by this firm for production here.

Daniel Frohman will open the Lyceum Theatre the first week in September with a new play by a new American author. It is described as a modern American domestic comedy in three acts, entitled "Thy Neighbor's Wife." In the cast will be Arthur Byron, Frederick Tiden, Pamela Gaythorne, and Alice John. This production will be followed by Charles Frohman's attractions, the first one being Billie Burke in her new play, "The Runaway."

Joseph Weber will produce out of town in October a comedy by George V. Hobart, entitled "Senorita." The piece will be seen in New York about Christmas time.

Before the season is over Mr. Weber will probably go on a short tour at the head of an "all star" burlesque company. His theatre in New York will play his attractions exclusively.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 79)

quality, and unless prognostications go awry, she will soon be hunting for something to take its place.

"The Real Thing" tells a pretty little story. While every play should have its story, it does not necessarily follow that every story has within it the nucleus of a play. And that is the main and vital trouble with Mrs. Cushing's piece. There is nothing dramatic about it, even in a comedy sense, while its purport is so perfectly obvious and its conclusion so absolutely cut and dried that there is no element of suspense.

Kate Grayson, from a misdirected sense of domestic duty, is slowly but surely losing her husband, because she thinks of nothing but the children and the house. A widowed sister, Jess Lorraine, visits her, takes in the situation at a glance and proceeds to set things right. The children are relegated to their proper sphere, the wife begins to renew the charms and graces that originally drew the husband to her; his little flirtations come to an end, and, after a preposterous misunderstanding between Jess and an old beau, the widow gets a new husband. All this is accomplished in a very conventional manner, but the characters of the wife, the widow and the children are dexterously drawn, and there are individual episodes of up-to-date humor, and some of the dialogue has the real fresh and observant wit that characterizes so much of the work of modern women writers.

As the widow, Miss Crossman, looking very pretty and gowned most charmingly, acts with all finished detail, lively imagination, delicate sentiment and irresistible humor. It is a veritable creation in high comedy. The wife is equally well portrayed by Minnie Dupree, whose appeal is natural, simple and sure. The two children are played with such fidelity and skill that long before the evening is over they have stamped themselves as perfect nuisances. As the old beau, Tom Bradley, Albert Brown's humor is stodgy, and what Frank Mills thinks the husband is, is quite beyond comprehension. For a comparatively young and talented player to load his work down with such a mass of ridiculous mannerisms is nothing less than sad.

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An extraordinary reflection of Hofmann's dominant personality is found in his first two Columbia recordings now issued as one Columbia Double-Disc. His playing of Rachmaninoff's celebrated Prelude in C Sharp Minor is marked by a grandeur of style and depth of poetic imagination that none who has ever heard his interpretation can forget, and in Schubert's superb Military March, as transcribed by Taussig, is found certainly the most marvelous crescendo ever recorded, commencing as it does with a barely audible *pianissimo*.

Lehar Coming to America

Franz Lehar, the well-known composer of "The Merry Widow," is coming to America. A. H. Woods, the manager, prevailed upon the famous composer to make his first visit to the United States to conduct the initial performance of "Gypsy Love," which Marguerite Sylva will present at the Globe Theatre on Monday, October

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30. Mr. Lehar considers "Gypsy Love" his masterpiece. This composer's visit will be an important event in musical and theatrical circles. Such important composers and musicians as Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven and Frank Damrosch will be on the reception committee, and Manager A. H. Woods is arranging with Arthur Pryor and his band to escort Lehar from the ship's landing to his hotel. A novel feature

of the escort will be the playing of airs from Lehar's operas, "Gypsy Love," "The Count of Luxemburg" and "The Merry Widow." Marc Klaw, Henry W. Savage and A. H. Woods, who control three of Lehar's big musical works for America, will give the composer a banquet on Tuesday, October 31st, following the opening of "Gypsy Love," to which all the important managers and musicians will be invited.

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RICHARD WAGNER

(Continued from page 81)

working with a young baritone named Mitterwurzer, who was to create the rôle of Wolfram in "Tannhäuser":

"I began by going through the opening song of this scene (Singing Contest) with him; but after I had done my utmost to make him understand how I wanted it done, I was surprised to find how difficult this particular rendering of the music appeared to him. He was absolutely incapable of repeating it after me, . . . and was, too, astonished at his own want of capacity, but was so struck with the novelty and justice of my views that he begged me not to try any more for the present, but to leave him find out for himself how best to become familiar with this newly revealed world. During several rehearsals he only sang in a whisper in order to get over the difficulty, but at the last rehearsal he acquitted himself so admirably of his task, and threw himself into it so heartily, that his work has remained to this day my most conclusive reason for believing that, in spite of the unsatisfactory state of the world of opera today, it is possible not only to find, but also properly to train, the singer whom I should regard as indispensable for a correct interpretation of my works. It was through the impression made by Mitterwurzer that I ultimately succeeded in making the public understand the whole of my work."

Such glimpses are vitally interesting, and it seems a pity that the two volumes do not contain many more of them. They show the real artist, the man possessed by artistic principles, that were meant to and did revolutionize the world of opera.

It is a pity that these intimate records stop in 1864, just when Wagner is sent for by King Ludwig, who then becomes his royal patron, and who, for a while at least, makes it possible for this dreamer and composer to turn some of his bigger creative dreams into realities. The ending of the second volume is so abrupt as to make one hope that at some time—possibly after the death of Wagner's second wife, Cosima—there may be a supplementary volume of autobiography, dealing with the end of the life of this genius, who was immeasurably great in great things and despicably petty in the little affairs of life.

XX.

Messrs. Liebler & Co. have decided to eliminate the orchestra from the Auditorium of the Century Theatre when "The Garden of Allah" is produced.

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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT FAVORS CARTHUSIAN ORDER IN FIGHT TO PROTECT SECRET OF ITS LIQUEUR.

By the decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade mark did not constitute abandonment, and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

—New York Herald, June 20, 1911.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (August 20th): "The Girl of My Dreams," at the Criterion; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "The Follies of 1911," on the New York Roof; "The Red Rose," at the Globe; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "He Came from Milwaukee," at the Casino; "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-ninth Street; "The Real Thing," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Hen Pecks," at the Broadway; The Folies Bergere and The Russian Ballet at the Winter Garden.

The Intimate Theatre

(Concluded from page ix)

to consult within ourselves, to compare and pass judgment in the light of our experience: This thing is, or is not, true.

Here is the end toward which the realistic playwright and actor have been working—to weld our thoughts to the thought and feeling of the characters. It is not enough with him to eliminate the fourth wall of the room. He must bathe our minds in its atmosphere, electrify us with the issues he creates, make us glow with the good humor of his characters and their comedy.

And this is the use of the intimate theatre, to facilitate the temporary transmigration of souls over the footlights. In its auditorium the spectator can live the play, keeping step with the thought of the characters. A flicker of a smile, a turn of the hand does not escape him. A whisper can be heard in the last row. The gap has been closed; the three sides of the triangle which author, actor and audience form have been joined by the American architect.

All this would seem to indicate that the American drama, over which we have been clucking so long in embryo, is emerging from the shell. It is still too young to scratch for itself. It lacks a sense of direction, and it deserves to be gathered under some protecting wing. The New Theatre enterprise showed a disposition on the part of some New York patrons of the arts to accord the claims of the theatre a degree of recognition. As it happened, the provision made was better fitted for a full-fledged fowl, a prize bird, than for a chick that sorely needs the comfort of the brooder.

About all that could be expected from the New Theatre's programme for fostering the American drama was that two blades of grass might grow where one grew before.

Let us suppose that, instead of one awe-inspiring playhouse, a comfortable theatre of moderate size were to be built in each of the five leading cities of the Atlantic coast. Every production these co-operative theatres made would be played for a week or more in each city. This would require a corps of producers and an equipment little or no larger than the New Theatre has employed. More actors would be needed, but a majority of them would be earning their salaries every day in the week. In two seasons this organization should have a repertoire of sufficient length and variety that it need never be embarrassed for a play. Under these conditions playwrights of established reputation would submit their work, whereas at the New Theatre plays were limited to so few performances that they would have been compelled to suffer a decided financial loss.

In connection with some such system there would be opportunity to train young actors and writers, instead of letting them live by picking up crumbs of their education here and there. Plays and actors which show some promise could be tried out at an occasional matinee performance. Then the young authors would have a practical demonstration of their delinquencies, and the coming generation of players could learn things from eminent actors and producers which it might take them years to stumble on in the haphazard work of the road.

Apart from its other features, the economy of the idea has its appeal. For it is patent that five such theatres could be operated more economically, *pro rata*, than one of the New Theatre type—particularly since there would be audiences in the five separate communities for every production. Undoubtedly there are men of means in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington who would readily accept an invitation to co-operate with the founders of the New Theatre.

On such a foundation a drama should be built through which the national consciousness might awake and express itself. For the stage makes a universal appeal. Of all the arts it is the most plain spoken and the most popular. As a mold of public opinion it is only rivaled by the magazines and newspapers; and it is probably the strongest single influence in the shaping of human conduct in this country to-day. With a gibe and a leer it may pervert morals; by the keen cut of its wit it lays bare the shams and hypocrisies with which we cloak our faults. By scenes of light and color, grace and charm it lures us to higher planes of living, or by glimpses of our lower nature it arms us against the dangers of a refined barbarism. It educates by flashes; it comforts and cajoles us. And we shuffle into our coats at the fall of the curtain blinking a mist of tears from our eyes, ready to pledge ourselves to life anew, ready to emulate in the rounds of our existence the courage and buoyancy of the idols of our fancy.

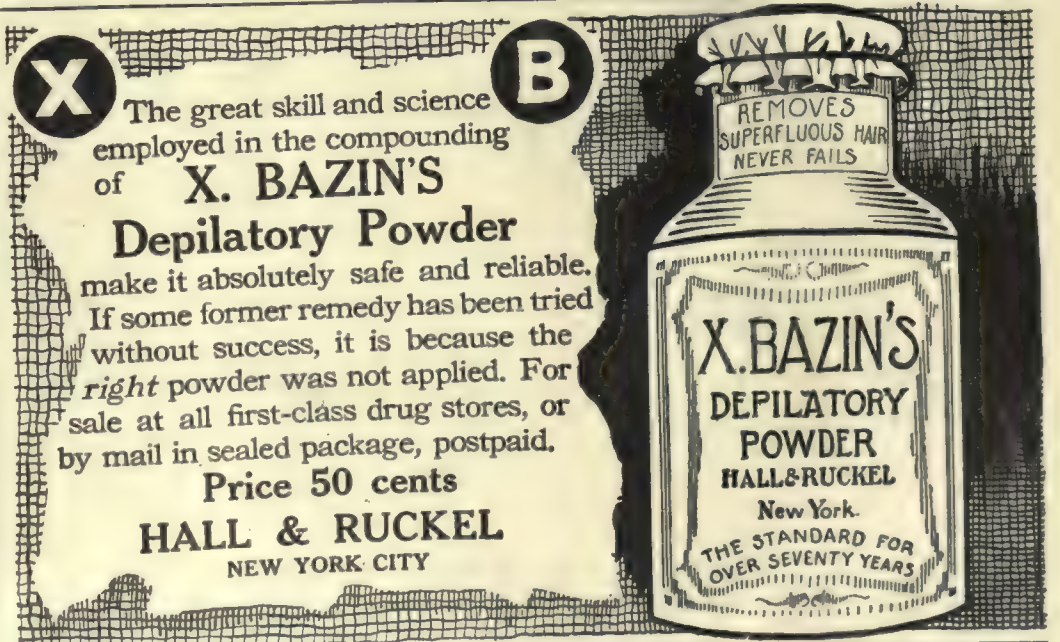
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Hazel Dawn

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Felix

M^{LE}. GOODRICH

Evening wrap in white silk, richly embroidered. The bias trimming bands are of blue satin

Timely Hints on New Materials, Colors and Cut

THE styles which have gradually been making their appearance during the last week or so show no divergence from the straightline, narrow silhouette that was the marked feature, not to say oddity, of the spring fashions. Designers have

pose tissue, but when was there ever a time that the fashion authorities gave ear to her requirements? Always they have had in mind the ideal female figure, and this ideal has become so prominent and insistent during the past few years that individual women burdened



Photo Felix

MILLE ANDRAL

Ravishing gown of cream satin, veiled with mousseline de soie, embroidered with gold beads and encrusted with lace. Girdle of gold

become accustomed to working upon straight lines, hence the productions of the new season are a great artistic advance upon those with which we were overwhelmed six months ago.

The majority of women will find little to disapprove of in the new fashions, and much that is both admirable and commendable, for the styles are generally well suited to the requirements of the average woman. To be sure, little attention has been paid to the woman carrying a superfluous amount of adi-

with extra avoirdupois have called all modern aids to their assistance in their endeavors to conform to that ideal figure.

The result is that the present generation is fast learning that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and therefore they are not allowing themselves to grow stout. It is the insistent desire to remain young that makes women shun growing stout. The old saying that a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks, is no doubt at the root of the whole mystery. Woman

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possesses the individuality and subtle distinction of an original which is never found in imitations. The shoe which provides comfort and yet conforms to fashion's exacting requirements of line and material.

Our new golf boot for men, in tan, russia or brown buckskin, Blucher cut, no tips, reinforced at insteps to give added support is recommended to those wishing a light weight, comfortable shoe for golf.

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ADVANCE NOTES ON SILKS FOR AUTUMN WEAR FROM VANTINE'S

IN texture and color the new silks from the Orient are more bewildering than they have been for many a season. Delicately soft and supple, they fall gracefully into the long, sinuous folds decreed by fashion in the wondrously draped frocks for the Fall and Winter. The range of color is a long one, extending from the black and white combinations through the rich coronation tints of royal purple. From blue, empire green, gold and coronation red to the subtle tints. The exquisitely shaded effects are positively alluring in their beauty.

Nothing could be lovelier than the Japanese Crepes in their exquisite colorings, soft yet rich, vivid without being harsh. The entire gamut of the rainbow hues with all imaginary complementary colorings are represented. These delectable materials are forty-three inches wide and sell from \$3.00 to \$5.00 a yard.

An admirable fabric in a heavy weight is the Chinese Canton Crepe. It is 24, 27 and 43 in. in width, and comes in black, navy, plum, raisin, castor, callot, taupe and midnight navy and sells for \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Most stunning gowns are made from self colored hand embroidered Chinese Canton Crepe which comes in all the new shades and in black and white, 28-in. wide, \$5.00 to \$8.00 a yard.

Habutai Silks are also in favor this season because of their adaptability to the required soft draping effects. They were sent from Japan to Lyons to be dyed in the exclusive colors sold by Vantine. They come in plain black and plain white at .50 to \$2.50 a yard—27 and 36 in. wide; also in all shades, plain colors, 27 to 36 in. wide, .70 to \$1.75 a yard.

Chinese hand-loom Pongees that are delightfully soft and clinging and yet with sufficient body to hold the tailored lines well. May be used for dresses, motor coats and wraps. In natural color, 34-in. wide, \$1.25 to \$4.50 a yard.

Satin, it is promised, is to enjoy greater popularity than ever before. The plain 36-in. satins in all colors can be bought for \$2.00 a yard.

Chinese and Japanese Brocades and Damasks are being shown in all the Paris wraps. They come in the most beautiful silver and gold combinations, with dull blues, plum, green and grey. They are also ideal for trimmings. Prices from \$2.50 to \$25.00 a yard, 24 and 27 in. wide.

Mandarin Bands for trimming will be much used; the range of designs is such that practically any color combination is possible. The bands come in pairs, selling from \$2.50 to \$6.00 per pair.

These items give but a suggestion of what the Fall fashions will demand, and but a taste of the wide range of silks and satins to be found at Vantine's.

We will be pleased to send you samples of the particular silks in which you are interested. State preference in colorings and weaves, and samples will be mailed at once.

A personal visit is at all times desirable, and a cordial invitation is extended not alone to our silk department, but to our establishment.

The Mail Order Department

is prepared to answer any inquiry, to offer suggestions for every requirement, to send samples, and when satisfactory references are given, to send goods on approval, for selection in your own home.

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Photo Felix

MLLE. D'AUMAIL

A charming model in mousseline, printed in a deeply pointed design outlined with small beads. A large chou is shown at the waist



Photo Felix

MLLE. MARGEL

Model in liberty satin, veiled with mousseline de soie. The tunic is gathered into a band of satin, richly embroidered

has evidently decided that no longer shall man have this great advantage. Woman's entrance into business life must also be taken into account, for it certainly has a considerable bearing upon the question.

Just as men in their endeavors to keep their positions shaved off their beards in which the silver threads began to appear among the gold or black, so women engaged in work outside the home have found it advantageous to keep slim and slender. This fact has been, perhaps unconsciously, recognized by the home-keeping, luxury loving women, with the result that we are fast becoming a nation of slender, graceful women.

For those to whom they are suited, or who will adapt their manners to them, there are a number of quaintly pretty fashions that are especially attractive. Indeed, this picturesque note is one that promises to become more and more prominent as the season advances. Of course, it is held somewhat in abeyance in the new tailored suits, those smart, practical garments that are so much a part and joy of most American women's lives. This autumn the tailored suits are to take on quite a different character from that of past seasons, owing to the materials employed in their construction. For the smart new cloths are all rough surfaced goods. They are thoroughly practical and serviceable, and are delightfully warm without being heavy.

Cloths are actually sufficiently warm for the wearers not to present a pinched and shivery appearance with the approach of

the early frosts. And this advantage is directly owing to the vogue of the narrow skirt and short jackets. The best of the new cloths, such as the Worumbo velours and ratines, are so soft that they feel like down, and yet they are made of a fine cachemire yarn, which renders them practically non-crushable.

Wool velours is an entirely new cloth with a velvety surface as the name implies. Wool velours and ratine seem to be the two rough surfaced cloths that will be most favored for the construction of the new tailored suits of rather dressy aspect. Then there are peau de souris and peau de gazelle, two lovely soft cloths of rather lustrous surface, which to those not versed in textiles look not unlike a very fine quality of camel's-hair broadcloth. They have only a slightly hairy surface, and come in both plain and striped effects. They are admirably suited to the construction of both tailored suits and dresses, and will undoubtedly be much used for both these purposes.

With the advent of rough surfaced goods the closely sheared zibelines are certain to be much in demand in the better qualities. The other day I was shown a lovely French model made of black zibeline, which struck me as unusually attractive, though the effect was far from striking. It was a three-piece suit, the coat about thirty inches long being ornamented with black Sida floss embroidery worked directly to the zibeline. The fronts were slightly cutaway and rounded below the bust, and the entire edge bordered with a sewing silk fringe some five inches deep.

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THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the savviness of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

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Photo Felix

MLLE. V. MAELEC

A striking gown in orange satin. The bottom of the skirt and the fichu are embroidered. The tunic of mousseline is printed in a pompadour design

The gown was cut in classic princess style, that is, it fitted the figure, and showed it off to the greatest advantage. While the skirt came just a trifle above the normal waistline, it did not bear the least semblance to the Empire effect. This skirt was made with a slight train, but the model could, and will, be just as well carried out in an instep length skirt. There were two pieces to this skirt, back and front. The back piece lapped over the front to not quite the centre of the hips, and here there was a divergence from the dominating straight line, for this line showed a slight and exceedingly pretty movement towards the back. The corsage was made with a handsomely embroidered piece. This was rounded down front and back to show the guimpe of black net made over an écreu lace lining. The embroidery extended over the shoulders, and reached the skirt in both front and back.

While plain skirts will undoubtedly be much used for tailored suits, there will evidently be an effort made to introduce the tunic skirt for this purpose. There are some excellent models in tunic skirts for tailored suits, but unless they are well executed the plain skirt is far more preferable. It takes art combined with skill to make a good tunic skirt in cloth, so it is probable that for this season at least the tailored tunic skirt will remain among the more exclusive styles.

One of the good ideas in the plain skirts is a four-gored slashed skirt. The gores are all about the same width, one for the front, one for the back, and one each for the sides. These are slashed

for about ten inches at each seam, and there is a petticoat of messaline made with a deep accordion plaited flounce, so that when the slashes open as the wearer walks the contrasting color of the messaline flounce comes into view. The idea is a good one, but might be improved upon by using a plain petticoat of heavy satin, moiré, or even velvet of the same color as the cloth skirt, or if a contrast is desired one of a slightly different shade. The use of a contrasting color savors too much of the ballet costumes seen in some of the Broadway shows to appeal to the more elegant American women. I know a woman with independent views about dress who has decided that this form of slashed skirt will be ideal for rainy day wear, but instead of the silk petticoat she intends to substitute a pair of ankle length black satin Turkish trousers. Undoubtedly that will sound shocking to many readers, but the truth of the matter is that it will be far more modest and comfortable than most rough weather costumes.

I had an interesting letter a few days ago from one of the autumn brides-to-be, who asked for information about materials other than satin for her wedding gown. For the benefit of others who may desire the same information, though they have not written for it, I will say that I counceled some one of the pretty crêpes or brocades that Vantine is showing in such abundance. They are generally forty-four inches wide, and range in price from \$2.50 to \$4. I found some that were unusually attractive and well worth the money at \$3.50. They will make ideal wedding gowns, the kind that can be handed down from one generation to another,



Photo Felix

MLLE. DE SIGNY

Autumn tailor-made of light gray diagonal. The collar and large revers are faced with white cloth

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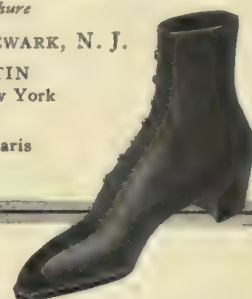
The choicest leathers, the long-time tanning, the fine custom lasts, the hand skiving and sewing—all go to make Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes what they are—the finest Shoes in the World.

Our models for Fall include all leathers and styles for Men and Women, for every occasion of street, dress and sporting wear. Prices, \$8.00 to \$15.00. Let us tell you where the fashionable Thomas Cort footwear may be seen and critically compared.

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¶ The fashionable woman knows that her figure is made by the corset. She may have beautiful lines from the artist's point of view, but she knows that her form must be modelled by the corset into the contour which is the mode.

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represent the best there is in corset designing and making. ¶ Every part of the figure in a Redfern is *relaxed*. This pliancy, while not due to any one feature, is largely due to the nature of the boning which is the *rarest whalebones*.

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and look as stunning fifty or sixty years from now as they do to-day. Several brides of the past spring season had the sentiment to wear their grandmothers' wedding gowns. I think the idea is lovely, only so few girls of the present generation stop to think of the pleasure they may be giving

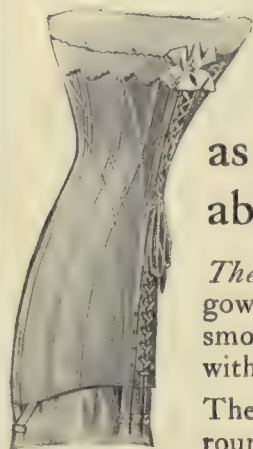
their granddaughters by selecting a material and style of wedding gown that will always be artistic.

The Vantine brocaded crêpes and satins will require little other ornamentation beyond a bit of good lace for the neck and sleeve trimming. This should, of course,

be hand-made lace, of whatever kind the bride likes best. If she be the possessor of some lovely old lace that has been in the family for some time she is indeed lucky.

One word about the arrangement of the veil. The lace veil is only within the reach of the very wealthy, unless it is a family possession, hence the tulle veil is that generally worn. It should be sufficiently long to reach the end of the train, which is only moderately long. The objection to much of the tulle sold for veils is that it is too stiff to hang in graceful folds. I believe that there is a wide tulle made now which is not stiff. Even so, it is not becoming to mass a great bunch of tulle on the head. It

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They lace in front, which is essential to the style of gown now in fashion. Its close fitting requires the smoothness of contour impossible with back lacing.

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New Model English "Norfolk" Polo coat shown by Franklin Simon & Co., Fifth Ave., N. Y. Made of both imported and domestic Polo cloth in white, tan or grey

is a good thing to get your milliner to make you a narrow white satin bandeau that will entirely encircle the head. This bandeau must fit your head and be not more than half an inch wide. Then take the end of tulle that is to be draped on the head and round off the corners. It must be doubled down the centre so as to get the corners even, and should be trimmed from the shoulder up. This does away with a lot of the tulle, and the rest can be plaited or shirred to the bandeau. Then add a little lace cap with a deep lace frill to fall on the hair. Or the tulle can be so arranged as to form the centre of the cap, and only the

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Dainty, Durable Marquisette

The ideal fabric for the dis-
cerning woman of fashion

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The Leading Fashion Magazine

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The latest imported styles and
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A unique opportunity to see what will
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lace ruffle is required to hide the raw edges of the tulle. This cap is sewed to the bandeau, and all that is necessary when the bride is ready to don her veil is two short, white-headed hatpins to keep the bandeau in place. I have used the bandeau for a dozen years or more, and the brides whose veils I have arranged have never been worn out at the last moment by the maladministrations of a flustered hairdresser, for the veil can be arranged on the bandeau a week in advance if necessary.

But to return to Vantine. They have some of the new Chinese brocades that will be so much used for hats this autumn. These are intensely vivid combinations of colors that only Eastern people, aside from the French, know how to handle. The Chinese surpass any other of the Eastern nations in the artistic combination of color, as these rich brocades well illustrate. Even in the least expensive of them the colors are admirably combined. These brocades, while they are much seen in the French model hats, could be admirably used for the ornamentation of house gowns, and in small quantities for tailored suits.

While black and white combinations of color continue to be favored, we shall see a greater use of rather brilliant color than has been in vogue for some years. Browns in the medium and light shades, which include tans, purple on both the blue and reddish tinges, the golden shades of yellow, and the yellowish shades of red are among the new ideas in color that are much spoken of wherever those who are interested in the new fashions are gathered. There are various reasons given for this tendency to brighter colors, but the probability is that those authorities who are responsible for the revival realize that the many women have grown rather tired of the sombre hues in which they have been attired for the past two or three years, and crave a change; therefore, the time is opportune for the introduction of shades.

For the last three years women have been wearing blue serge almost as though they were an army and blue serge the accepted uniform. It has the advantage of being generally a good wearing material, though the most expert judge can never tell the serge that will be immune from wearing shiny. The English and Scotch mixtures are even more reliable for their excellent wearing qualities. They are splendid in the different weights for the construction of separate coats as well as tailored suits.

There are a great many double-faced cloths for separate coats. The smartest of these have the reverse side of the same color as the outer surface, but of a slightly different shade. Or these plain colored coatings have the plain reverse side of a decidedly bright contrasting color, as, for example, a dull tan surface has a reverse of royal purple. The coats are full length and button over well to one side by two or three buttons placed just below the waistline. There are all sorts of wide collars,



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Silks of doubtful or unknown
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¶ For whatever purpose, for whatever fashion where silk is used, there is a Genuine R. & T. Silk to supply your need; safest in style, surest in quality, most dependable in value. To know R. & T. Silks is to enjoy perfect satisfaction.

¶ R. & T. Silks for Fall and Winter season of 1911 and 1912 embrace every silken fabric decreed by the highest fashion authorities, as well as many original and exclusive fabrics of most fascinating and distinctive character not to be found in any other make. Sold in all stores where good merchandise is sold. Always look for this mark on the selvage—

"Genuine *R&T* Silks"

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LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP

(A Nameless Sentiment)

With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL

Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naively, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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cuffs and soft revers for these handsome cloth coats, which are made of the reverse side of the cloth.

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HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

A new idea in the construction of screens seems almost impossible. Yet I came across one the other day that struck me as both unique and clever. The screen itself was a four-fold one, which could be so turned back as to imitate a three-fold one. But the oddity in the screen was that each fold had a sliding panel that looked somewhat like a tiny window. It was arranged in a Japanese lattice design that was very artistic. This sliding panel was about one foot high and occupied the lower portion of the upper part of the screen. The top part was a solid panel with a view of the famous Japanese mountain. One can imagine all sorts of artistic possibilities and decorations in the use of such a screen. For instance, by placing growing plants back of the screen one could obtain the effect of a vast amount of space in a confined interior. And the price, fifteen dollars, is so modest for this new screen that it is really worth experimenting with by women with artistic tendencies for decorations.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
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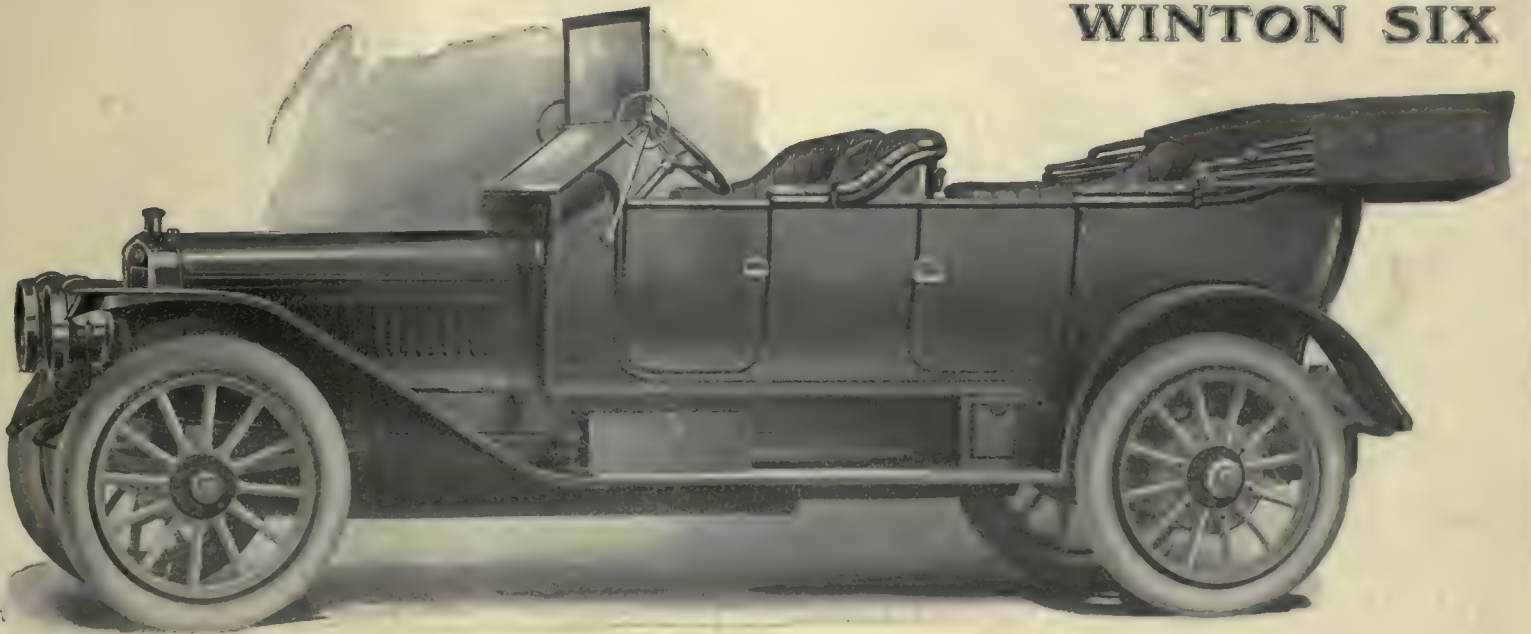
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or makes it run better or endure longer.

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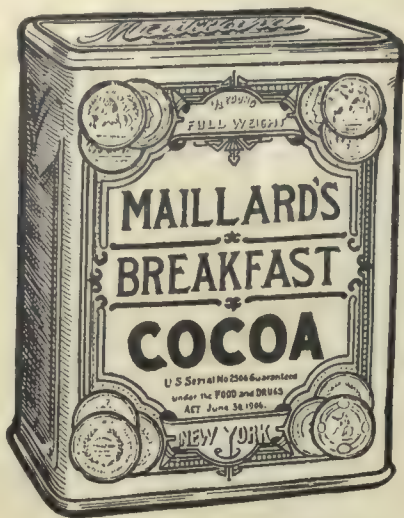
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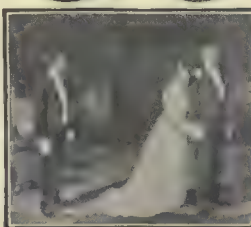
Mar. March 1916 Lyceum Theatre
The Lion & the Mouse

LYCEUM THEATRE

The Lion and the Mouse.

Specimen Pages

Specimen Pages



THE success with which *The Theatre Record* was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

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Specimen Pages

Here's a sample of the Play and Player.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



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THE THEATRE

VOL. XIV

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 128

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



...ne more attractive, per-
...is masculine effrontery.
...w amusing comicalities
...professor has his class
...red girl eagerly replies,
...“This horrible English
...Another girl ventures
...en asked how a certain
...in conviction: “It is not
...dener and caretaker of
...whiskers of a type to
...He sings a song enti-
...pe moment. The opera
...n parts, contains some
...h afford that compen-
...pieces of the kind.

Musical comedy in three
...n with this cast:

...ge Jean Morrell
...ing Louise Orth
...th Gladys Feldman
...el Marie Baxter
...nd Blanche Buchanan
...th Dorothy Sauls
...s Dorothy Wilcox
... Natalie Seymour
... Julian Eltinge

...son in which a female
...s college. The com-
...Widow” than is usual
...rpose of humor goes
...g the perversion of
...on of a woman by a
...personality, exercises
...anges to make you
...k of a college boy,
...y which tend to give

Copyright Charles Frohman Thais Lawton as
Act III
SCENE IN HUBER

...rtab”
...PIRE THEATRE
...en as M... Summer



SCENE IN "THE KISS WALTZ," THE NEW VIENNESE OPERETTA BY MM. ZIEHRER & WOODWARD; AMERICAN VERSION BY EDGAR SMITH. NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK

IRVING PLACE. "OEDIPUS REX."
Drama by Sophocles. Produced August 21 with the following cast:

Œdipus, King of Thebes.....	John E. Kellerd	A Boy	Dorothy Vernon
Jocasta, his wife	Lillian Kingsbury	A Messenger from Corinth..	E. Cushman
Antigone } their	Constance Vernon	A Messenger	Aubrey Boucicault
Ismene } children }	Arline Dewey	A Shepherd	P. J. Kelly
Priest of Zeus	Mayne Lynton	A Senator	George Manning
Creon, brother of Jocasta.....	Eric Blind	Another Senator	Arthur Goodsall
Teiresias	Charles James	A Hand-Maiden (Debut)...	Agnes Miller

Circumstances compelled John E. Kellerd to begin his season of the legitimate at the Irving Place Theatre later than he intended, while fate forced him to close it earlier than he anticipated. But the experimental venture was not without its lessons and its results. Brief though it was, it emphasized Mr. Kellerd's standing as an actor of deserved repute, sound training, indefatigable purpose and poetical ideal. Who but an enthusiast would select Sophocles for a summer solstician season? Who but a seeker after lofty flights would pin his faith to Œdipus and Hamlet with the thermometer haunting the advanced eighties and the humidity ranging between ninety and a hundred?

And yet the large audience gathered at the playhouse on the evening of Aug. 21 were well rewarded for their physical inconvenience by the really intelligent, thoughtful and impressive performance which he and his associates gave of the fateful history of the ill-starred King of Thebes. It was the first time that the Sophoclean tragedy had been given in its entirety in English in this city. When the late George Riddle presented his memorable production at Booth's in 1882, he spoke the original text, while Georgia Cayvan, as Jocasta, and others declaimed in English. Mounet Sully's superb performance of Œdipus in French, at the Knickerbocker later, is a memory to those who saw it that will ever linger with grateful recollection. But the French player wisely let the curtain drop at intervals. Mr. Kellerd elected to play it through without a break, an artistic mistake—even though the unities were preserved—since two hours of continuous declamation is a strain too severe upon even an enthusiast.

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

It is hardly necessary to recite in detail the story of the Theban King so mercilessly pursued by the fates.

Outwardly Mr. Kellerd presented a striking picture of the fear-haunted Œdipus. If in his devotion to pure Hellenic standards he neither as the protagonist nor the producer varied enough the movement, he declaimed his long passages with splendid variety, feeling, force and passion. And in the several scenes of anxiety, fear, horror, remorse and deep, abiding love for his children he was always sound, frequently deeply sympathetic, and on one or two occasions tragically supreme. Earnest and intense, there was a fine purpose to Lillian Kingsbury's Jocasta, the mother-wife, but the note of modernity was too pronounced. Eric Blind was a bold and resonant Creon, Charles James an imposing

and well-read Teiresias, P. J. Kelly a plaintive shepherd, and Aubrey Boucicault a handsome and emotionally effective Messenger. The so-to-speak editorial comments of the chorus were entrusted to two senators. Their dicta, be it said, was mercifully cut.

During the remainder of his engagement Mr. Kellerd appeared in the title rôle of "Macbeth," a part he had played many times with Modjeska, and Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," both personations of sterling worth. As the Prince of Denmark, Mr. Kellerd appeared for the first time in this city as Hamlet. This much-acted rôle—the goal of every ambitious player—is at Mr. Kellerd's hands a personation of vigorous reality, rather than introspective suggestion. Filial devotion is nicely expressed in the scene with the Ghost, and fiery fervor in the interview with the Queen-mother. It is a temperamental manifestation of the vacillating tendencies of a big character, but not an inspired one. In the support was a youthfully feminine Ophelia, Viola Fortescue, and an alert and engaging Laertes, Aubrey Boucicault.

Polonius was played by Louis Dean, Horatio by Edwin Cushman, and Claudius by Eric Blind.

The Newest Style Quarter

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HERALD SQUARE. "Miss Jack." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Mark E. Swan. Music by William F. Peters. Produced on September 4 with the following cast:

Jack Hayward.....	Bothwell Browne	Kitty Severance.....	Kathryn Hurst
Evelyn Stanley.....	Olive Ulrich	Bessie McGregor.....	Billie Francis
Nellie Trevor.....	Suzanne Rocamora	Yvette Lascelles.....	Julia Carle
Otto Von-Hertz.....	James B. Carson	Genevieve Castleton...	Evelyn Raymond
Silas Bean.....	Jonathan Keefe	Marietta Montgomery...	Charlotte Corbett
Eudora Marshall.....	May McCabe	Dollie.....	Carrie Watts
Bob Marshall.....	Ernest F. Young	Mollie.....	Bernice McCabe
Marcie Brook.....	Rose Beaudett	Polle.....	Graycie Conklin
Olive Brook.....	Hazel Cox	Ollie.....	Edna Garrick
Chuckie Berton.....	Carl Stall	Hollie.....	Annie Ray
Didon.....	Harry Browne	Maizie.....	Helene Weimer
Alice Benton.....	Kalene Carter	Daisy.....	Mabel VyVan
Dolores Mendoza.....	Bessie Sessions	Lottie.....	Billy Wilburn
Inez Cathorpe.....	Claire Tiegen	Tottie.....	Nora Hamilton
Nora Fitzgerald.....	Viola Williams	Dottie.....	Nettie Hamilton
	Grace Pendleton.....	Gladys Breston	

The invasion of the stage proper by "female impersonators" is not to be taken seriously as a portent of evil. It is too futile. The boundaries of such possible drama as may be used for the exploitation of these performers are so limited that the whole matter is reduced to an absurdity at the outset. The formula now used seems to be the only feasible one for plays of the kind. It is this: A young man in love with a girl in a seminary finds that the only way to win her is to disguise himself in feminine attire and gain admission into the sacred precincts of the school, whereupon, in an opera, the band begins to play. In the course of the evening's entertainment the female impersonator, *apropos* of nothing, gives an Egyptian snake dance, after the manner of Gertrude Hoffmann. Mr. Bothwell Browne does this with remarkable skill and some grace, with alternations of feminine languor and ferocity of passion. It is an exhibition that one may witness with indifferent curiosity. Mr. Browne changes his feminine attire frequently. He dresses in tights and leads the chorus. We might grant that the logic of the action required Mr. Browne to don the dress of a woman, but his subsequent performances in tights are not within the limits of reason or theatrical decency. The treacle of musical comedy is not for a man masquerading as a woman. There is and can be no question about that. Mr. Browne does his work well, but that does not help matters. As an opera "Miss Jack" is a makeshift filled with the customary allurements, and its real women are all the more attractive, perhaps, because of the foil they have in this masculine effrontery. Apart from the uninteresting story, a few amusing comicalities were interjected with effect. A French professor has his class in spelling. "Spell 'new.'" A fluffy-haired girl eagerly replies, "knew." The professor tears his hair. "This horrible English 'langwich,' with its 'k' before the 'n.'" Another girl ventures "gnu." The professor gives it up. When asked how a certain Russian name is pronounced he says with conviction: "It is not pronounced; you just think it." The gardener and caretaker of the seminary is a countryman with chin whiskers of a type to be found at this time on the stage only. He sings a song entitled "Deacon Pettigree" that served its little moment. The opera itself, commonplace and labored as it is in parts, contains some musical numbers and dances of merit which afford that compensation which is almost inevitably found in pieces of the kind.

LIBERTY. "THE FASCINATING WIDOW." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Hauerbach. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Lankton Wells.....	Edward Garvie	Ethel Eldridge.....	Jean Morrell
Tuthill Leffingwell...	James Spottswood	Maisie Mannering.....	Louise Orth
Oswald Wentworth.....	Lionel Walsh	Lottie Lovedale.....	Gladys Feldman
Rev. Wilbur Watts.....	Charles W. Butler	Bessie Bothwell.....	Marie Baxter
Nick Bulgier.....	James E. Sullivan	Harriet Halford.....	Blanche Burnham
John Wilson.....	Frank Wentworth	Nellie Northrup.....	Dorothy Sanders
Mrs. Leffingwell.....	Carrie E. Perkins	Rholla Rollins.....	Dorothy Wilcox
Margaret Leffingwell...	Winona Winter	Cissie Cyril.....	Natalie Seymour
Tessie Danforth.....	June Mathis	Mrs. Monte.....	Julian Eltinge
Ivy Tracy.....	Natalie Alt	Hal Blake.....	

In the second musical comedy of the season in which a female impersonator appears we again have the girl's college. The comedy is more consistent in "The Fascinating Widow" than is usual in musical plays, with the result that the purpose of humor goes far toward correcting and counterbalancing the perversion of nature and common sense in the impersonation of a woman by a man. Mr. Julian Eltinge has an engaging personality, exercises a certain deference toward the public, and manages to make you feel that his acting is foolery and the prank of a college boy. Various characters are employed in the play which tend to give



Sarony

LOUISE RUTTER

Seen as Margaret Summers in "Passers-By" at the Criterion

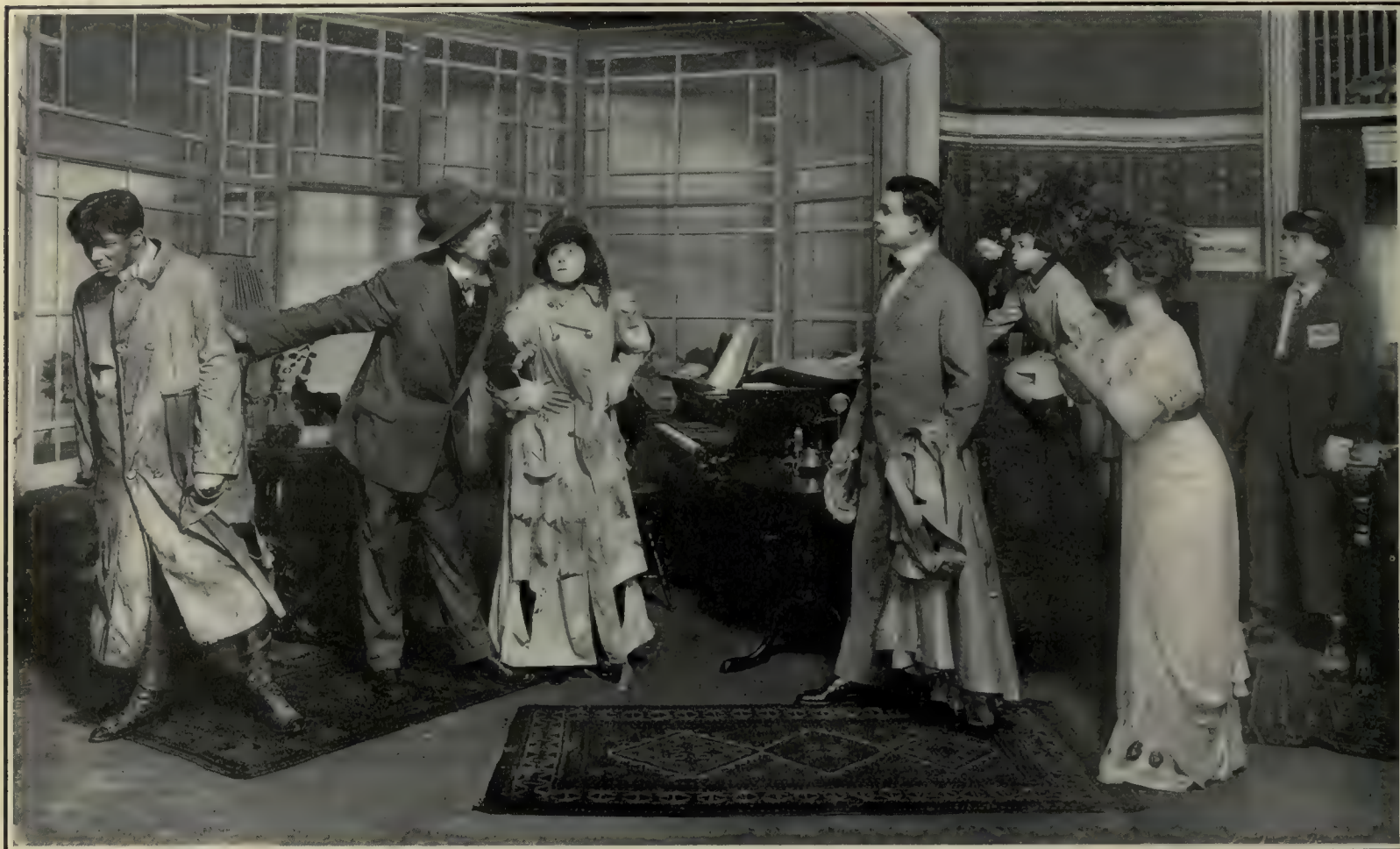
it the effect of comedy rather than a pretext for the exhibition of Mr. Eltinge's achievements in the mimicry of a handsome widow. Many of these incidents are very old. The Matron of the dormitory and the college Chaplain both partake of what was thought to be a harmless punch and make the familiar exhibition of themselves under its influence. The rival of the Fascinating Widow is an effeminate young man who is engaged to the girl to win whom Mr. Eltinge comes in the guise of the handsome and attractive widow. Mr. Eltinge is first seen as a college youth before the plan is formed for his disguise. On very slight occasion he knocks his rival down. This is not a justifiable act, but it is supposed to prove his manliness. In the re-

not an illusion. The feminine charm in the piece was exercised by Miss Natalie Alt, who sings delightfully and dances prettily. "The Rag Time College Girl" is an effective number which may be singled out from others of efficient quality.

EMPIRE. "A SINGLE MAN." Comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced September 4 with the following cast:

Robin Worthington.....	John Drew	Isabella Worthington.....	Louise Drew
Henry Worthington.....	Ivan Simpson	Louise Parker.....	Thais Lawton
Dickie Cottrell.....	Thomas Kelly	Bertha Sims.....	Helen Bolte
Lady Cottrell.....	Clara Bracy	Gladys.....	Lewis Seymour
Maggie Cottrell.....	Carroll McComas	Mrs. Higson.....	Cecilia Radcliffe
Miss Heseltine.....	Mary Boland	The Nurse.....	Frances Comstalk

"The regulation John Drew play" is the popular verdict of this new four-act comedy by Hubert Henry Davies. That Mr. Drew



White Larry Constable Martha Edwin Wise Jessup Wizzy Victoria Bill Green
(Frank Broder) (Joseph Buckley) (Eleanor Hicks) (Orrin Johnson) (Thomas R. Tobin, Jr.) (Oza Waldrop) (John M. Stahl)
Act II. The arrest of the chauffeur and the maid for joy riding
SCENE IN LEE WILSON DODD'S NEW COMEDY, "SPEED," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

maining acts he is the Fascinating Widow. In order to break off the match between the rival and his sweetheart he sets out to fascinate his rival. He is successful in this and becomes engaged to him. In the last act the wedding ceremony is to be performed, and Eltinge appears as the bride. It is needless to say that the ceremony is interrupted; that at the proper moment the Fascinating Widow tears off her headdress and reveals herself as Eltinge. We have said that the comedy has a consistent action, although old, but it cannot be fairly said that there is any illusion at any time as to the character. In the very nature of the case this is impossible. Mr. Eltinge performs an Oriental dance, but he is not accomplished with his feet. His mimicry is satirical and is not always offensive. However, we cannot bring ourselves to laud his present effort; and we cannot believe that the public will encourage for any length of time this form of entertainment. Mr. Eltinge has proved himself in this play to be an actor of no mean qualities, and with his sense of humor he did much to relieve the performance of questionable features. And yet, it is impossible to make such performances entirely harmless. They will run their brief course and there will soon be an end to them. They are in no strict sense professional. The very definition of an amateur is one who is trying to do something he cannot do. No female impersonator can really act anything but himself. He may achieve an imitation, but

and his kind of play have a large following is a clearly established fact. We have positive assurance in advance of an evening's enjoyment of polite and kindly, if not profound or brilliant, legitimate comedy, interpreted with *finesse* and gayety just tingled with sentiment—qualities all too rare in present-day dramatic art. No nerves will be unstrung nor morals unbalanced by the little love-story of Robin Worthington, bachelor, aged 43, who suddenly awakens at this mature period of life to the rejuvenating and generally beneficial effects of a marriage for love. "A man is middle-aged only once," he reflects, and the surest way to grasp the opportunity of happiness appears to be to marry Maggie Cottrell, a pretty little romp of a girl not half his age. He may be too old for her, but she is not too young for him—so he persuades himself. A few games of tennis and a luncheon fight with the youngsters set him to thinking—yet the match still appears fixed and fated and the wiles of a certain Louise Parker, who makes a dead set at the eligible bachelor, never touch him. Something is in the air that is going to save him from what he instinctively feels will be the awful error of marrying Maggie, but he cannot imagine what it is, neither can anybody else in the play. To every soul in the audience—the thoroughly schooled John Drew audience—his finish is in plain sight, and has been from the start. The "one best bet" for him is Miss Heseltine, the pretty stenographer to whom he has been "dictating" for years

without ever noticing that it is a genuine case of perfect mutual affinity. This is as it should be; and in the cozy little champagne supper scene which clinches matters Mary Boland achieves such an exquisite denotement of warm, womanly impulse breaking through demure modesty and proper pride, that one wonders how it could ever have been said that this leading lady's rôle in relation to the star was one of self-effacement. She fairly shares honors, in this third act at least, with Mr. Drew. Thais Lawton, in the unalluring part of Louise Parker, the would-be intellectual siren, scores a marked success of characterization.

PLAYHOUSE. "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE." Comedy in four acts by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on August 24 last with the following cast:

Joseph Sutton, Edmund Forde; Dana Willets, Frank Kendrick; George Fuller, Lindsay J. Hall; Clarence Macklin, Francis Carlyle; Sir Spencer Dreever, Arthur Lacey; Robert Pitt, Douglas Fairbanks; "Spike" Mullins, Elmer Booth; Lady Blunt, Ruth Chester; Sir Thomas Blunt, Roland Rushton; Mollie Creedon, Ruth Shepley; Philip Creedon, George Fawcett; Walter Langdon, Leon Kendrick; Harold Ames, Harry K. Jones; Reginald Oakes, Bert Daube; Basil Pierce, Carl Mann; Jepson, Lawrence Dwight; John Coleman, Louis Mason; Herman Schultz, Charles Hartman.

The burglarious idea has become an important and pervasive theme in modern theatrical literature. Captain Swift, Raffles, Arsene Lupin, Jimmy Valentine, Deep Purple personalities, etc., have all had their vogue on the regular boards, while the number of shoplifters, petty larcenists, second story men and felons in general who have done time on the vaudeville stage would tax the seating capacity of Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island combined.

Now comes a comedy in which an amateur cracksman, to win a bet, finds himself in partnership with one who utilizes jimmies as a profession. They burglarize the house of a deputy commissioner of police, whose daughter's charms have completely won the heart of one Robert Edgar Willoughby Pitt, the amateur in question. If not obvious, the complications which follow may be surmised; but in these respects the authors of "A Gentleman of Leisure," Messrs. John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, have

displayed not a little ingenuity and a very proportionate sense of what goes to make up an effective farce. For Mr. Douglas Fairbanks' new stellar medium at the Playhouse is farce, not comedy. At this stage of the game no discussion is needed to determine where the distinguishing line is to be drawn. "A Gentleman of Leisure" is very pleasing entertainment. The first and second acts are sustained in the force of their movement and comic vitality. The second wobbles, and the fourth—there should never be a fourth in farce—serves a hurried and useful purpose in straightening out what is patent to any theatregoer of even limited experience. There is some excellent character drawing in the piece, and the dialogue possesses the salient nip of the up-to-date.

As the amateur cracksman Douglas Fairbanks has a rôle well suited to his bustling nervous personality. He acts with zest and swirling vitality. He is here, there and everywhere; alert and resourceful to the every twist of the comic entanglement; nor is his sense of subdued romance lacking in the rounding out of this not too subtle part. There is a big company needed to tell the story of "A Gentleman of Leisure," but only three or four bear the real brunt; Big Phil, the Police Commissioner, played with appropriate brusqueness by George Fawcett; Sir Spencer Dreever, Bart, who was presented by Arthur Lacey, suggested more the Swede than the Briton, and Mollie Creedon, "created," shall it be said, by Ruth Shepley, a young woman of engaging beauty. The piece has since moved to the Globe.

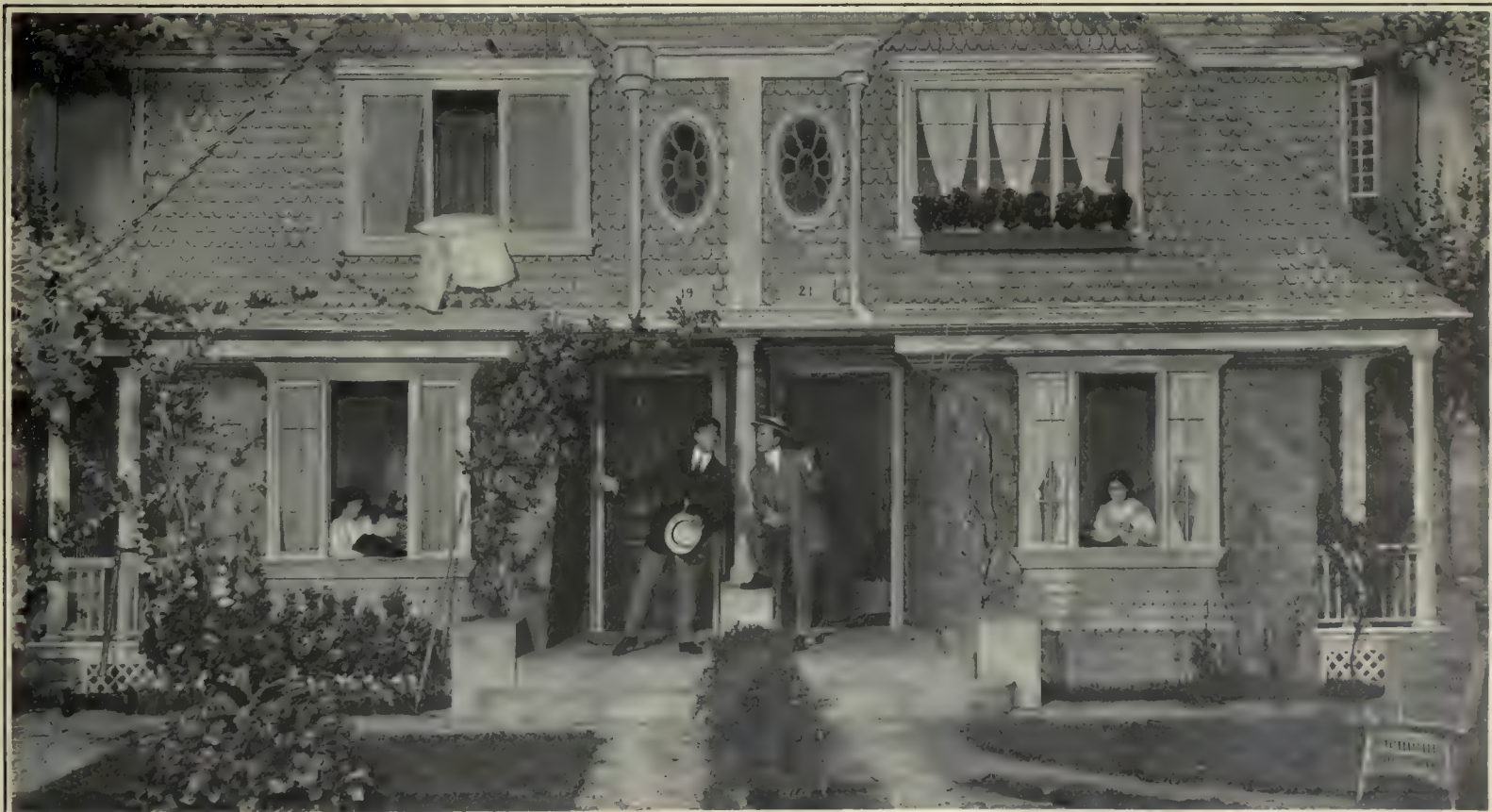
HUDSON. "SNOBS." Farce in three acts by George Bronson-Howard. Produced September 4 with the following cast:

"Buck" Reade.....Regan Hughston	Louisa Lanvale.....Eva MacDonald
Henry Disney.....Frank McIntyre	Club-Boy.....Olaf Vide
Nondas Parkyn.....Willette Kershaw	Bradley Fairfax.....John Cumberland
Phipps Maynadier.....Orlando Daly	Milly.....Helen Bond
Mrs. Beauregard.....Katherine Stewart	Usher at Theatre.....William Calvert
Olive Stanley, Roy Scott, and others.	Sergeant McNutt.....Walter Craven

Frank McIntyre, the *insouciant* heavyweight comedian of "The Traveling Salesman," who has the figure of President Taft



Bangs
GUY BATES POST
Who will star in "The Great Desire," a new play by Edward Childs Carpenter



White

Gerty Robbins
(Pamela Gaythorne)

John Robbins Harry Miller
(Arthur Byron) (Frederick Tiden)

Alice Miller
(Alice John)

Act. I. Harry Miller: "Not a bad pair of girls, eh?"

SCENE IN "THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE," RECENTLY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



Photo Byron

Edwin Holt

Mary Nash

Jane Peyton

John W. Cope

Act. II. The telephone operator under examination

SCENE IN WILLIAM C. DE MILLE'S NEW COMEDY-DRAMA, "THE WOMAN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

and almost as large a popular following, has been fitted by George Bronson Howard with a new three-act play entitled "Snobs," also designated (by the author) as a "satirical farce." In one essential respect the venture seems to be successful—it certainly provides the star with a "fat" part. As a study of snobs and snobbery the piece is a flimsy pretext. As a picture of life anywhere, in any stratum of society, it belongs in the newspaper comic section. It is superficially lifelike, however, in its deft adaptation of the current slang of the day; and as this is Mr. McIntyre's specialty, he is able to make it continuously entertaining to audiences that are thus easily entertained. His rôle is that of a milkman who wakes up one morning to find himself a lawful, legitimate and gilt-edged English duke. His game to try himself on social snobdom, and "let them do some guessing." When he goes to the country club wearing blue spats and a suit of shepherd's plaid checks, and carries a bludgeonlike cane to the theatre box party, his disguise naturally proves impenetrable. Complications begin. With the aid of assault and battery, and some melodramatic gun-play at the psychological moment, all ends happily, and the titled milkman thrills the girl of his choice—Miss Nondas Parkyn, the millionaire preserve man's daughter—into accepting his proposal that she become "Mrs. Duke." England's peerage has fallen upon evil days, of late; but here we have it presented in a striking and novel aspect.

LYCEUM. "THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE." Comedy in three acts by Elmer Harris. Produced Sept. 5 with this cast:

John Robbins, Arthur Byron; Gerty Robbins, Pamela Gaythorne; Harry Miller, Frederick Tiden; Alice Miller, Alice John.

Here is a neat little comedy quartette—the entire *dramatis personæ* consist of two young married couples, living in twin suburban cottages—which, as mounted and played at the elegant Lyceum, is a mildly entertaining curio in its way. It must

be of continental European origin, judging from its deft simplicity of construction; and certainly its theme is one which no American or English playwright would ever dream of taking up first-hand. It tells the story of two men who make a friendly bargain to exchange wives, but after a week's trial of the mutual substitution, as preliminary to divorce proceedings, decide to call the matter off. The various equivocal situations necessary to the working out of this plot are all in the present version, yet throughout there is not one obnoxious line of dialogue.

Mrs. Robbins is gay and dressy, but no housekeeper, whereas her husband yearns for the simple life and home cooking. Mrs. Miller is a splendid cook, and looks the part, but her domestic qualities make no hit with her spouse, who is a bit of a sport. Neither household keeps a servant. Each husband admires his neighbor's wife and calls her by her first name, and *vice versa*. It is not the usual "triangle," but as a quadrilateral the arrangement has its complications. The "swap" is negotiated ostensibly because John Robbins is dissatisfied with his meals, and Harry Miller is ashamed to take his frowsy-looking wife to the theatre to see a "girl show." The wives say they will try the experiment just to teach their husbands a lesson. They fix it up to make Robbins believe Alice Miller a heartless coquette and shrew, and Miller to discover that the real Gertie Robbins is a lazy slattern. Of course, it is all make-believe, and the *statu quo* is finally restored, as if nothing had happened. The play is now on exhibition in other cities.



Photo Byron

John W. Cope

Mary Nash

Act. I. Jim Blake tries to bribe the operator

SCENE IN "THE WOMAN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

HARRIS. "MAGGIE PEPPER." Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced August 31 with this cast:

Hattie Murphy, Agnes Marc; Imogene Kelly, Helen Dahl; Miss Morton, Rachel Arliss; Elevator Boy, Stuart Robson; Jake Rothschild, Lee Kohlmar; Mrs. Thatcher, Eleanor Lawson; John Hargen, Grant Stewart; Ethel Hargen, Jeanette Horton; Murchison, Herbert Ayling; Joe Holbrook, Frederick Truesdell; Maggie Pepper, Rose Stahl; Ada Darkin, Beverly Sitgreaves; Zaza, Beatrice Prentice; Johanna, Marie Hudson; Johnson, W. J. Kline; James Darkin, J. H. Benrimo; Detective Bailey, Lawrence Eddinger.

The objection to the starring system, so often urged, is not altogether sound. In life there are characters who attract our attention and compel our interest in a degree not shared by the subordinate people engaged with them in some performance. There are certain great events, it is true, that, in the complication of circumstances, are more important and interesting than any one individual. There are plays, likewise, in which no one individual is absolutely dominant; but if all plays were without this leading character whom the managers conveniently call the star, the stage would soon decline to nothing. When an actor is fitted

time the young owner of the shop, who has been neglecting his business and spending his time in Europe, returns. He knows nothing of the business. In a talk with Maggie, who does not know his identity, he discovers the state of affairs, takes charge of the business and makes Maggie his secretary. He is engaged to be married to the daughter of the manager who is so inimical to Maggie, and here the action fairly begins. The outcome of the affair thus begun establishes the interest. Maggie, who was in trouble when introduced to us, from this point on has to struggle with adverse and melodramatic happenings. She has a thiev-



Copyright Chas. Frohman

Rosalie Toller
Beatrice: "You love Margaret Summers?"

Richard Bennett



Copyright Chas. Frohman

Ernest Lawford
Samuel (Mr. Lawford): "I found me cap."

Baby Davis

SCENES IN C. HADDON CHAMBERS' NEW PLAY, "PASSERS-BY," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

by nature and prepared by his art for certain parts it would be to reduce playwriting to an absurdity to deny the actor his rights. In acting the matter of quality comes first. Miss Rose Stahl pleased the public and was at her best in a play in which she exhibited qualities of heart and expressed her observations in a pithy way, although her medium was slang. The public naturally wanted to see her in something of the same kind, and Mr. Charles Klein has met this demand in "Maggie Pepper." That a play written for a star can serve the purpose without being a particularly good play cannot be denied, but here we have many compensations that atone in good measure for this shortcoming. The action takes place, for the most part, in the business offices of a department store. Mr. Klein conveys to the stage with great fidelity the circumstances of the experiences of Maggie Pepper, who occupies a responsible position in the office, one in which she sees the business declining through bad management and in which she is suppressed in the exercise of her good sense and fine ability. She deserves a higher position. The manager of the shop clashes with her and she is about to resign. At this

ing sister-in-law whom she finds it impossible to reform, but out of love for the daughter of this uncomfortable person she gets her out of her difficulties. The sister-in-law has a brutal and disreputable husband, who takes advantage of Maggie's protection of his wife and seeks to blackmail her. He comes to Maggie's house, where his wife has found refuge, and while there, suspicious of the presence of a man in the house, he breaks open a door, fires at the man and flees. This man is wounded and remains in the house in hiding until he recovers. The complication is that the victim of the shot is the owner of the store, who had visited Maggie to urge her to marry him. The circumstances bring about the breaking off of the match between the young man and the manager's daughter, with the result that Maggie, after all her troubles, marries the man whose business she had saved. It is plain to see that in its plot this is a makeshift of a play, but it serves its purpose. In spite of its melodramatic features, the play is filled with evidences of Mr. Klein's skill as a dramatist. A very unusual and well-handled scene is where the young owner visits Maggie in order

(Continued on page ix)

Mme. Simone to Act Here in English

Mme. Simone, the distinguished French actress who is coming to America this month on her first visit, is a remarkable woman both in her professional and private life. In Paris she is the most famous of the younger tragediennes, and here in America her art will, perhaps, be even more appreciated than that of Bernhardt, for the reason that, speaking English fluently, she will act in the vernacular. In private life Mme. Simone is the wife of M. Claude Casimir-Perier, son of the late French President. Her first husband was M. Le Bargy, the well-known matinée idol of the Théâtre Français, whom she divorced.

The daughter of a wealthy Paris banker, Mme. Simone is one of the most highly educated women in France. She speaks several languages and has translated Shelley into French. She had no thought of becoming an actress until after her marriage to M. Le Bargy. It was he who discovered her histrionic gifts, and immediately started to train her for the stage. She proved an amazingly apt pupil, and her success astonished even her husband.



AS MARIE LOUISE IN "THE THIEF"



AS SAPHO



She made her début in "Le Détour," by Bernstein, in 1902, and the following year she appeared at the Gymnase as Judith in "Le Retour de Jerusalem," by Maurice Donnay. Other impersonations were Eveline in "Le Bercail" and Helen in "La Rafale," both plays by Bernstein. Her greatest hit, however, was as the wife in Bernstein's sensational play, "Le Voleur" ("The Thief"). She played the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler" and Therese in Porto-Riche's play, "Le Vieil Homme."

Like most Parisian actresses, Mme. Simone has a genius for dress, and her gowns in themselves will be a great drawing card. She will open the season in New York this present month under the management of the Messrs. Liebler. Three plays have been selected for the start. They are "Feodora," "The Thief," and Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine," known in English as "The Lady of Dreams."

Mme. Simone is a deeply emotional actress, and gives the impression of having limitless depths of feeling back of that which she reveals in her acting. She has on the Quai de Billy a beautiful home, which displays that her taste in furnishing is as exquisite as that in dress.



White

MIKAIL MORDKIN
Of the Imperial Russian Ballet in his new War Dance of the Red Indian

Grievances of a Deadhead

I AM a "deadhead." For many years I have had the entrée to theatres in New York and other cities, and I suppose I have sat through as many bad plays—with some good ones, of course—as most men. Necessarily my acquaintance with men authorized to issue passes has been large and varied. So, in remarking on the trials that follow, accompany and give spice to the use of a free ticket, I speak as a full-fledged member of a worthy class which seldom cares to complain publicly. And yet, there should be a limit to patient resignation, even in a deadhead.

Let us take the other side first.

Managers often declare that the "free list" is the most detestable nuisance of the amusement business. As for the individual deadhead, he is objurgated ceaselessly. Every director of a Broadway theatre, every "producer," every box-office man, ticket-taker, usher, programme boy and press agent takes a fling at him. Never an advance agent (I beg his pardon—"business manager"), or "man back with the show," comes in from the "road" without a few peppery stories of encounters with "pass fiends." The very bill-room roustabout who, with a bundle of lithographs under his arm, goes around town to get a "window showing" for the current attraction returns full of resentment against divers and sundry "guys who tried to beat me out o' passes." The venom permeates the whole theatre. From the carriage porter at the front entrance to the stage door keeper at the back, all express angry contempt for the unfortunate creature who habitually gets his stage entertainment gratis.

Clearly this attitude is unjust. Few persons get into a theatre free unless they can make some return, directly or indirectly, for the privilege. Except when the management happens to have a failure on its hands and "papers the house" indiscriminately to save appearances, the issuing of "complimentaries" is jealously restricted. A certain number are given to friends on purely personal grounds, but the majority of people who see the performance without paying in cash furnish a *quid pro quo* of some kind approved by the manager.

Yet the usually well-behaved person who occupies an orchestra chair without buying a ticket—and who is, therefore, a guest in the truest sense—is often made to feel, in several very unpleasant ways, that he is unwelcome. For instance, there is the ticket-seller. This unimpressionable being, safely intrenched behind his window, seems to go out of his way to make the man with a free ticket realize that he is admitted only on sufferance. The seasoned deadhead who goes to the box-office with a signed pass calling for seat coupons well knows what he is likely to get.

If it is one of the older theatres, in which there are posts supporting the galleries, the chances are that at least one of his two seats will be immediately behind an obstruction of that kind. Or he may be placed in the very last row, where standees in the foyer will lean over him and breathe beer and tobacco down the back of his neck and into his wife's hair. Otherwise, he is likely to find himself far over on the side, where a corner of a private box is in his way, or in a situation where he shivers in a strong draught much of the time.

There is one theatre in New York city the main approach to which is at the side of the parquette. By this arrangement a score or more of seats are directly in the path of a boisterous gale which tears in through the long vestibule from the street from the moment the doors are opened until the curtain rises. This is repeated in the *entr'actes*.

Veteran deadheads know these wind-blown seats as the "pneu-



White

GERALDINE MALONE

Popular young actress now appearing in "Havana" on the road

monia block." It is in this breezy part of the house that you will find the free ticket brigade at any performance. Paying patrons *may* occupy some of the least-exposed chairs. But seats which catch the blast head on—where women must muffle in furs, while men would like to keep their hats and overcoats on—are pretty sure to be tenanted by those whom the box-office man hates.

"Well, if they don't like the seats, let them buy tickets. Then they'll get something better."

This may not be the ticket-seller's dictum, but when you find yourself in the "pneumonia block" on a blustery winter's night you can't help thinking he is saying something like that to himself as he scowls through his little window.

It is not only when actually in the theatre that one wonders whether it really pays to accept the "courtesy of the house." Assuming that you have some sort of claim on the manager's consideration, you tell his representative, Mr. Blank, that you would like to see the performance

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ATHENIAN FLOWER FESTIVAL, "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"

ON a pinnacle high above the semi-tropic Pacific, built upon the brink of a precipice, which in rough-hewn formations falls precipitously down a tumbling canyon to the sea, old Athens has risen to a new life.

Her dramas and lores are expounded, her grave sages and fair women gather in classic garb to study and entertain, and her garlanded children make the twilight woods and grassy hill slopes ring with gleeful laughter and merry games.

It is the Golden Age of Greece that is presented in the heart of the complex present-day civilization, and a company of students on Point Loma, in Southern California, are making the following of this simplicity of ancient art-loving, nature-loving Athens a part of their lives.

Recently the Greek Theatre, a replica of the one below the Acropolis in Athens, was opened to the general public by the Theosophical students at the "Point Loma Homestead," giving a presentation of an Athenian flower festival. The evening's experience was one that is not to be duplicated in this practical, utilitarian twentieth century. Nowhere outside of Southern California and Point Loma, the international headquarters of the Theosophists, who are embodying in their lives the pursuit of perfection in beauty and truth, could such a perfect masterpiece of the blending of art and nature have been consummated. The picture hovered so closely on the borderland of the unreal in its commingled beauty—beauty so poignant in its suggestion of poetry and mystery as to rise from the plane of the material and to become one with "such stuff as dreams are made of."

As the dusk settles down about the rugged promontory which juts above the dim expanse of the Pacific, the spectators gather, threading their way through winding paths, hedged with grey shapes of shrubbery. The soft-breathing night is filled with the fresh, aromatic scent of sage and wild flowers. Attaining the brow of the hill, as by magic, at one's very feet lies the amphitheatre, the encircling tiers of stone seats falling to the central arena, and beyond, the open temple and colonnades, all gleaming palely in the encompassing dusk. And below, glimpsed through the marble pillars, the mysterious gloom of the canyon, impenetrable, vast, in its depths, the low-murmuring undertone of the sea, rising a vast elemental voice. In the velvet blackness of the heavens the limpid evening star hangs tremulous, amid the

THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT

lesser constellations spangling the unknown, unfathomable depths.

From the level, sanded floor of the amphitheatre, softly lighted with encircling torches, rises the sweet, pungent scent of incense, mingling with the fresh odors of the night, and over the brow of the hill comes the laughter of children at their games, the only sound in the stillness. Brooding in the peace of the evening, on an elevation to the right, are the groups of the Theosophical buildings of strange, almost Oriental, architecture, their walls gleaming like alabaster, their glowing domes of pearly incandescence adding a fairy phantasy to the scene. In a neighboring temple are seated a group of musicians. High on a cliff above stands another small temple, with groups of young warriors on the outlook, leaning easily on their long bows. At a nearby fountain, classically draped women, bearing on their heads graceful water urns, leisurely fill and depart with their burdens. Near and more remotely, statuary, the woodland deities, Apollo, Diane, Venus and Pallas Athene, glimmer among the shrubbery.

Who, in the witchery of the hour and the scene, lighted by the changing glow of signal fires of red and green and gold, rising at intervals from the silent hilltops and canyons, would not say, in these days of the twentieth century, it is "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream?"



ISADORA

Flitting, fairy Isadora,
Loveliest handmaid of fair Flora,
Gliding, skipping, leaping, springing,
White feet twinkling, arms wide flinging,
Seems like some sweet wildwood thing,
Or the Spirit of the Spring.

Like a winsome, happy child
Playing with the sunbeams mild;
Like the fitful firelight glimmering;
Like the humming-bird, light-poised, shimmering
Sportive as the Immortal Boy:
True embodiment of joy.



OPEN AIR GREEK THEATRE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

GREEK DRAMA IN AMERICA

It is a perfect setting for the drama—a flower-fête of the ancients. And now come the Athenians, climbing the winding path up the side of the gorge, to the temple and the forum in the groves. The procession is preceded by groups of dancing, light-footed children, whose buoyant spirits cannot match the more sedate tread of their elders. Graceful little maids, sturdy stripplings of lads, and babes, toddlers of two and three, laughing in childish glee, as they join in the sports of ball tossing on the graveled space of the amphitheatre.

The children's games—real children and real games—for they are of the Raja Yoga school of the brotherhood, are the final touch of naturalness in an exposition whose fundamental expression is the nature-note. Marvelously graceful are the small, flower-garlanded maidens in their rhythmic, mystic dances; of a wondrous perfection of intonation and enunciation are their clear, childish hymns and invocations to "Pan on his Oaten Pipes," and "To the Swallow"—fragments from the ancient Greek.

Soon, however, their sweet voices fade again into the distance and the maturer actors take the stage. Typical is the picture, men and women discussing with a grave dignity, naïve seriousness, questions of statecraft and ethics.

DUNCAN

Sacred priestess, calm and stately,
Moving rev'rent, slow, sedately;
Bending low in patient sorrow,
Visioning the mournful morrow;
Solemn eyes and veiling hair,
Ev'ry gesture breathing prayer.

Priestess of Terpsichore,
In thy winged movements free
Myriad moods of soul revealing,
Deep emotion, mighty feeling;
Sprite of spray and woodland dell,
Thou hast bound me 'neath thy spell.

ETHEL M. NELSON.



Breaking in upon the symposium come the sharp, tense notes of a bugle. At once all is alert, confused. The tranquil ease of the scene is changed. A detachment of soldiers, with clanging arms and hamlets of metal, file in, and the centre of the stage is taken by an emissary of the Spartans—lithe-limbed, young, defiant. He flings the challenge of war upon the grave Athenian leader, and upon his stately dismissal leaves behind dark threats of foreboding ill.

The air is charged with the portent of evil. The golden glow pervading the symposium fades into a greenish pallor, and the groups of startled Athenians watch from a distance the procession of votaries, approaching to perform the mystic rites and auguries for a time so momentous.

In the murky depths of the canyon flare mysterious burning fires, their intermittent glow hanging heavily with rolling smoke wreaths. Now from the cavernous gloom, mingling with the deep-throated voice of the invisible sea, arises a weird, chanting strain. Winding sinuously up the tortuous paths a flickering line of dancing lights appear—the flambeaux of the torch bearers. The devotees emerge from the murk of the abyss against the heavy, lurid background, their blood-red garments appearing and disappearing as they climb the winding path, their torches held high. At length, with stately tread, priestesses and votaries file through the pallid columns of the temple, the chant becoming a triumphant martial strain, mingling with the shrill, weird music of ancient instruments—flute and pipe and twanging harp. Following the musicians, graceful bands of confetti throwers cast their votive offerings into the air, and maidens bearing gifts of doves and garlands to propitiate the gods, follow with lightly swaying tread.

The group of Athenians stand in respectful silence as the procession continues its way up the cliff side in the blue dusk, to the temple gleaming on the star-set sky line. Then slowly the moonlit pallor of the scene merges into a warmer radiance. From the midst of the groups steps swiftly a strong, bearded figure, clad in the folds of a spotted leopard skin. The seer lifts his hands in invocation, and his vision-held gaze looking down the ages reveals another time when on Point Loma the hidden mysteries and simplicity of the Athenians would become again a part of the life of the people.

BERTHA HOFFLUND.



Sarony JULIA SANDERSON
Playing Lolotte in "The Siren" at the
Knickerbocker



White FERNANDA ELISCU
Will be seen in the new comedy-drama by Rupert Hughes,
entitled "Sadie"



Moffett MARY BOLAND
Playing Miss Heseltine in "A Single Man"
at the Empire

TWENTY years ago the man who plays the preacher better than any man on the

American stage was convinced that his *métier* was the portrayal of villains. So thoroughly was he thus convinced that he caused to be stamped at the top of such stationery as he employed for business purposes, "John Findlay, heavies." He was a good villain, too, to employ a paraphrase. Daniel Frohman thought so in the seventeen years of the Frohman-Findlay alliance, when the English actor, turned American three months after he landed in the United States, appeared in the Lyceum productions. He often cast him for sinners' parts. John Findlay's Sweedle, the thieving father of the maidservant in "The Tree of Knowledge," was a triumph of mimic villainy. Now Mr. Findlay's fame rests upon playing sweet-natured old men, especially parsons. What revolutions the dramatic wheel performs!

Yet while he has been a good player of many good parts in his thirty-three years upon the boards, that class of rôles which his audiences best remember, and those in which he has given them the greatest measure of enjoyment, has been as clergymen. Most of these have been saintly characters, the sort of men who do not preach political diatribes from the pulpit, but to whom our spirits crawl in awful moments of prostration and cry their help. His Dr. Lavender, in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," was an admirable etching of the father of a village flock, inured to the narrowness of Old Chester, yet with intellect and will that dominated it. In "The Bishop's Carriage" he was a sweet-natured, kindly-souled old ecclesiastic. In "Excuse Me" he is a simple-souled pastor of a rural flock taking a rare journey for pleasure. In all these rôles Mr. Findlay so played them that the reverent in the audience wished he would raise his hands in benediction upon them. He played the priest in "Leah the Forsaken" with Kate Bateman, and followed as the priest in Olga

Playing the Preacher

Nethersole's "Carmen." In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" this portrayer of men of the cloth suffered the double dignity of being arrested, for appearing in what the police for a time thought Bernard Shaw's impossibly wicked play. He was also the parson in "What Happened to Jones," and the cleric in "The Witch."

Mr. Findlay is of air as benign off the stage in his sack coat as on it in clerical frock. He is of face so kindly that his resemblance to the late Joseph Jefferson has often been marked. His voice has intonations with a "Bless thee, my world and all worlds!" ring in it. A smile is self-revealing. His is a mirror of good will. We were sitting in the cosy drawing room of

his artistic cottage on Staten Island. He had descended from the bough of an hundred-year-old elm to give me welcome. He set down a bucket of red paint and offered me his hand. Though he had been disturbed in his task of making war on a village of ants that had pre-empted the hollow of the tree and threatened its longevity, he looked at peace with all humanity.

"How can I, who don't know preachers, play them, as you are kind enough to say, well?" he said. "It is imagination. I imagine myself a preacher and think, 'Now, John Findlay, you are a preacher. What will you do? How will you say this? How will you do that?' I always play myself."

"Ah!" I could say no more.

The benign smile of the player of preachers followed my helpless exclamation.

"It is quite true," he said. "I have been on the stage for thirty-three years, and that is one of the chief things the stage has taught. A man always plays himself. The "make-up" is his disguise. I can come on the stage in a new "make-up" and for a time I won't be recognized by my friends in front, but I am playing myself, nevertheless."

"Yourself subdued, soft-pedalled," I suggested.



Photo White
JOHN FINDLAY IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

"Around the World" at the New York Hippodrome



ENGLAND—THE ELOPEMENT TO GREYNA GREEN



EGYPT—AT THE FOOT OF THE SPHINX



TURKEY—GARDEN OF THE VIZIER'S HAREM



SPAIN—SCENE IN SEVILLE



ITALY—MARRIAGE BY MOONLIGHT IN VENICE



Mishkin

WILLETTE KERSHAW

Appearing in the rôle of Nondas Parkyn in "Snobs" at the Hudson

"Or played *fortissimo*, as the character sometimes demands," he returned.

"But your readings," I insisted. Mr. Findlay was addressing me in the cheerful tones of a neighbor and host. I had heard his voice quaver in near-senility, and try to stifle the tremolo of grief.

"Imagination again," he replied. "First I imagine how the preacher I am to play looks. Then how he talks. I don't measure so much volume to each word. I am John Findlay feeling sad or glad, and I talk as though I were."

One reason for the excellence of the John Findlay preachers may be a predilection for the office, though not the personality of the men of the cloth. In the formative stage when a lad between games of marbles tells "what I'm going to be," little John Findlay brought upon himself the contumely of the other boys in the square by saying: "I want to be either a preacher or an actor."

"The idea was too vague to be explainable," said the

actor of priests. "But it may be that the ceremonials of the Church kindled my imagination. Or it may have been the abstract idea of godliness in man that appealed. But there has always been in the back of my mind an ideal of a beautiful, unselfish character whose field of activity was the Church. Perhaps that ideal animated my performances. I do not know."

But when the time was ripe for vocation choosing it was John Findlay's father, by nature an artist, through circumstances a business man, who chose for him. He elected neither the Church nor the stage, but law.

"I found the law very dry, and soon, incited thereto by some success in amateur theatricals, I joined the Marylebone Company in its stock season in London. That was where I met this charming lady."

The charming lady was Agnes Findlay, his wife, and mother of Misses Mabel and Gladys Findlay, both of the stage. Mrs. Findlay was an eccentric comedienne, one of those rare and luminous creatures who do not object to making themselves hideous and awe-inspiring in the interests of fun, which is exceedingly creditable to her.

We remember her for the impression she made in the farce "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" and in "The Turtle." She was a comedy element in "Jane" and in "The Power of the Press." She and their daughter Gladys were of the cast of the recent "Ticey," of brief existence.

"I played for three months in the Marylebone Stock Company for nothing," said Mr. Findlay. "My salary, when I received one, was two pounds six."

The future Mrs. Findlay taught him nothing of dramatic art, "because our lines were so different. Hers were character and eccentric comedy and I did juveniles and heavies."

Stock work in London and repertoire in the provinces, including engagements with Barry Sullivan and Beerbohm Tree, brought him up the staircase of successive juveniles to leads. He made American tours with Miss Bateman and Miss Fortescue, and it was in the company of Miss Fortescue that he came to this country. He joined the Palmer company in "Jim the Penman," and went under the Daniel Frohman management with Maude Granger in "Sweet Lavender." He was in "Mavourneen" the night ill-starred Billy Scanlon became violently insane and was removed to an asylum. He was identified with the brilliant Old Lyceum Stock Company, and remained under the management of Daniel Frohman for seventeen years. It was he who spoke the first words uttered on the stage of the New Lyceum, he playing the jester with E. H. Sothorn in "The Proud Prince."

John Findlay is one of the philosophers who cultivate content. "A fair salary, a sure place in a pleasant company, a good wife and lovely daughters. What more can a man want, my dear?" he said to his wife. "When the revenue gets a little low I take a summer stock engagement. I am a happy man."

But Mrs. Findlay was of more restless temperament. "Try to get ten dollars a week more. You're worth it," she urged.

"I am not sure of that, but I'll ask." He asked, got five, grew peevish, for him, and joined the Arnold Daly company. Mr. Daly cast him for William, the preacher-like waiter, who serves at table his educated son and the son's company of smart friends in "You Never Can Tell." The actor gave to the character of the old waiter all the contrast the author had intended, more parental solicitude and sweetness than he had designed.

"When I got to the Club the next day men came up and called me John whom I didn't know I knew," he said. On Saturday his envelope was heavier than he expected, twice heavier, in fact, and so it has remained. Two plans for starring him are under consideration. Margaret Anglin's project was to have a play written around him as Dr. Lavender. Success not only beckons. It has grasped him by both shoulders.

ADA PATTERSON.



ADA REHAN



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LILY LANGTRY



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MME. MAETERLINCK (GEORGETTE LEBLANC) AND MAURICE MAETERLINCK

LAST winter it was announced that Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet,

THE MAETERLINCKS

and his talented wife, Georgette Leblanc, the actress, were coming to New York to witness a performance of "The Blue Bird." The dramatist himself denied the report, adding facetiously that if he came to America at all it would be simply to see the country, and even then not at a time of year when there would be any danger of seeing his own plays, a statement quite characteristic of Maeterlinck, the man.

The Maeterlincks are called the strangest couple in Europe—he on account of his moods, which lead him one day to carousals, the next to rhapsodies; she, because she has shown that she understands the art of following where he leads, skilfully, sympathetically, absolutely. She responds to his every mood, no matter how whimsical. A great poet and a great actress—the combination is rare. Goethe loved his cook; Heine, his housekeeper; Kant, his chambermaid, and Samuel Johnson, his Betsey; Maeterlinck, whom admirers have called the Belgian Shakespeare, and detractors, the incomprehensible symbolist, married his interpreter.

This sounds almost as economical as marrying one's cook. As a matter of fact, in this instance it is more so, for Mme. Maeterlinck not only bakes and stews for her husband, but she also serves as his inspiration. She changed the whole tone of his writings by her influence. Up to the time that Maeterlinck saw and fell in love with the gifted actress, his writings took the form of weird, fantastic, pessimistic dramas, inspired by a depressed and saddened soul that had not as yet found its way to

freedom. His works were morbid, vague and terrible, and left a most unwholesome effect upon the reader.

They were filled with doubt and gloom, although they were expressed in terms of ineffable beauty. Georgette Leblanc brought the joy of life to bear upon this philosophy of despair, and it was not long before the world was astonished to see Maeterlinck, the confirmed pessimist, regard everything in a new light. The world as he viewed it now had put on a more cheerful garb. The poet's mood had changed completely, and the miracle had been wrought by his clever and beautiful actress wife.

Not only is Georgette Leblanc his housekeeper, but she is also his barometer. She feels his moods in advance and responds. If he blows warm, so does she; if he blows cold, so does she. She veers like a weathercock in response to each of his moods. When he is glad, she is glad; when he is sad, she is sad; when he is angry, she is angry.

"She is the other half of my soul," he says.

Suddenly, after weeks of calm country life, the poet's blood boils in his veins. He is impelled to revelry. His wife feels his impulse and hastens to anticipate his mood. She understands, sympathizes; without reproaches she sets the scene. She writes her gayest stage friends to come down from Paris. She turns the quiet, beautiful garden into a place of Bacchanalian gaiety. The staid neighbors gossip and shudderingly gaze between cracks in the fences. "Is it possible," they ask, "that this is the man who wrote: 'A movement is on foot which only the blind refuse to see. The soul is beginning to reveal itself, as well as everything that depends on it. We are beginning to understand that

there is something higher and more important than mere vulgar existence.'"

The contrast to the serene, calm days that have preceded this outburst amaze every one but Mme. Maeterlinck. For weeks at a time before this the poet has remained as if entranced with the peace of his garden, miles from the din of Paris. Day after day he walks in the fields absorbed in the composition of beautiful verse. In such a mood he preaches the worship of all that is beautiful and pure and good. His thoughts seem all to be lifted heavenward. He becomes deeply religious. At such times he wrote "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Life of the Bee," which have forced those who have called him a degenerate to apologize. In such a mood he wrote the vivid drama, "The Intruder," which symbolizes Death; and later, "The Blind," symbolic of the world lost in the gloomy labyrinth of disbelief. In such mood he wrote the simple tale of the "Princesse Maleine."

And his constant companion, Georgette Leblanc, who once sang "Sapho" at the Opéra Comique, adores the poet, whatever his state. For days he scarcely speaks to her; he seems to have forgotten that she exists. Patiently she waits for him to become once more communicative. She sits in the garden beside him reading or sewing.

Often the neighbors, those who a few nights before have peeped in upon scenes of wild revelry, will catch a glimpse of Mme. Maeterlinck quietly darning stockings for her remarkable husband. Again, she is bending over the stove in the kitchen, concocting a dish that is calculated to bring him back to the contemplation of earthly pleasures. For hours they sit silently side by side in their garden, where hollyhocks, roses and sweet-smelling honeysuckle vines surround them. They are content with peace and isolation. They understand each other without speaking.

The nobility of the poet's thoughts is reflected in the clearness of his blue eyes. He looks like a boy. He is stout, with rosy cheeks. He looks younger than his wife, who at forty is counted one of the handsomest women in Europe. She has a charm which is underlying. She is not brilliant, but something better. Maeterlinck is brilliant enough for both. His wife is intelligently sympathetic.

The English public cried out against his "Monna Vanna." He brought his wife to London, where she had the courage to appear in the title rôle. The play fell under the ban of the censor, whereupon its interpreter and creator disdainfully cried that the English were a nation of prudes. Since they have received his "Blue Bird" so well he thinks better of them.

Maeterlinck's first work, a five-act tragedy called "La Princesse Maleine," brought forth from Octave Mirbeau this un-



GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK)

On the balcony of their historic and artistic home, the Abbey of St. Wandrille, in Normandy

precedented praise: "I know nothing of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. I do not know where he is, or what he is like. Whether he is old or young, rich or poor, I know not. I know only that no one is more unknown than he, and that he has produced a masterpiece. He has given us the most brilliant work of this period, and the most extraordinary and the most naive also, comparable—dare I say it?—superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare."

Thus began the fame of the young Flemish poet, who afterwards blossomed under the influence of love into a most remarkable and optimistic philosopher, for as soon as the wonder-working influence of love began he wrote no more of stagnant pools, dark birds of the night, awful places of mystery, and things of horror and terror. Under the radiant spell of the wholesome sweet woman who won his heart, he produced books that set the whole world wondering.

His first stimulating and optimistic work was "The Treasure of the Humble," a book of charming essays upon the laws of life. This was quickly followed by "Wisdom and Destiny," which he dedicated to his wife in this graceful fashion:

"I dedicate to you this book, which is, in effect, your work. There is a collaboration more lofty and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. I have not been obliged to imagine laboriously the resolutions and the actions of a wise ideal, or to extract from my heart the moral of a beautiful reverie necessarily a trifle vague. It has sufficed to listen to your words. It has sufficed that my eyes have followed you attentively in life; they follow thus the movements, the gestures, the habits of Wisdom herself."

In his later books, "The Life of the Bee" and "The Intelligence of the Flowers," he wrote most wonderfully of the things

of nature, showing astonishing familiarity with its secrets.

His books, translated into almost every civilized tongue, have been a great help to troubled spirits like his own. He seems to reach the heart directly. This is why he has become widely beloved in many lands.

In his essay on Luck, Maeterlinck says:

"Let us unwearily follow each path that leads from our consciousness to our unconsciousness. We shall thus succeed in hewing some kind of track through the great and yet impassable roads that lead from the seen to the unseen, from man to God, from the individual to the universe. At the end of these roads lies hidden the general secret of life."

This may be regarded as the keynote of "The Blue Bird," in which he depicts with the simplicity and the directness of a genius the quest after the Ideal, after Happiness, after the Unattainable. More pretentious than "Adriane and Barbe Bleue," "The Blue Bird" is perhaps Maeterlinck's most successful achievement as an imaginative writer. Unlike the weird and fantastic stories by such master painters of the terrible as Hoffman and Poe, which gave the impression of curiosities and strange happenings, Maeterlinck's symbolic works make the reader feel that the fate of every man, of all mankind, is depicted in them.

As Maeterlinck pointed out in a preface to his earlier plays, the characters of his dramas believe in some gigantic power of the unseen and fatal; no one knows its will, but the spirit of the drama considers it as cruel, watching all our acts, inimical to every smile of ours, to our peace, to our happiness. He believes that the words that are spoken here, and the tears that are shed here, assume significance simply because they fall into an abyss, on whose edge the drama is enacted, and in falling they sound so dull that there is reason to believe that the abyss is immeasurably deep. For a long time to come yet, until some scientific revelation will disclose to us, at last, the mysteries of Nature, or until communication with another world, with some older planet than ours, will explain to us the origin and the aims of life, we shall remain casual, faint lights, given over without any clear purpose in the will of the storms of night.

Two years ago the Maeterlincks attracted the attention of the whole intellectual world by producing at their wonderful home in Normandy, the old Abbey of Saint Wandrille—bought by the poet after it was taken from the Benedictine Monks—his own translation of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth." It was the most unique thing of its kind ever witnessed. In the exteriors and interiors of Wandrille they selected such settings as best suited the various scenes of the play, and in the progress of the tragedy



GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK)

In the old garden of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, once the home of the Benedictine monks

actors and audience moved from scene to scene. The "blasted heath," for instance, was represented by a stretch of moorland in the vicinity; the King welcomed in the cloisters, and the banquet scene was set in the refectory. Only fifty privileged spectators were admitted to witness this unique performance. The cast included the best known Parisian actors.

The poet is never idle, although sometimes refraining for weeks from the use of the pen. He is a wide and careful reader; industriously tends his bees and works in his orchard and garden. He rides a bicycle, uses a motor car, fishes and skates like any other normal person.

Madame Maeterlinck is quite as much of a mystic as her husband. A student of the Vedanta philosophy and science of Yoga, she is more or less of an occultist and is an adept at crystal gazing. She has a gigantic crystal globe, before which she will sit in mystic silence for hours, and apparently she sees many wonderful things therein, reading what is happening in different parts of the earth and also calling up the spirits of the dead. She rarely reveals any of these mystic doings to any one but her husband. From him she has no secrets, as the two are like one person, one soul, thinking upon the same lines and being in the "same vibration," as Madame expresses it herself, and there-



MME. MAETERLINCK CRYSTAL GAZING

fore in perfect harmony always.

Mme. Maeterlinck has written a "code for wives." Being herself such a successful wife, a few quotations from the code may be considered of value:

"Never allow hirelings to tend your husband in what concerns his bodily welfare.

"See that his clothes are ready each day and befitting the season of the year.

"When your husband is in a bad temper, don't develop similar symptoms; but when he is merry, imitate him plentifully.

"Don't fondle him before meal time—kisses to a hungry man are as soap bubbles to a parched throat.

"Use your tongue only in agreement; disapproval is best expressed with the eyes.

"If your husband has the gout, don't insist on walking.

"If you wish to convince him that you are a better actress than Bernhardt, and a sprightlier dancer than Pavlova, show him that you are a better cook than Escoffier.

"A wife's duties are, among others, to smooth over domestic tiffs—a man never admits that he is in the wrong—and to have an eye for the week after next.

"Finally, never lose sight of the fact, in making all these sacrifices, if a man supports the family, woman is his superior in far more ways than he is hers."

BRANDER DE RENNES.

The Greatest Scandinavian Hamlet

WE may find no difficulty in agreeing with Diderot that "A great actor is a rare being—as rare as, and perhaps greater than a poet;" but it is not so simple a matter for us to concur upon what exactly constitutes a great actor. Hazlitt held that of all Shakespeare's characters Hamlet was for the player the most difficult; and George Henry Lewes asserted that "No actor has been known utterly to fail as Hamlet." In a sense, of course, both are right: to give a wholly satisfying performance of the Dane is, at this late day (it was otherwise in the Elizabethan age), well-nigh impossible; still, the Prince is so many-sided, so richly endowed, physically, mentally, spiritually, that any artist worthy the name can not utterly fail to give life to some facet of his character.

Those who have seen Salvini as Conrado, and Mounet-Sully as Oedipe-Roi, do not hesitate in proclaiming the Italian and the Frenchman as great actors; and yet, as a rule, they had rather not witness their performances of Hamlet. Although the Prince of M. Mounet-Sully still calls forth cheers at the Théâtre Français, and



EDVARD SWARTZ AS HAMLET

though the Dane presented by Salvini evoked not a few American encomiums, from an unbiased critical point of view both of these impersonations must be set down as frank failures.

In Scandinavia, in the nineteenth century, there were several famous players of Hamlet (most notably the Danes, Höedt and Emil Poulsen; the Swedes, Almlöf the elder, and August Lindberg), but with one actor the rôle became inseparably associated, as it was with Betterton and Edwin Booth. Edvard Swartz made Hamlet his *chef-d'œuvre*; during the three decades of his stage-career his rendering of the part was unsurpassed on the Scandinavian stage; and the tradition he left is potent still. It can not well be gainsaid that the peoples of the trio of northern kingdoms are, generally, more deeply in sympathy with the works of Shakespeare, and have a truer understanding of them, than the inhabitants of either France or Italy; and in the enactment of a drama like "Hamlet" their players often attain the felicitous medium between Gallic sprightliness and German ponderosity.

Swartz is probably the greatest actor,

(Continued on page 132)

Lewis Waller—England's Foremost Romantic Actor

CERTAINLY not the least interesting feature of the forthcoming production at the Century Theatre of the dramatization of Robert Hichens' well-known novel, "The Garden of Allah," will be the appearance in the rôle of the monk, Androvsky, of Lewis Waller, an English actor of distinction, who has not yet been seen in this country.

For a decade Mr. Waller has been one of the most conspicuous and popular luminaries of the London stage, occupying an exalted position in the world of Shakespearian and poetic drama; yet, strangely enough, he has never appeared on this side of the water, despite numerous offers from leading managers. His range of characterization is notably wide, and to each part that he assumes he brings to bear exceptional intellectual and artistic qualities. As a manager and producer Mr. Waller has achieved a reputation second only to his renown

as an actor, his productions being uniformly noted for their lofty standards and illuminative merit.

Like many another great actor, Mr. Waller was by birth destined for a commercial career. After a period of study on the Continent, he entered his uncle's firm in London, where he was eventually promoted to be foreign correspondence clerk, a position which he held for five years. His evenings, however, were devoted to amateur acting, which more and more became a passion with him, until finally, in 1883, he forsook the security of the business desk for the unknown and doubtful fortunes of an actor's career.

His début was made as the Hon. Claude Lorrimer in "Uncle Dick's Darling," under the management of the late John Lawrence Toole, at Toole's Theatre. The performance was attended by King Edward—then Prince of Wales—an auspicious omen, for since that time Mr. Waller had the distinction of five times being commanded to appear before their Majesties during the late reign at Sandringham and Windsor Castles.

Mr. Waller's advancement was gratifyingly rapid and prosperous. For a year he played leading light comedy and juvenile parts with Mr. Toole, following which he played juvenile parts in a tour of the provinces with the late Helena Modjeska. The characters allotted to him during this engagement were Orlando in "As You Like It," Sir Edward Mortimer in "Mary Stuart," De Varville in "Heartsease,"



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As Robin Hood



As Beaucaire



As Brigadier Gerard

LEWIS WALLER AND SOME OF THE ROLES HE HAS MADE FAMOUS



AS D'ARTAGNAN

and the Abbé in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Then, for the first time, Mr. Waller appeared under his own management, touring the provinces in "Dark Days," in which he played Dr. Basil North. Returning to London, he filled several important engagements, finally joining Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the St. James Theatre. Here he appeared in many different characters, the more especially as regular matinee performances were not an established

routine at this time, thus affording an opportunity to present numberless new plays and new players at "special matinées." In this way Mr. Waller gained valuable experience in a large number of new parts.

The late Wilson Barrett was the next to secure Mr. Waller's services. Engagements followed with John Hare, and at Terry's Theatre and at the Avenue Theatre. In support of Mrs. Langtry, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Waller played Armand Sevarro

in "The Queen of Manoa" and Hugh Ainsworth in "Agatha Tylden." At the same theatre Mr. Waller appeared with H. Beerbohm Tree as Orestes in "Hypatia," and as Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." A season or two later, he rejoined Mr. Tree, this time at His Majesty's Theatre. Here Mr. Waller played a number of Shakespearian rôles, among others Hotspur in "Henry IV," Laertes in "Hamlet," Brutus in "Julius Caesar,"

Philip Faulconbridge in "King John," and Ly-sander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In 1900 Mr. Waller, in partnership with William Mollison, made an elaborate production of "Henry V," in the title rôle of which Mr. Waller made one of his greatest successes.

After important engagements with Mrs. Langtry and Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Waller became lessee and manager of the Imperial Theatre, appearing to splendid advantage in a considerable number of parts, including Monsieur Beaucaire in the play of that name, and Romeo in Shakespeare's love-tragedy.

The managerial destinies of the Lyric Theatre fell to Mr. Waller's direction in 1906, and his greatest and most recent triumphs have occurred in this house. Othello, Robin Hood, Henry V, and Hotspur, are all parts that have brought to his tenacy of the Lyric both fresh and renewed laurels. His performance of Jim Carston in "The White Man," as the English version of our familiar "Squaw Man" was known, was also much praised.

Of all the many parts (Continued on page vi)



LEWIS WALLER
AS
"HARRY THE KING"

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LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF HIS IMPERSONATIONS

CLEVER women are to-day writing for the stage everywhere, and some of them are making large fortunes with their plays, but even among the most successful none can match the extraordinary productiveness of Mrs. Inchbald, that remarkable actress-playwright of the beginning of the nineteenth century, of whose work Dickens wrote: "Mrs. Inchbald's 'Animal Magnetism' will go with a greater laugh than anything else. . . . I have seen people laugh at the piece until they hung over the front of the boxes like ripe fruit." This was thirty years after her death. A Pioneer Woman Playwright

where, and some of them are making large fortunes with their plays, but even among the most successful none can match the extraordinary productiveness of Mrs. Inchbald, that remarkable actress-playwright of the beginning of the nineteenth century, of whose work Dickens wrote: "Mrs. Inchbald's 'Animal Magnetism' will go with a greater laugh than anything else. . . . I have seen people laugh at the piece until they hung over the front of the boxes like ripe fruit." This was thirty years after her death.

Elizabeth Simpson was born on a farm in Standingfield, near Bury, in 1753. Her father died when she was a child, leaving the family with very narrow means. The mother, a warm-hearted but irresponsible woman, had little love for domestic drudgery, and day after day the farm was deserted, and she and the children went off to the theatre at Bury. Elizabeth was thus steeped in plays and play acting from babyhood. Having a natural thirst for information, she also devoured all the books of every sort that came her way. In spite of a stammer,—which in later years was considered one of her many attractions,—her ambition was to become an actress, and with the eagerness and energy that stood her in good stead all her life, this serious, determined little girl studied hard to improve her enunciation, going off to the fields to practice certain difficult words by the hour.

From a child of twelve her plaint was, "I would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." This dislike of country life never left her. She could enjoy the solitude of a London garret, but she dreaded the forced loneliness of fields and woods. In her later years, a friend suggested that she might live more cheaply, and be more comfortable, farther away from London. Shuddering, she answered: "*Never!* Nothing happens in the country. There's such a *noise of nothing* in the country."

Before she was sixteen, she had written, quite unknown to her mother, to the actor-manager of the Bury company, Mr. Griffiths, asking for an engagement. Letters passed between them, yet nothing else came of it. After visiting one of her married sisters in London, and feeling the glamor of the city theatres and public gardens, life on the farm was duller than ever, and the young girl, full of determination, took her destiny into her own hands.

One day in April the Norwich coach drew up before the inn of the "Rose & Crown" in London, to leave there a girl of eighteen, nervous, frightened, but with a heart big with hope. Fearing, if she joined her sisters, that she would be sent back to the farm, she set out to find friends, only to discover that they had left London for Wales. Though "nervous and rather frightened" for a time, she began the next day buoyantly, called on two managers, one of whom promised to see her at her lodgings. When he did not come, she imagined that it was because of the shabbiness and mean situation of the "Rose & Crown," so went to the "White Swan" on Holborn Bridge, living on penny buns and water when she was not invited to dine with the family, who were greatly interested in their mysterious and charmingly pretty lodger.

Tireless, she made the round of the managers day after day, but met with more insults than encouragement, and her diary records that she was "vexed and terrified beyond measure." Fortunately, at this pass, she met one of her brothers-in-law, who bundled her off to her "Sister Hunt's," with threats on the way of sending her back to the farm. She had met at this house the

had promptly fallen in love with her. Several letters had passed between them. He had asked and been refused. Her mind had evidently vibrated between two at this time, for she notes:

"1772, Jan. 22d—Saw Mr. Griffith's picture. Jan. 28th—Stole it. Jan. 29th—Rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald." Similar entries follow.



MRS. INCHBALD

Mr. Inchbald now renewed his pleading. She, in spite of the rush of her eighteen years, saw life sanely. Though not romantically in love, still her imagination threw a glamor over this "kindest-hearted of men," so she married him. No whisking off on a honeymoon for them. She went quietly to the play in the evening to see her husband as Mr. Oakley in "The Jealous Wife," and then, within a day or so, they were off to Bristol, where Mr. Inchbald had a new engagement.

Feeling that there was a glimmer of very real talent underlying her immaturities, the actor worked untiringly with his wife. She declaimed hour after hour at home and in the open air, trying to break a very slow, measured delivery, the result of the impediment in her speech. As Cordelia to her husband's Lear, she made her first appearance September 4, 1772. No notice is made of this, except that "her exquisite beauty made a favorable impression." From Bristol to London, a few hours with her mother at Standingfield, then off to Scotland, and now she was in the

full swing of the life she had longed for, with all the drudgeries, disagreeables and small triumphs of the travelling players.

Although, doubtless, an inferior actress, intimidated by her stammer, she must have certainly won Aberdeen, for she played there in thirty characters, from August to November. In Dumfries, the ladies refused to go to the theatre when she was not in the cast. Her youth and fresh beauty, and her infectious, musical laugh,—which she seems to have possessed in common with Mrs. Jordan,—won every heart. All of this time she was studying incessantly, and filling big commonplace books with long extracts. Several hours a day were given to literature and French, paying her French master a shilling a lesson. Later they went on a long desired and planned-for trip to France. Mr. Inchbald had hazy ideas of becoming a miniature painter, but at the end of September their resources had dwindled until they had barely enough to bring them back to England. They were in such straits, in fact, that they often went without dinner or tea, and would make a meal of turnips in a nearby field, Mrs. Inchbald always merry and joking over their troubles.

In October they managed to get engagements in Liverpool, and there met the marvelous Mrs. Siddons. A lifelong friendship began between these two women of equal force of character. Mrs. Siddons was just recovering from the shock of her banishment from Drury Lane. She was doing her own household work, washing and ironing for her "Sid" and the children. Soon after this the Inchbalds, Siddons's family, and John Philip Kemble, spent a happy, care-free holiday in country lodgings on Russel Moor. They shared each others' studies and amusements, talked over pictures, plays, prospects. They played cards in the evenings, or Mrs. Siddons and John would sing duets; or, again, they would dash out on the moor for a game of blind-man's-buff or puss-in-the-corner—Volumnia and Coriolanus playing tag.

A tireless worker from first to last, Mrs. Inchbald's reading



Sarony

DONALD BRIAN AS ARMAND MARQUIS DE RAVAILLAC IN "THE SIREN" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

in one year was: Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Johnson's English Grammar, Tasso, Hudibras, Voltaire, Ovid, Plato, The Dialogues of Lucian, Plutarch's Lives, "Paradise Lost and Regained," Junius's Letters, Marmontel and Essays on Shakespeare.

This study and enthusiasm over the writings of others made her long and half-hope to become a writer herself. She had undoubtedly begun to realize that as an actress she would never rank high, and about this time she began to trace the outline of her novel, "The Simple Story." She had been studying Kemble minutely. He, then in his twentieth year, had just returned from the Roman Catholic College at Douai, where he had been studying for the priesthood. This, together with his uncommonly handsome face, and cold, rather formal manner, made him the living model of Darriforth.

In June, 1779, the Inchbalds and Kemble were in Halifax together, all promised happiness and prosperity, when Mr. Inchbald died suddenly from heart disease. She writes that it was "a day of horror," and the week following "a week of grief, horror and almost despair." There had been occasional bitternesses and tears, on her part, but they had had a warm affection for each other and many interests in common. For years she greatly missed his encouragement and companionship. After a time, the world, particularly the theatrical world, married her to Kemble, and it is certain that the attraction on both sides was strong. Her two faults—temper and stubbornness—may have swerved him. He may have been too ambitious at this stage of his career to take on responsibilities. Mrs. Siddons hints that John's sensibilities were not very acute. She did not like to play to his lovers. He never let himself go. He was not the type to be blindly fond of any woman.

An engagement at Covent Garden, when she was twenty-seven, opened up a new page in Mrs. Inchbald's life. The fact that she was received with indifference did not seem to disturb her in the least, for she



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LILY ELSIE

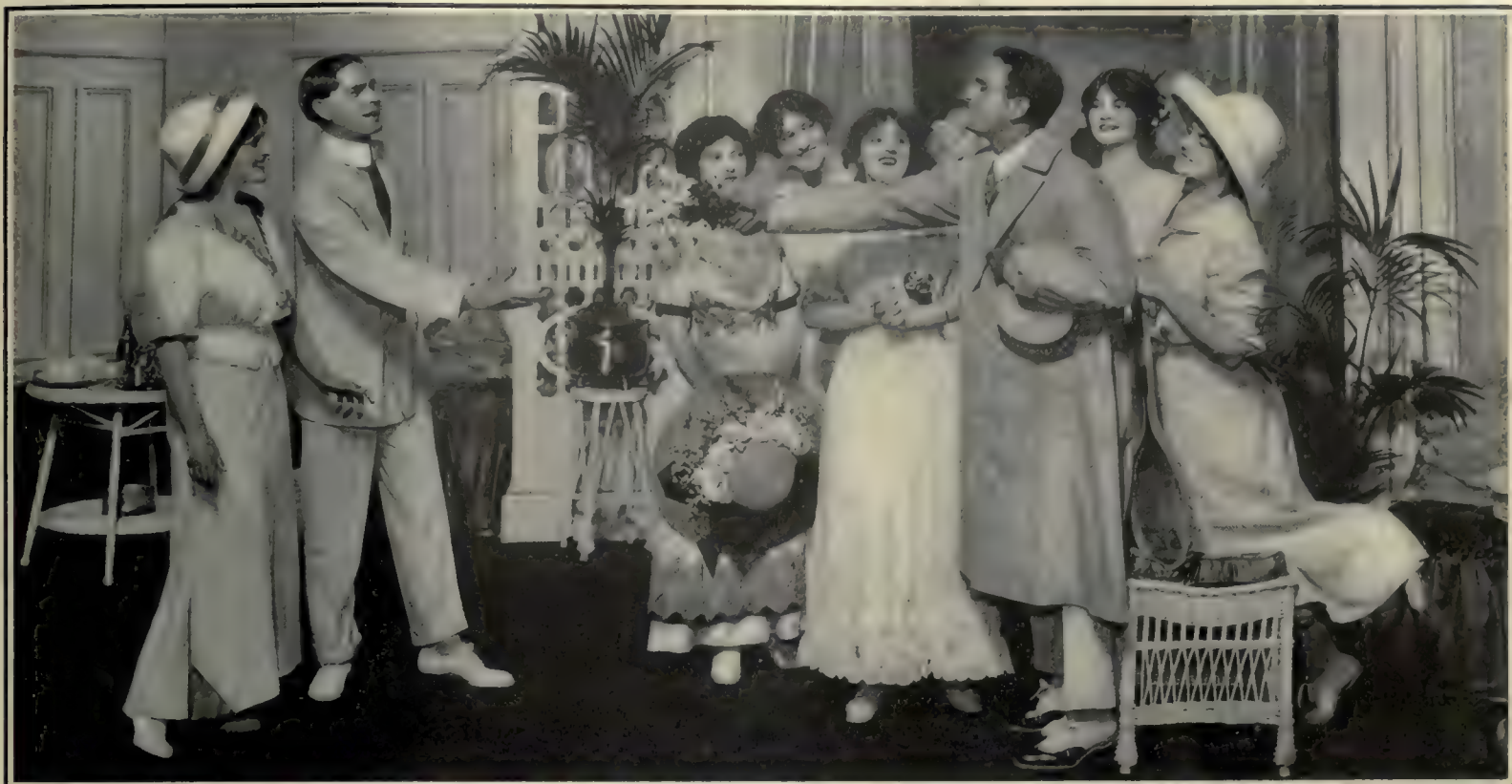
Popular young English actress now playing the part of Angele Didier in "The Count of Luxembourg," at Daly's Theatre, in London. She may be seen in the same rôle in this country when that musical piece is produced here.

was building all her hopes on three farces she had in hand. The manager, Harris, after grudgingly consenting to look them over, promptly gave unfavorable decisions. She tried a comedy with no better success. She sent it to Manager Colman at the Haymarket, but he neither looked at it nor returned it. The situation was critical. Her "Simple Story" had been refused by half the publishers in London. The stage was all she could look to for a living. So the next few years were passed in London, Dublin and the provinces—a scrambling existence, a life of disenchantment, exceedingly hard work and miserably paid—thirty shillings to begin with,—and she expected to make her own dresses and keep them up to the "splendor and fashion" of the characters she played.

During her Dublin engagement she again met Kemble, and the old talks and readings were resumed. About this time she confessed to one of her many admirers that she had a temper that only "blind affection in a husband" could put up with. This temper stood her in good stead with her Dublin manager, Daly, who made such violent love to her that she boxed his ears soundly—and had to leave the theatre. Once more she was compelled to ask for an engagement at Covent Garden at the old miserable terms of thirty shillings a week. Life was grim enough at this time. She was obliged, as always, to assist, out of her scanty earnings, her very down-at-the-heel family—a family seemingly doomed to misfortune.

Notwithstanding her repeated failures, nothing sapped her spirit. In an attic room, her family needs acting as a spur, she started in with characteristic, headlong energy on another farce—"The Mogul Tale: or, The Descent of the Balloon," and sent it in to Manager Colman. Balloons being a timely topic at that time, the piece was immediately accepted, and the author received one hundred guineas for it. Produced with immense success at the Haymarket in 1784, it proved the foundation of her fortune.

Mrs. Inchbald now swung into instant success. The little



White

Mollie Creedon (Ruth Shepley)

Bobby Pitt (Douglas Fairbanks)

Act. III. Bobby Pitt is suspected of being a professional burglar
SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY, "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," AT THE GLOBE

provincial was the talk of London. She reminded Colman that he had had a comedy of hers tucked away for three years. He read and accepted it immediately, and when "I'll Tell You What" was read in the green room, she was overwhelmed with congratulations. Colman hugged her to his heart, saying, "It is one of the best things of the age." The public swarmed to the Haymarket. Mrs. Inchbald was then acting in her own plays, and when, at her benefit, both her farce and comedy were produced, and she came forward,—slender, alluring,—the house rose to her and shouted itself hoarse.

It is difficult to understand how her plays could have so gripped the house. Her characters are conventional, though the dialogue is written with some sprightliness. Their principal merit seems to be a thorough knowledge of stage "business." Moreover, she wrote upon popular topics of the day. Undoubtedly the acting explains much of their success. The actors Quick, Munden, Lewis and Farren, had a marvelous power of filling up outlines. Common-places blossomed in their hands. They were four actors who would give us immense pleasure to-day.

"The Simple Story" is a classic. It touches the very core of the heart. Though her second novel was far less popular, Lamb calls it "That sweet book," and Leigh Hunt says of it, "Passages more beautiful and pathetic are not to be found in the whole range of English prose."

Sincerity and common sense seem to have been Mrs. Inchbald's chief virtues. She looked through every tangle of sentiment and saw the practical. She had balance, and, to an unusual degree, that rarest of qualities—charm.

Barring Sheridan at Drury Lane, who was not over anxious for competition, all the managers clamored for her plays, which followed each other in rapid suc-

cession: "The Widow's Vow," three translations from the French, "Animal Magnetism," "The Midnight Hour," and "The Child of Nature." Her comedy, "Such Things Are," brought her £900, and packed Covent Garden to the roof night after night. Everything she wrote had a triumph. "The Simple Story" was eagerly bought up and published by Robinson, and a second edition was called for within a few days.

Yet this success did not turn her head. She remained as simple and unaffected as before, nor did she change her mode of living, making her home in all sorts of queer places. Leicester Court, Hart Street, Great Russell Street, Frith Street, Leicester Square, Turnham Green, Strand, St. George's Row 5 and 11, Earl's Terrace, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, Leonard Place, Kensington Place,—all have housed her. Very grim lodgings some of them, but that she was over a tap-room or in a shabby garret never troubled her in the least. Nothing less than a bankrupt landlady could have made her budge from her attic and move to Leicester Square, where she was literally besieged by crowds of noble and wealthy patrons, authors, actors, artists. She was obliged to lock herself in when the writing mood was on. In spite of her level head, she delighted in all this praise, distinction and fuss. From Leicester Square she writes:

"I have been very ill indeed, but since the weather has permitted me to leave off making my fire, scouring the grate, sifting the cinders, and all the *etcetera* of going up and down three long pairs of stairs with water or dust, I feel quite another creature. . . . I am both willing and able to perform hard bodily labor, but then the fatigue of being a fine lady the rest of the day is too much for any common strength. Last Thursday I finished scrubbing my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at the door to take me for an



Mollett

HARRY BURKHARDT

Playing the star part in "Circumstantial Evidence"



Sarony

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD
As the American Beauty at the Folies Bergere

airing. . . . At Lady Cork's the other evening I believe I was the only person (except the Jekylls) without a title."

In 1803, worn out with scrubbing floors and sifting cinders, she gave up the struggle in her beloved Leicester Square, and parted from the dear baby "Happy." "I lament more than ever I did the not having had a child," she writes, "a child was born in this house . . . and I, having seen it every day, have been so enchanted by its increasing beauty and sense that I think I love it better than almost anything in the world."

All the world was running after her. Invited everywhere, now she dines with Lady this or that, goes to Carleton House for a week-end, to a masquerade ball to meet the Prince of Wales, or is off with the Kembles for a fish dinner at Billingsgate. She goes to routs at Mrs. Siddons', often sups with her, and rarely misses passing Christmas Day with the Siddons family.

The prices paid for Mrs. Inchbald's work were invariably high, and her lifelong self-denial seemed uncalled for, but her family made incessant demands upon her—they drew upon her bounty to the end.

At fifty-five, and at no time was she more sought after, she began to shut herself in. She had written nothing for the stage for over a year. A few friends would take no rebuffs, and forced their way into her retreat, but her door was closed to the world in general. She still visited the Kemble and Siddons families, and at their houses met many old friends, who agreed that her charm was never more remarkable. In 1810 she saw no callers and made no calls herself, though Kemble finally came and "forcibly" carried her off in his carriage to dinner. In 1813 she permitted herself a few relaxations. She met Mme. de Staël and the Edgeworths, and glowed in their praise of her "Simple Story." When asked by Mme. de Staël why she shunned society, she answered: "Because I dread the loneliness that will follow . . . because I have no one to tell that I have seen *you*." "I have had my full share of the world," she writes her friend, Mrs. Phillips, "a busy share from fifteen to fifty . . . thirty-five years of perpetual crowd and bustle. . . . I should want taste did I not now enjoy that variety in life which I gain by solitude." She tells John Bell, when he urges her to conduct the fashion magazine of that day, *La Belle Assemblée*, that she has done with the fashionable world and thinks only of a better. In 1814, back to her old privations, and she ate only two dinners that she did not prepare herself. She fasted in Lent until she made herself ill, bringing this speedy note from Mrs. Siddons:

MY DEAR MRS. INCHEBALD:

It gives us all real concern to hear of your illness, and I should make my inquiries in person if it were in my power, but we are also a house of invalids. We are really anxious to know how you are, and most happy should I be if I could in any way administer to your comfort. Shall I send you some jelly or broth? Send me a line by the Penny Post, and think you are doing *me* a kindness by suffering me to be of use to you.

Your true admirer and affectionate,

S. SIDMONS.

Finally she absented herself from the theatres, even refusing to accompany Samuel Rogers to Byron's box to see Kean, nor would she go to Kemble's farewell benefit. She gave up even her well beloved Walter Scott and read only religious books. For fear of hurting the feelings of her friends, she destroyed four volumes of her "Memoirs," which would have made spicy reading.

She moved to Kensington House, a "cheerful, comfortable" lodging, and had it not been for frequent little illnesses and her vexation at the loss of her beauty, would have been "rather happy." Here Kemble visited her for the last time, and she, with her last flicker of coquetry, sat with her face to the wall. A few weeks later she enjoyed, in spite of "a feverish cold," a walk in the meadow back of the house. Within the hour she makes this last entry in her journal:

"Very ill of cold and fever, . . . rose at three for half an hour only . . ."

She lies in the churchyard of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. The sexton could not point out her grave to a recent wanderer there.

GRACE BIGELOW PATTEN.

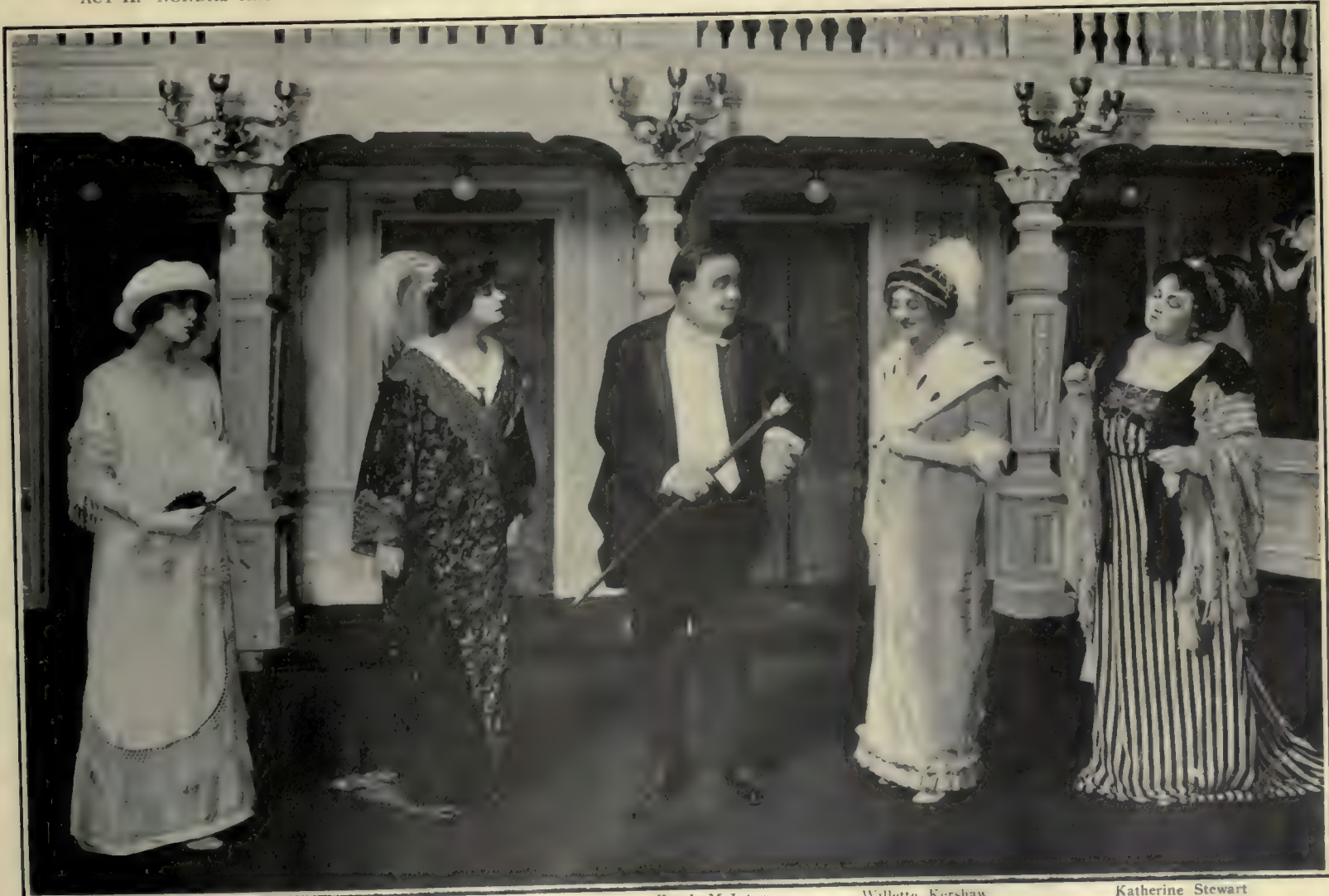
Scenes in George Bronson-Howard's New Comedy "Snobs" at the Hudson



Photos White Willette Kershaw Frank McIntyre
ACT II. NONDAS AND THE DUKE GREET EACH OTHER



Frank McIntyre Willette Kershaw
ACT II. THE DUKE: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME NOW?"



Helen Bond Eva MacDonald Frank McIntyre Willette Kershaw Katherine Stewart
ACT III. THE DUKE OF WALSHIRE: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY JEWELRY?"



THE VILLAGE OF SCHLIERSEE IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS

Schliersee and Its Peasant Players



FRITZ GREINER

ing ever since. Enriched as birthright with a landscape, native astuteness soon realized many side issues of profit. The Highland valleys may be fertile under cultivation, but the main expanse of their little world is pine-clad mountain and rocky peak. Unless a small patch of tillable soil be granted them, wood-cutting or carving offer an alternative, but scarcely a road to affluence. Like the Swiss, however, the landscape becomes with them a communal property, and the tourist the chief article of commerce. Thus mind rises above matter, and with the usual gratifying result.

Schliersee, two hours by tortuous railway meandering from Munich, is in its fertile beauty one of the rarest spots in all the Highlands. With a fine

THE peasant villagers of Germany are the Yankees of Europe; Connecticut, in the legendary days of wooden nutmeg, could not have aspired to a higher commercial inventiveness. Oberammergau is still well in the van in this aspect, but many another section, though less freely advertised, is not far behind it.

At the Creation, God gave the Bavarian Highlanders their lakes and mountains as a *pour boire*, on the interest of which they have been liv-

sense of appropriateness the people have built there a white-spired, chalet-roofed village on the edge of blue-green water; encircling it rise wooded, snow-capped mountains, the whole mirrored in a calm depth of lake. Chief among their foresights in the building process has been to include hotels in plenty, with large "guest" rooms and shady gardens, in one or the other of which good beer is continuously on tap. Thus invited, the world, always seeking an object toward which to wander, has responded unflinching.

From many a district less favored by Nature, the peasant must tramp out to earn his bread, but in Schliersee there remains a perennial crop of tourists as harvest. In winter there are at times five hundred people on skis, skimming the frozen Schliersee in crisp air and brilliant sunshine, for winter, with its sports, brings a fresh concourse of travellers to the village. In summer the throng of them is always flowing through it, men and women, clad in the bright green cloth so popular with German mountain wanderers. Knapsack on back they tramp in and then tramp out, patronizing the hotels, the beer-gardens, the photographer, and the souvenir shops. There are electric lights, and there are motor post-wagons whirring away into the mountains; there is a



EXTERIOR OF THE PEASANT THEATRE AT SCHLIERSEE

"Beautifying Society of Schliersee," organized to put up benches at advantageous points for enjoying the scenery, and to institute other impedimenta to way-lay the stranger, especially the romantic one. Altogether the thrifty, far-seeing villager is consequently well above want; some have retired to finish life on private incomes, for with so many enticements even the casual and wary traveller leaves a certain tithe in his wake.

But not remotely must it be a foregone conclusion that sentiment with the na-

tive is failing. First of all in every Schlierseer the love of home and mountains is deep, and he cherishes the old traditions. The new motor post may well be today's pride, but when the last quaint, yellow post-wagon made the last journey that told of its passing, both horse and vehicle went out wreathed with flowers, put there by those whose hearts held in dear memory the joyous greetings or the sad good-byes it had marked for them.

And kindness the stranger finds there, too. Should one happen at Schliersee in rainy weather, so rainy that water splashes back heavenward from pools flooding the highway, and mist in wreaths climbs desolately from the lake to rest against the mountains, there is always a warm, congenial corner, and a welcome waiting at the Hotel Wittelsbach. Its dear, motherly hostess, in a black frock, a big bunch of keys dangling at her back, invariably flutters in at just the right moment to cheerily forestall one's wants. On one such rainy afternoon, my very first there, she rescued a whole *pension* of little girls, sixty in all, brought from Munich by misguided elders for a picnic, and set them to dancing in a big, gratefully dry ballroom. Presently she found me, an absolute stranger, dismal in a corner. "There is a bedroom at the top of the stairs, go up and take a nap," she urged, "for you look tired."

I happened to be homesick, which was worse. Perhaps her motherly heart, without fully knowing, felt it. But where else would a stranger have likely had, and with no thought of payment, such invitation as a watchful mother would give to her tired boy?

This season, and after an absence from America since 1895, the village sends us its chief pride, the Schliersee Peasant Players. In Germany and Austria they are as widely known as are the actors of Oberammergau. But between the two organizations there is this great distinction: that of Oberammergau appears only at long interval in one piece, while the Schlierseer plays the year through, and with versatility in many pieces.



HERR AND FRAU VOGLSANG



INTERIOR OF THE PEASANT THEATRE, SHOWING THE ELABORATE AND SPECIALLY PAINTED STAGE CURTAIN



THE TEROFAL FAMILY



HERR AND FRAU RIENDL

Except with those whose blood is stirred by census returns, statistics are an abomination, but they must be briefly touched upon to give some idea of the scope and popularity of these Peasant Players in their own land and that of their Teutonic neighbors. From the 21st of May, 1892, until March 4th of 1910, they gave five thousand presentations with a repertory of forty-seven plays, appearing in 239 towns and cities. Among these, Ber-

lin leads in number of performances, 487 being given there; Nürnberg stands next with 436; then follow Vienna, 369; Stuttgart, 323; Munich, 276; Frankfort, 198; Zurich, 188, and Leipzig, 142, while at their home theatre at Schliersee, where the company remains annually only from the middle of July until the close of September, they have been seen on 366 occasions. The ensemble, comprising twenty-eight, is recruited not alone from Schliersee, but neighboring sections, Tegernsee, Miespach, Aschau, and elsewhere in the Bavarian Highlands. Some among them may have originally been wood-cutters, tailors, butchers; various humble callings are represented. They receive regular salaries, in instances far in excess of those paid actors at Court theatres. The Schliersee company, too, down to the family of the obscurest member, has strong hold on village interest and sympathy. A marriage in its circle means general festivity; the main street thronged with a gay procession, and a banquet to conclude with, after which every whole pair of shoes at command within the village radius, toes out in the closing dance.

There is yet another inspiring cause for local respect than their position as much travelled actors, who reflect importance upon the entire community; the more prominent players, Terofal, Dirnberger, Rail, Wagner, Schmidkonz, Schullers and the rest, have built villas which rank with the best in Schliersee, and there the souvenirs that they have gathered in many cities make brave showing. Exchanging their original lots for one more lucrative, those having children leave them behind in the care of

servants when the brief annual stay at home is ended. No matter how simple a rôle they may act in the cast, in private life they may assume the agreeable one of grand seigneur.

The Bavarian Highlanders are a handsome, stalwart race. The cafés of Munich and many another German city welcome them as born musicians and low comedians of no common order. The very concentration and earnestness with which one of them can draw a note from a clumsy double-bass will drive his audience into paroxysms of merriment. He does a thing as he has observed it done in his own isolated section; nature, unfamiliar, becomes originality in art with the transplanting. In just that spirit the Schliersee player on a higher plane turns to account the essence and comedy of the life which he knows best. He is an actor, not through art, but through naturalness; an observer who reproduces a thing as he has seen it in his own quaint region. Those familiar with life there recognize it instantly as truth; those viewing it with the eyes of strangers are impressed with certain knowledge of its genuineness.

When the band of players known as the Munchener was dissolved years back, Konrad Dreher, the well-known actor and a member of it, was the only remaining one upon the stage to play Bavarian Highland types. In his travels as "Guest" in North Germany, Xaver Terofal frequently accompanied him, and won recognition in folk songs and dances. One night, another actor falling ill, Terofal sustained the missing player's part, and with distinction. "Man, why don't you play comedy rôles in the mountains?" Dreher asked of him, adding as off-hand suggestion, "Get yourself a little theatre in some hotel garden."

By happy chance the Lake House at Schliersee was presently put up at sale, and with Dreher's assistance the property fell to Terofal; thus the Peasant Theatre became established. As actor-manager, Terofal succeeded in selecting the right order of talent to support him, an achievement not always distinguishing the playing impresario. Strict discipline is enjoined; Terofal himself is rarely allowed a free evening; an ambition fires each one of them, first of all in retaining on the stage the truth to life and the simplicity that have put them there.

Terofal, like his company, is of the soil. In boyhood he was apprenticed to a butcher. Coming presently to follow his calling at a hotel in Hohenaschau, and true to inborn tastes always haunting him, he embarked on a series of bi-weekly entertainments, in whose programmes he appeared in folk songs and dances. In Hohenaschau, too, he did his three-years' service as a soldier in the German army, rising to the rank of sergeant, during that time being often summoned to the officers' quarters to enliven an otherwise dull evening. In those days he learned both the zither and guitar; yodel he could always. On these gifts, by observation at the theatre, which he frequented industriously, and through the nearer glimpse of it that he obtained as co-worker with Dreher, he founded his art; a slender schooling, but, one

that, with routine, has carried him far in his chosen field.

The theatre at Schliersee, where Terofal and his company play, has its traditions and atmosphere dear and distinctive to the people of the village, as is the Comédie Française to Paris. The simple building itself stands at the edge of a grove of trees; the walls within are hung with trophies, targets on which the hunters of Schliersee have shown their skill at many a Jäger-Fest. Against the gallery, extending across the back of the auditorium, rests a great laurel wreath, souvenir of the 5,000th performance; on both sides of the proscenium are portraits of the players, past and present; the stage curtain contains as central figure a good-humored caricature of Dreher himself. Down the middle of the theatre stretch tables where the audience may sup during a performance. Outside are other tables under spreading trees; there those finding a quarter past ten, when the play closes, too early an hour for bed, may sit awhile over foam-crowned mugs.

The excellence of these Schliersee peasant players lies along the lines of humor and irony, peasant traits. Subtlety and nuance they leave to portrayers of types more sophisticated. Born peasants, it is their sole aim to remain of peasant simplicity in peasant rôles. Taking familiar life about them, of which each

has been an individual part, they draw from it their full resource in technic. For that reason it has been declared that while their predecessors, the Munchener players, were imitators, with the Schlierseers it is nature itself.

A curious outcome of this transplanting of verity to the boards, a verity with which each player is saturated, is that no exhaustive rehearsals are required for a new piece; in two weeks their most elaborate production is ready for public view.

In one play of their repertory of forty-seven, "Jägerblut," they have appeared 757 times; another, "S'Liserl von Schliersee," they have given 638 performances; "The Crucifix Carver of Ammergau," with which the company won fame in New York on its first appearance there in September, 1895, has witnessed 410 repetitions. Yet for all these frequent repetitions, they appear to derive as inexhaustible an interest from within themselves in their creations as from the appreciation of their audiences.

The period of the Peasant Players' existence has been marked by interesting episodes, not the least of which has been the doubt, verging on distrust, that has met them on the rise of the curtain in great cities. Before the closing act, however, more than one such audience has been accredited with the decision that *régisseurs* in general would do well to make the journey to Schliersee to study how a production should be evolved. No less than four times the Schliersee company has been commanded by the German Emperor to appear at the New Royal Theatre, Berlin, in the years 1899, 1901, 1908 and 1909; while on various occasions the organization was called upon to play before the Empress Auguste Victoria, the Kings of Württemberg and Saxony, and other royalties. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.



Mishkin

EDGAR SELWYN IN "THE ARAB"



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



MLE. LANTELME is dead! That delightful actress, whose lovely face has so many times been reproduced in my letters, was drowned near Cologne while on a yachting excursion up the Rhine. This pet of the public, who seemed to be the child of good fortune, died an accidental death in the flower of her age.

It was only a few weeks ago that I had the pleasure of talking to her at her home in the rue Constantine, when she told me her plans for the approaching season, and

of the tour she intended to make the following season of the United States. In fact, for several months she had been applying herself to the study of English, with the idea of organizing a company and embarking to conquer new worlds, thus following the example of Sarah Bernhardt, Caruso, and other stars.

Mlle. Lantelme was the wife of M. Alfred Edwards, the founder of the big daily paper, *Le Matin*, and in his company she departed the first of July on board the

Aimée with the intention of crossing Holland and go up the Rhine. Her real name was Mathilde Fossey, and she was born in Paris in 1883. She was a student at the Conservatoire in 1903 and 1904, but did not immediately obtain the recognition to which her grace and charm seemed to give her the right.

Towards the end of the season of 1904 she made quite a success in several one-act plays on the small stage of the Theatre Royal, which was then in the rue Royal.



Photo Felix

CREATION PAQUIN



Photo Felix

CREATION CHERUIT

She was quickly engaged by the management of the Gymnase, and made a sensational début as Andrée Bouquet in Pierre Wolff's comedy "L'Age d'Aimer." During the course of that same year created at the Mathurins "Une mesure pour Rien," by André Barde, and the same day "Didi," by Maurice de Feraudy.

About that time Madame Réjane founded the Théâtre Réjane. From the beginning of this house Mlle. Lantelme was designated as one of the future stars of the organization. The opening of the Théâtre Réjane on the 15th of December, 1906, was a brilliant one, at which Tout-Paris eagerly assisted. Mlle. Lantelme, in the part of

Mme. Durand, made a great success. During the early months of 1907, while at the Théâtre Réjane, she appeared as the Baronne d'Arnay de la Hutte in "Ma Cousine," by Henri Meilhac; as Suzette in "Paris-New York," by François de Croisset, and Emmanuel Arène, and as Simone in "Zaza."

The following year she undertook the part of Youyou in "Le Roi," so brilliantly created by Mlle. Lavallière, and interpreted the rôle so perversely that she really created a new character. Then Mlle. Lantelme became the star at the Vaudeville, creating in 1910 the "Costaud des Epinettes," by Tristan Bernard and Athis, and

the "Marchand de Bonheur," by Kistemaekers. At the commencement of this year she appeared at the Renaissance as the gracious and charming Mme. Alain in "Vieil Homme," and as the heroine of Pierre Veber's "La Gamine" at the same theatre.

Mlle. Lantelme, who was lively and quick at cutting repartee, had a lawsuit with Mme Réjane, whom she reproached with not allowing her to play often enough. It was only a little time ago that she had a lively epistolary encounter with M. Nozière about his criticisms, whose terseness displeased her, and also with M. Henri Bataille, in whose "Manon" she had played. Mlle. Lantelme, who was an actress of high qualities, was as spontaneous in her life as she was on the stage, and her loss is a grievous one for the stage she ornamented and the public who loved her.

In my July letter I mentioned the fact that Rembrandt's famous "Mill," owned by Lord Lansdowne, had been acquired by an American collector for the sum of 2,500,000 francs. I have just learned that this collector had the unlucky idea of having the canvas restored and to some degree modernized. While the work was going on he had the disagreeable surprise to learn that it bore the signature of Hercules Seghers, a Dutch painter born in 1589, who died in 1650, so that he was a contemporary of the great Rembrandt.

I marvel that any one could be deceived in a Rembrandt, inasmuch as that master had such an individual execution. The most competent critics are of the opinion that his technique was such that it was, so to say, materially impossible not only to analyze it, but to copy it. To verify this fact it is sufficient to go to any museum and watch the thousands of copyists who plant their easels throughout the galleries. Never does the idea come to them to try to reproduce a Rembrandt canvas.

I do not forget the fact that Rembrandt had many pupils, and that in the present case it is possible that some one of them, under his direction, made one or several copies of the famous "Mill." Even admitting this hypothesis, it is practically impossible, in view of the special talent of Rembrandt, to admit that a copy made under such conditions could ever be mistaken for the original. Rubens, or any other painter whose technique hides no secret, may be imitated. I cite Rubens because everyone knows that this great Dutch master was one whose productions were great and his method the least disguised. The Master of Antwerp was surrounded by a school of satellites. After Rubens had painted the heads and hands these disciples, under his direction, finished the costumes. Rubens was only one of many. His humorfulness, his gaiety, his happiness is found on many canvases. Taking his brilliant colors from the palette, his brush produced without artifice or malice, so that even his least clever pupils could, without difficulty, complete the works outlined by the master.

Such was not the case with Rembrandt. Among all known painters the Amsterdam master was the most individual. His technique was so entirely his own. Witness the fact that no modern painter thinks of attempting to copy a Rembrandt. This acknowledged, are we to infer that Hercules Seghers, a contemporary of Rembrandt, and who may have known the master, succeeded, after studying the special



Photo Manuel

CREATION REDFERN, PARIS

Gown of dark red foulard, trimmed with heavy guipure lace, girdle of emerald green liberty



Photo Felix

CREATION DOEUILLET

method of Rembrandt, in making a sufficiently dexterous copy as to cause confusion? The entire question lies there.

It is for such technicians as Dr. Bohde, of Berlin, and other specialists who have made special studies of Rembrandt's work, to clear up the mystery.

As for the American owner, I consider that it was unpardonable of him to have

thought of cleaning the famous "Mill," until now attributed to Rembrandt. Here was a collector who was happy to possess and proud to buy for a fabulous sum a much coveted canvas, and who, instead of contenting himself with the possession of it in the state in which it hung in the Orleans and Lansdowne Galleries, amused himself with the desire to rejuvenate the venerable can-

vas. Why, it would take the secrets of Ninon de Lenclos to perform such a miracle.

In every museum in the world there have been, there are, and there will be, some forged canvases. No one has forgotten the subterfuge of the famous crown of Saitapharnes at the Louvre. Then there is the discussion about the "Venus and Cupid,"



Photo Agie

SALESROOMS AT PAQUIN'S

Eggiman Pub.

attributed to Velasquez, and bought by the National Gallery of London.

The stormy discussions concerning the works of Shakespeare are fresh in the mind. Will that mystery one day be cleared up, and the world know whether the Great Will or Lord Bacon was the author?

In the end all that is of minor importance. The great question is to know if the "Mill" is a fine painting, and worthy of Rembrandt. We must believe that it is, since for more than four centuries the most competent connoisseurs have attributed it to the master.

What difference whether the "Venus and Cupid" belonging to the National Gallery is by Velasquez or not, if that canvas unites the same qualities? What difference if the incomparable works of Shakespeare were written by Lord Bacon? Will the plays be less beautiful because of that? As Shakespeare justly said: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Are there not in the United States nine thousand Corots, while the master of Barbizon, by his own avowal, painted only five thousand.

The reason for all these forgeries, if forgeries they are, lies in the high prices commanded by paintings and objects of art. Indeed, the high price was the indispensable factor. At the time when objects of art and ancient furniture sold for prices less than their original cost, what advantage could the forger find in imitating them?

Who would have thought of making Boule furniture, when at the Villers sale in 1812 one could procure for 1,661 francs splendid pieces with blue marble covers, with the three doors carrying bas reliefs in bronze, representing Apollo and Marsyas on the centre panel, and the four seasons on the side one? So long as the difference between the intrinsic price of the object and its value as a curiosity did not increase, the imitators attempted only those copies which were easy to counterfeit, for they could not afford the cost of the work, nor use expensive and rare materials. But the day when the artistic value surpassed a hundred times that of the reproduction, as is the case today for almost every antique object, the

field was wide open to the counterfeiters. Here are a few examples of the increase in prices:

"The Escalade and the Cruche Cassee," by Debucoart, brought, at the Descloux sale in 1889, 5,500 francs, and now is valued at 32,000 francs. Two little pictures by Leprince, "Le Depart" and "L'Arrivée de la Diligence," sold for 12,200 francs at the Miallet sale in 1902, and a short time ago, at the Muhlbacher sale, they brought 22,500 francs. "Le Promenade," a drawing by Moreau le Jeune, cost 5,100 francs at the Guyot de Villeneuve sale in 1900, and it realized 15,000 francs at that of Muhlbacher. In 1906, at the sale of the Comte d'Yanville collection, a bust of Louis XIV in *pâtre tendre*, by Mermecy, brought 42,500 francs, which had been sold in 1887 for 700 francs. Only lately, at the Crosnier sale, a drawing by Fragonard, called "Le Verrou," brought 29,500 francs, while at the Jourdan sale, during the Second Empire, it sold for 80 francs. A thousand such examples could be enumerated.

Among the best-known forgeries of antiquities in the European museums, some of them discovered by M. Furtwangler, a learned German, are the following:

The head of a woman, larger than nature, supposed to date from the last period of archaic art, and bought by the Berlin Museum in 1898, but made at Rome some years previously. Nothing was lacking; the cracked marble, artful mutilations of the neck. As was the case with Rembrandt's "Mill," the cleaning of the figure made the fraud visible to all eyes.

Take the case of the head of Hera at the British Museum, admirably imitated by the aid of acids. It was the same thing with the marbles in the Torlonia Museum at Rome, where the corrosive action of time was so imitated as to deceive even the initiated, which was also the case with "The Athlete" in the Jacobson collection at Copenhagen.

Even the American custom house duties have been made to play into the hands of these merchants of spurious art objects, as a recent event well illustrates. A London picture dealer ordered from a needy painter

a drinking scene executed after the Flemish school. A perfect picture was delivered, even to the signature of Jan Steen, and the date 1672. The dealer examined it, declared himself satisfied, and, after having paid the artist, said to him:

"Your picture is so good that I do not see why you did not sign it yourself."

Much flattered, the painter quickly painted out the signature of Jan Steen, and over it painted his own. Three weeks later the picture was sent to New York. At the same time an anonymous letter was sent to the New York custom house, advising them of the intention to defraud the government by means of a picture signed by an unknown artist, but which was really a masterpiece of the Dutch school valued at 200,000 francs. The custom house authorities called in experts, who washed off the layer of paint, on which was the name of the real painter, and discovered the original name underneath. The English dealer was forced to pay an indemnity of 50 per cent., that is, 100,000 francs, plus the duties of 20 per cent., a total of 140,000 francs. The painting having thus been authenticated by the custom house experts as a Jan Steen, was sold three days later for 250,000 francs, which still left a pretty profit for the dealer.

From all this the conclusion may be drawn that in matters of art, and above all of antiques, no one is infallible, and that every buyer, even the millionaires, should remember the remark of the King of Italy, who, having escaped the poignard of an assassin, said: "There are risks in all trades."

PETRONIUS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The above article is the second in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine.



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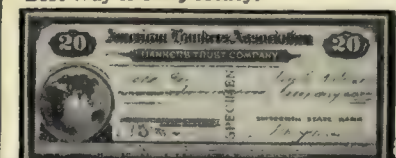
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Lewis Waller—England's Foremost Romantic Actor

(Continued from page 132)

which he has impersonated, Mr. Waller regards Brutus as his favorite. "My reason for this selection," he says, "is that Brutus appeals to me as the most perfect man in the whole gallery of the great Shakespearian characters, on account of his dignity and gentleness, his absolute sense of right and duty, his tenderness, and the love he bore to Portia. Were I, however, to consider the matter from the actor's point of view, of playing the part for a run, I should be inclined to select Othello, or Henry V, for the reason that they are greater acting parts. On the other hand, there are certain parts which make a very great appeal to me, although I have not yet had an opportunity to act them. Among them are Macbeth, Coriolanus and Hamlet, in all of which I certainly hope to appear.

"Apart from the classical drama, M. Beaucaire is my favorite on account of his many delightful characteristics, his chivalry towards women, his humor, his wit, and his general brilliancy, all of which give the actor great opportunities for the display of his art."

In addition to the rôle of Androvsky, the monk who awakes from the quiet and peace of a monastery to a life of passionate romance, Mr. Waller may also be seen in a repertoire comprising his finest interpretations of classical, modern and romantic parts. J. G. P.

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No one need be without the very best music in these days of the Victor, for with one of these instruments it is always right at hand, and the new list of records issued every month makes it a source of perpetual delight. The Victor records for October have just been issued, and whether you prefer grand opera or ragtime, instrumental solos or band selections, comic specialties or gospel hymns, you'll find just what you want, for there is variety enough to suit every taste.

Two gospel hymns of great popularity, "I Love to Tell the Story" and "The King's Business," are beautifully sung by Trinity Choir. Reinold Werrenrath gives a vigorous rendition of the English version of the German air, "The Watch on the Rhine," and Reed Miller sings with refreshing clearness the popular Italian folk-song, "Santa Lucia." The beautiful Brahms lullaby is charmingly sung by Elizabeth Wheeler; "Haying Time," a tuneful song of Indian summer, is sweetly caroled by the "That Girl" Quartet; Collins and Harlan sing an amusing ditty, "Good Bye, Old Gal," and Walter Van Brunt sings in his usual clever style a popular ballad entitled, "That Was Before I Met You."

The Red Seal offerings include the beautiful David air, "Thou Brilliant Bird," from the "Pearl of Brazil," sung by Luisa Tetrizzini, and this famous colorature number shows to rare advantage the purity of her tones, especially in the duet with the flute, and the difficult runs are given with perfect ease. Alma Gluck sings two numbers successfully used in her concerts, a brilliant "Nightingale's Passion Song," and a dainty little shepherd song, which is the gem of a Russian opera, "The Snow Maiden." Riccardo Martin sings superbly the difficult tenor air from Massenet's "Le Cid," giving it in the original key, which is a crucial test for any tenor. Mischa Elman gives a delightful violin rendition of a famous old "Rigaudon," by Mon-signy; G. Mario Sammarco sings Rigoletto's great denunciation; Jeanne Gerville-Reache gives a dramatic rendition of a slave girl's song from a Masse opera; and Nicola Zerola contributes two splendid "Pagliacci" airs.

Bernhardt in Picture Film

A cable dispatch to the *New York Times* from Paris says that Sarah Bernhardt has at last been conquered by the tempting offers of a cinematograph firm, and has given the operators an opportunity of making records of her magnificent histrionic powers. The piece which the great actress selected was her greatest success, "Camille," a special adaptation having been prepared for the purpose. In order to obtain the fullest dramatic effect in her acting, Bernhardt spoke all the words as if to an audience.

Geraldine Farrar's concert tour opens in Albany, October 2.

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The Greatest Scandinavian Hamlet

(Continued from page 131)

certainly the foremost tragedian, that Sweden has produced. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Theatre, in Stockholm. After an apprenticeship there of six years, it was found that he was not physically fit for the labors entailed at this playhouse, where the "grand style" of acting was in vogue. He was not strong constitutionally, had an ungainly figure, and was troubled with a highly-pitched voice. The youth did not flinch or despair, for he was determined to devote his life to the interpretation of the classic drama—of Shakespeare, in particular—and he knew that the divine fire was his. He went forthwith to a little stock company under the direction of an old actor: here he toiled for eight bitter years, enacting over two hundred rôles. At the end of this period he had overcome his physical frailties.

He was twenty-seven when he returned to the Royal Theatre for his début. The piece was "Hamlet." Even his friends were in troubled doubt as to the outcome of the venture, for the young tragedian was comparatively unknown. But Swartz won the night; and with his presentment of Hamlet there began a new epoch in the histrionic art of Sweden. In this player the auditors missed the rant they had become accustomed to hear in the sentimental melodramas of Kotzebue and his school.

Swartz was now a master of stage-technic; his voice was clear and pleasing, his bearing firm and graceful, and the sweet fortitude with which he had met his tribulations gave to his embodiment—

"That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite."

The Swede was a great Hamlet, like Booth, chiefly by virtue of his nobility of character and purity of life. "Booth seemed to live Hamlet rather than to act it," says Mrs. Winter. "He was Hamlet; he was not playing him," wrote of Swartz the leading dramatic critic of Stockholm.

The Swedish actor played a number of comedy parts successfully, but he was essentially a tragedian. Some notion of his versatility may be gathered from a recounting of his most important rôles: Shakespeare's Hamlet, Iago, Leontes, Timon, Bassanio, Richard II, and Richard III; Schiller's Dunois and Fiesco; the title parts in Molière's "Tartuffe," Goethe's "Egmont," and Byron's "Sardanapalus;" Rochester in the German actress, Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's, dramatization of "Jane Eyre;" Ormulf in "The Vikings at Helgeland;" Maxime in Octave Feuillet's "le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre;" and Gustavus Vasa in Frans Hedberg's "Dagen gry" (The Day Dawns).

Edvard Mauritz Swartz was born in 1826 in Stockholm. On the fiftieth anniversary of his birth the Swedish Academy awarded him a prize medal in recognition of his devotion to the higher drama of his own and other countries. Five years later he took farewell of the theatre. His health, never robust, was beginning to fail; he did not want it said of him:

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

The tragedian's interest, however, in the contemporary art of the theatre did not end with his retirement, and his accomplished wife remained on the stage. He died in December, 1897.

"There is nothing," wrote the most famous of Danish story-tellers, "which can dwarf the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, except her own personal character at home." Andersen's ardent words may as fittingly be applied to Edvard Swartz as to his illustrious countrywoman. It was of Marie Dorval that Théophile Gautier once said: "She has been a woman, where others would have rested content with being actresses." The keynote of the artistic career of the greatest of Scandinavian Hamlets cannot better be expressed, I fancy, than it is in a sentence by the distinguished clergyman and lecturer, Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, who in an address some time since remarked that "the power of a dramatic artist is in the leadership of character."

ARTHUR SWAN.

The Drama Players is the name of a new organization which the Shuberts will manage, and of which Donald Robertson is the director. It is the result of a movement in Chicago for the preservation of the best dramatic standard. The first performance by the company will take place in Baltimore, October 30.

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Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.

The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:

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Sir John Hare

Dean of the stage, writes:

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David Warfield

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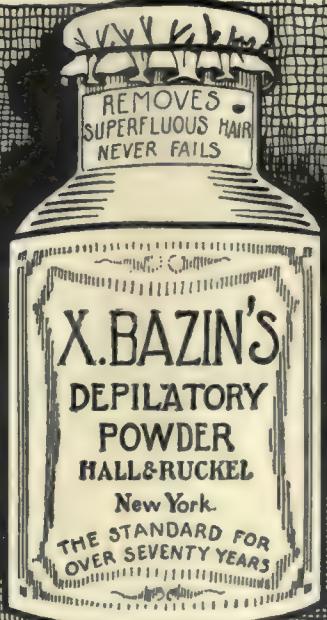
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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

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Grievances of a Deadhead

(Continued from page 121)

intimately enough to prefer your request in this offhand sort of way. Blank nods acquiescence, and may write you a pass there and then. More likely he will say, "Come around about eight o'clock and I'll take care of you," or "I'll leave them for you in the box-office and you can get them to-night."

Now, anybody experienced in deadheading knows that nothing in theatredom is more elusive than either one of these two promises—except the other one. When you go to the theatre at eight o'clock the person who was to "take care of you" is not to be found. It is only what you expected, but you hang about the lobby, get in the way of people coming in, peep into the box-office—where there is only the busy ticket-seller at the window, and a well-groomed, but forbidding, personage you don't know sitting behind him—ask the tall man in evening clothes who is taking tickets at the door whether he has seen Mr. Blank, to which the tall man returns a negative grunt without looking up, get in more people's way, and at last, after waiting till half-past eight, when the curtain rises, give it up and go away, musing profanely.

If your tickets were to have been left at the box-office, you fall in line and work your way up to the window in your turn. Hoping for the best, you are prepared for the worst. The latter is what you get, in all probability. You see the ticket-seller's face harden as you ask if there is "anything there for Mr. D. Head." He does not like to stop taking money, and he shows it. However, he runs two fingers and an eye up and down the rack at the side of the window with professional celerity. Then he announces coldly: "Nothing for Mr. Head."

That is all. The worst mistake you can make now is to stand hesitating at the window, wondering why Blank did not keep his word. The ticket-seller glares at you, and the special officer in the lobby, with his hand on the brass railing, tells you to "Pass along, please. Don't block the window." You are hustled away to make room for the next person in line, who has a five-dollar bill in his hand, and if you don't feel cheap and murderously inclined toward Blank, it is because experience has made you callous.

In justice to Blank, it must be admitted that he does not always disappoint you. Sometimes he is in the lobby at eight o'clock and does "take care of you." And it may fall out that he remembered to leave your tickets at the box-office as he said he would.

In the former case Blank fishes out seat-coupons for you from a bunch he carries, held together by a rubber band, in his waistcoat pocket. He is all smiles and good-fellowship, and probably slaps you on the back and calls you "Old man!" as he waves you past the door-keeper. Or you have found your pass and coupons in an envelope at the box-office, which the ticket-seller has handed to you in silence and with an expression that says: "You wouldn't have got 'em if I'd had anything to say about it." You don't care for that, however; its none of his business, anyhow.

With your faith in human nature at concert pitch, you march to the door triumphant. The ticket-taker immediately takes you down a peg or two. He gives you a reproachful stare as you hand in your pass, and reads it with ostentatious care, as if he rather suspected it of being a forgery. But your years of deadheading have accustomed you to the scorn of doorkeepers, and, disregarding him, you push your way in. As you give your coupons to the head usher, he sees that they have been punched, and instantly he knows you for what you are. So it is with a shade more than the usual professional abruptness that he points over his shoulder, with "Last aisle to the right!" and dismisses you as if you were an office boy in disgrace.

As I have said, I am a deadhead. I have been one for a very long time, and, accepting it as an axiom that "Once a deadhead, always a deadhead," I suppose I shall continue to be one while my theatre-going days last. But there are times—when Blank has failed me, when the box-office man and ticket-taker have been particularly offensive, and when, on several successive occasions, I have been stuck behind a post or been compelled to sit in a more than usually powerful hurricane—when I think it might be more satisfactory, on the whole, to eschew passes, pay for such tickets as I want and select my own seats.

Yes, it might. But it is hard to change old habits.

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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 117)

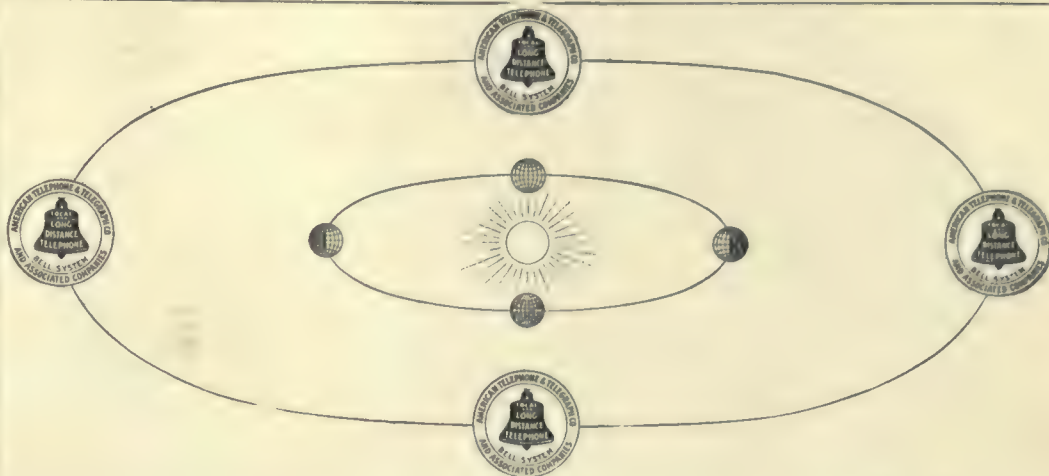
to propose to her a bottle of wine at a supper before coming had been a little too much for him. With the disadvantage of slight intoxication he puts through his serious purpose without indelicacy. It was a scene in which Mr. Frederic Truesdell manifested rare tact and skill. Miss Stahl shared, of course, in the drollery of this scene. Maggie's many scenes of tribulation did not admit of the constant use of her pithy sayings, but there were abundant opportunities for them, particularly in the first act. Miss Stahl has her own methods. She is deliberate and clear in utterance and gives value to every line. There is character in everything she does, and her personality prevails in every situation. Mr. Klein has been very successful with his types. A traveling salesman furnishes much amusement. The girls in the shop are true to life. The cast is an exceedingly effective one. The play is over-weighted with melodrama.

CRITERION. "PASSERS-BY." Play in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced Sept. 14 with this cast:

Mr. Peter Waverton, Richard Bennett; Pine, Julian Royce; "Nighty," A. G. Andrews; Samuel Burns, Ernest Lawford; Margaret Summers, Louise Rutter; The Lady Hurley, Ivy Herzog; Miss Beatrice Dainton, Rosalie Toller; Little Peter, Baby Davis or Baby Smith.

The newness and quaintness, in many particulars, of "Passers-By," the work of C. Haddon Chambers, is a relief from the indifferent quality and inadequacy of many of the plays which have preceded it in the opening of the season. To say that it is wholly delightful would be too complaisant an expression of appreciation. The plot involving a few principal characters is nothing more than a paraphrase of familiar dramatic material, but the spirit of it and the incidental are primitively innocent and wholesome. The long arm of common sense might be disposed at times to thrust aside some of the incidents and complications brought into the action by the long arm of coincidence, but the naive primitiveness of the people reconciles us to everything.

A well-to-do bachelor finds his butler entertaining a cabman whom he has called up from the passers-by. Much alone in the house, it is his custom to find companionship in this way. The master of the house gives attention to the apologies and explanation of the butler and accepts his philosophy. He sends out for the first passer-by, who proves to be a homeless character whose roof is the sky. This derelict is distinctly of the kind to be found in London, not here. He regards himself as nobody and is surprised when addressed as a human being. "Me, Mister?" He is fed, and, careful of the immediate future, bestows the remnants of the food in miscellaneous pockets. He belongs to the submerged. His mind is undeveloped. He does not know himself after he has had a forced bath and had his hair cut. His existence in the play is justified presently, but, as little as he has to do, the derelict, as played by Ernest Lawford, gives to the play its chief novelty and entertainment. The second character brought into the house by reason of the sudden impulse of charity and fellowship is a veiled woman found in a fainting condition on the doorstep. The bachelor recognizes her. They were friends a few years ago. They were more than this. She had been the governess in his step-sister's family. During his absence from home she had been dismissed, his letters to her had been intercepted. She has a boy six years old. It is their boy. Such things happen in drama; but she is, in a sense, undramatic enough to relieve him of all obligations when she learns that he is engaged to be married. Here certainly is a character as original in her views of life as the derelict, and as British. Why British? Let us conjecture that it is from that pervasive sense of relative social inferiority cultivated on John Bull's island, and pass it by. She refuses to listen to his suggestion for reparation, saying that she, too, is engaged. To whom? To Henry Robinson. Eventually we learn that this is an amiable lie. Henry Robinson does not exist. The bachelor's fiancée discovers the situation, finds that the two are constant in their love, and by renouncing her claims, contrives to bring them together, so that legal sanction may cover the past, the present and the future. The fiancée is charmingly gracious and graceful in her part of the transaction. Miss Rosalie Toller, in her acting, carries out the spirit of the play admirably. She does not moralize. She goes about her work of bringing about justice and happiness with joy, and not in tears. She finally discloses to the bachelor,



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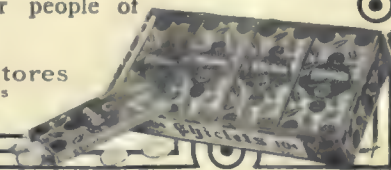
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as a conclusive argument, that there is no Henry Robinson. These are unusual people. They pass through fire unscathed. They rise up through water untouched, as they do at the Hippodrome. The simplicity of it all is lovely and overpowering. Still, even with this decided newness in the treatment, this old paraphrased story would not arrest the attention. We have seen that the derelict has no complaint to make against society.

The philosophy of the play seems to be that there is nothing wrong with the world, and that, with the chance, everybody will do the right thing, fiancées in particular. The tone and the incidental things in the play make it agreeable. The bachelor wants to see his boy; she, feeling her exclusive proprietorship, hesitates, but goes at once to bring him when his father suggests that she is unwilling to show him because he is ugly. The scene of the bachelor with his boy is amusing. He does not know how to handle children. He lifts him about as if he were a piece of gingerbread. Scenes of this kind, serious as well as comical, give the piece its tone. It is a tone-piece. Its third act and a number of passages in the play are tedious. The derelict steals the boy, but merely for a day's companionship. The arrested suspense in regard to this interferes with the action, that is now resumed as to the relations between the bachelor and the boy's mother. The handling of the action generally seems to require some readjustment somewhere along here. There are at least twenty minutes of tediousness which Mr. Chambers should be able to lay his finger on and eliminate. The play can be shortened a bit. Mr. Richard Bennett is a little too hard for the character, or the character is a little too hard for him. But he marries the mother of his boy. The cast is small, and it is not the usual experience to find, as in this performance, every part played with notable excellence.

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REPUBLIC. "THE WOMAN." Play in three acts by William C. De Mille. Produced September 19 with this cast:

Jim Blake, John W. Cope; Tom, Harold Vosburgh; Mark Robertson, Edwin Holt; Grace, Jane Peyton; Matthew Standish, Cuyler Hastings; Ralph Van Dyke, Carleton Macy; Silas Gregg, Stephen Fitzpatrick; Tim Neligan, William Holden; Wanda Kelly, Mary Nash.

To bring to success in production an inconsequential play, with an ending which has no bearing whatever upon its theme, is an achievement. The theme of Mr. William C. De Mille's play, "The Woman," is political graft among representatives in Congress; the play itself is about something else. The least considered, the least powerful character in the action, the telephone girl at the switchboard in a hotel, soon attracts, absorbs and retains to the end the only sympathetic interest of the audience. She saves a woman from public scandal. In doing this she refuses a bribe in money, faces the danger of imprisonment for a year, disgrace, and the loss of her sweetheart, the last alternative involving much more than mere sentiment. In saving the woman and in daring sacrifice she defeats the bill of the grafters.

The interest, then, is defined by the problem which sums up the object of the play in the only proposition that can be framed for it: will the telephone girl, by saving a woman, defeat the bill and win her own happiness? Of course, this makes a play, a most interesting play, but it is plain that the initial idea of the play had nothing to do with political corruption. There is not the slightest trace of any sentiment against graft in the play. Not one character utters a word that can be taken seriously, or does anything to stem this tide of evil, which may or may not exist to any considerable extent at Washington. It is true that the Hon. Matthew Standish, an Insurgent Representative, is trying to defeat the bill, but, in appearance, in manner, in every way, he seems to conform to the description of the Reformer, as sincerely believed by every political rascal and as made by one of the characters, "a rascal out of a job." He is not out of a job, but the dramatist has failed to impress us with his honesty. Granting that he is honest, his fight is too indirectly directed against the bill to give him validity as a representative of the decent elements of our society. He is threatened at the outset of the action with the exposure of something in his past life which will disgrace him. He laughs at this threat, for his life had been irreproachable, except for one incident, which he thought would never become known. He had registered at a hotel with a woman as man and wife. The grafters only need to find the woman. They know he will telephone to her and advise her of the danger. The telephone girl learns who the woman is. She is the wife of Robertson, the Representative from New

York, and the daughter of Blake, the Representative from Illinois, and the sister of the youth whom she loves.

The ensuing complications and situations, some of which have been indicated, are almost obvious. The woman finally confesses to her father and to her husband. They forgive her, not because they have that generous nature which is supposed to belong to grafters, just as it may be characteristic of some thugs and murderers to "be good to mother," not because they have been chastened, but because they cannot put the bill through without being disgraced socially.

The characters are all distinctly of the times, however old some of the situations may be, and Mr. Belasco has made living types of them. His staging and his attention to detail is masterly. In this production he assuredly holds his supremacy. He puts his touch on everything and makes it his own. In this play he gives a section of a hotel lobby that is complete in its illusive reproduction, with its marble walls, its telephone switchboard, the political "Amen corner," its upholstered furniture, its telephone booths, in which the electric bulb indicates use; its uniformed boys paging guests, and every minute, essential detail. Each type of representative is marked, each actor absolutely adapted to the desired impression. He seems never to fail in selecting his people. Miss Jane Peyton fails in impressiveness, but the character is a hopeless one and cannot be supplied with any emotion that could reach the public. In Mary Nash, the telephone girl, however, he made a selection worthy of his powers of divination. Telephone talks have become the inevitable things in plays of the day, but it is bettered into novelty here. Human destinies are controlled or affected by a switchboard, and the girl who operates it, not exactly pretty, has a speaking eye, an intelligence and an archness that enable her to weigh down all the others and leave them dangling in the air. Apart from Mr. Belasco's production, Miss Mary Nash alone makes the play worth while.

WEBER'S. "A MAN OF HONOR." Play in three acts by Isaac Landman. Produced September 14 with this cast:

Judge Amos Kingsley, Edmund Breese; Richard Kingsley, Hans Robert; Geraldine Kingsley, Muriel Starr; Porter Kingsley, Ben Johnson; Sylvia Kingsley, Fay Wallace; William Price, Ralph Delmore; Burton Wills, Edward H. Robins; Court Attendant, Hermann Korn.

A play of platitudes, almost unrelieved by either comedy, romance or wit, and having an abrupt and rather tame ending, is "A Man of Honor," in which, at Weber's Theatre, Edmund Breese stands at full artistic stature as a star. In spite of the serious limitations mentioned, the work is effective through sheer force of sincerity in the handling of a big topic of present-day interest, and possessing inherent dramatic elements. Considered as the first attempt of its author, Rabbi Isaac Landman, at play-writing, it is a work of unusual promise and not a little achievement.

It is located in Montana, where political and other conditions, and the people themselves, have not been as yet smoothed down to inanity. Judge Kingsley is a man of worthy ambition and unalterable integrity; but he is a widower, and has well-nigh ruined his grown-up son and daughter by the lavish indulgence which is one form of neglect. So it comes about that when he is ready to hand down an anti-trust decision involving \$10,000,000, and which will assure him the nomination for Governor, to say nothing of a United States Senatorship later on, he is suddenly confronted by a "practical politician" who demands a compromise in favor of the corporation, or he will expose the Judge's son as a thieving associate of these same malefactors of great wealth. The boy is indeed guilty, and an abject moral coward. The Judge's own brother counsels a sacrifice of principle to expediency, and his daughter joins her plea to that of her erring brother. But the Judge stands firm in his heroic rôle of the Roman father. He defies the politician, tells his son to be a man and pay his gambling debts by going to jail if there is no other way (of course, there will be), and hands down his decision giving the iniquitous limit of the law. This confounds the schemers and set the public wild with enthusiasm. But when they come to hand Judge Kingsley the gubernatorial nomination on a gold-lined platter he pays his own sacrificial price in announcing that he is out of politics forever.

Mr. Breese, as the upright Judge, carries himself with fine restraint and dignity, to let out the full force of passion in the scene where his son turns upon him with reproach that the parent himself is to blame for the youth's growing up a selfish weakling. Ralph Delmore is easily the most sinister and corrupt politician of the modern stage. Ben Johnson, as the Judge's worldly brother, and Hans Robert, as the spoilt son, are emphatically "in the picture." The ladies of the cast are sufficiently vivacious and pretty.

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COMEDY. "SPEED." Comedy in three acts by Lee Wilson Dodd. Produced September 9 with this cast:

Edwin Wise Jessup, Orrin Johnson; Victoria, Oza Waldrop; Wizzy, Thomas R. Tobin, Jr.; Caroline Taylor, Elise Scott; Billy Podmore, Sidney Greenstreet; Mrs. Podmore, Lela Lee; Frank Quimby Gray, Eric Blind; Martha, Eleanor Hicks; Larry, Frank Broder; Constable, Joseph Buckley; Bill Green, John M. Stahl.

Our young dramatists are busying themselves with the material that lies about them, and no longer leave it to the initiative of the foreign stage. It may easily happen, however, that too much haste may be had in the pre-empting of obvious opportunities. A flying machine play failed because it was not properly geared up. Other plays on new subjects have been launched too soon. A score of suffragette plays have been seeking production, and the cry for novelty is spurring our writers on. Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd's "Speed" is the first exclusively "automobile comedy" to be set going. It is very slight, but clever. One feels that it lacks substance and purpose. It has both, but the treatment is flippant, leaving the unsatisfactory impression of a satire on speed-mad people who in themselves are wholly uninteresting. One reason for this is that the play is simply an episode made up of amusing incidents and a succession of small episodes. Its story or plot is almost devoid of dramatic force, for it concerns only the incidents of the mania for riding at top speed and the final purchase of a new automobile of higher power to replace one destroyed in a joy ride. These incidents are animated. A young lawyer and his wife are living contentedly at their suburban home, comfortable in the economies that they practice in view of future prosperity. They have a visit from a friend a modern Lady Gay Spanker, with reference to the automobile, who, with her description of the advantages and pleasures afforded by a machine, inspires them with the desire to taste of the delirium. It is a capital scene in which the two fall upon the idea of using the money in their boy's saving bank. They consult catalogues and find that twelve hundred dollars will answer. They buy the machine. The wife finds that the new freedom of life invites flirtations. One of her fat friends, who should know better, makes advances, whereupon she is properly and virtuously indignant. For one minute we like her. But it is only an episode. Nothing matters in automobile circles, we may assume. The chauffeur takes the servant, a gawky type of a girl convenient for comedy, but not one likely to be employed in sensible households, on a joy ride, and the two are dragged back by the constable, all battered up from the demolition of the machine in a smash-up. The young couple are running into debt, and, with a mortgage on the house, are about to be dispossessed when by a lucky speculation the husband makes sixty thousand dollars, with which they pay off their debts, or are enabled to go deeper into debt, and forthwith buy the best automobile in the market, being now fully informed as to their respective merits. They leave to take their first spin in it, their boy comes into the vacant room, desolate and deserted, and that is the end. This last note is sympathetic and significant. It has been demonstrated that the speed mania destroys the sense of home. This is a general truth, perhaps, but it leaves the play fragmentary. The story is hardly complete. There is no specific ending as to the two people. The wife is delightfully played by Miss Oza Waldrop, but the wife is such a silly fool that it is only the charm of the actress that reconciles us to her in any way. Mr. Orrin Johnson is a very capable actor, but he is not the type for such a volatile husband. The play itself is shallow, but the scenes are acted and managed with such minute knowledge of effect that they make a notable achievement of the production in the matter of detail.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE SIREN." Musical play in three acts by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner. Music by Leo Fall. English version by Harry B. Smith. Produced on August 28 with the following cast:

Baron Siegfried Bazilos, Frank Moulan; Clarisse, Elizabeth Firth; Grion, Gilbert Childs; Armand Marquis De Ravallac, Donald Brian; Malipote, F. Pope Stammer; Lolotte, Julia Sanderson; Hanibal Beckmesser, Will West; Frau Eisenbehr, Florence Morrison; Alberta, Gene Cole; Toni, Ethel Kelly; Magda, Louise Donovan; Robertine, Veronique Banner; Freda, Ethel Davis; Ladislas, Victor Le Roy.

A Viennese operetta in a Broadway production in New York is the modern beau ideal of light musical entertainment. Let us say at once that the ideal is reasonably well achieved in the latest of Charles Frohman's annual offerings in this line at the Knickerbocker Theatre, "The Siren," with music of the genuine "Dollar Princess" and "Arcadians" brand by Leo Fall. When it is added that Donald Brian waltzes through the piece with Julia Sanderson in his best "Merry Widow" form, and that Frank Moulan and Will West act as foils in their respective broader comic



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veins, the immediate popularity of "The Siren" is accounted for. This is taking for granted, as it is safe to do under the circumstances, an augmented orchestra of real quality and a dazzling chorus of beautifully gowned girls and richly uniformed men.

Lest anyone should think this a premature announcement of the millenium, one or two of the obvious, and perhaps to-be-expected, shortcomings of "The Siren" must be noticed.

The Minister of Police might go through the "book" with all his sleuths and sirens and he would find it innocent of any real plot. Worst of all, the lyrics bristle with unsingable words and phrases that ill accord with Fall's exquisite melodies, and must seriously handicap the singers. The "Waltz Caprice" duet, however, is an *entrainant* number that cannot be queered, and "Wallflower" has a quiet charm of its own. West's comic song, "I Want to Sing in Opera," has the air of being "his own stuff," it is so pat and in character, as contrasted with certain others of the dozen or more lyrical sugar-plums sown through the three acts.

Taken for all in all, "The Siren" is a refined and innocuous musical play de luxe, in which Broadway may take pride as a probable season-through attraction.

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BIJOU. "MODERN MARRIAGE." Comedy in 3 acts by Harrison Rhoades. Produced Sept. 16 with this cast:

Nelson Fairchild, Henry Dodd; Thomas, John Rogers; Perkins, Henry Dornton; Mrs. Gibson, Loretta Wells; Miss Fanny Thornton, Olive May; Daisie Clifford, Rene Kelly; William Clifford, Percy Ames; Max Fisher, Albert Gran; Victoria Fairchild, Emily Stevens; Mrs. Van Orten, Catherine Calhoun; Cornelius Allen, Cyril Scott; Alice Woods, Edna McClure; Miss White, Margaret Seddon.

"Modern Marriage" is based on an idea promotive of infinite comedy. The change of locality in the adaptation is of small consequence, atmosphere not being absolutely essential to impossible happenings. What we see and hear is true enough and comic enough, but not in all the annals of the book trade has ever an old maid consented to let a young man pose as the author of the most successful book of the season for any purpose whatever, when that book represents her highest endeavor and deepest convictions. But audiences are not prosaic enough to mind a little thing of this kind. The German dramatist was not concerned about facts, real facts. He manufactured his own facts. Consequently, the play is not about modern marriage as it is, but about what would happen in given circumstances. The girl marries the man because she thinks he is a great author, and because in the little red book he proclaims the new order of things in which the wife is permitted entire freedom of conduct. The husband can also do as he pleases. There is to be no jealousy. She remains away from home all night, the husband, having no reason to doubt her, making no protest. He pretends, however, that he too had spent the night away from home. The trouble begins. He invites attractive women of advanced thought to visit him. When he is surrounded by these admiring females, she becomes furious. He finally confesses to her that he did not write the book. She falters in her admiration for him, but is finally subdued to his real way of thinking. The conventionalities are restored. It really makes no difference. Victoria loves Cornelius, and Cornelius loves Victoria, and problems and philosophies may go hang. This is no problem comedy. It may be that we must infer that the exercise of advanced rights of woman excludes the exercise of any rights by man, and that no woman is going to let her husband stay away from home of nights, even if he can show a clear bill of conduct. The play has no breadth in its action. It plays upon a condition of affairs. The scenes are amusing by virtue of the vivacity of the wife's jealousy, and by means of the suave method of the husband in meeting the various emergencies. The wife is entirely satisfied to revise her point of view when she sees that the real author of the little red book is an unprepossessing spinster. Cyril Scott and Miss Emily Stevens, the two principals, carry the piece. Miss Rene Kelly, as the sister of the wife, is personally very attractive, and Miss Olive May and others contribute incidents that were much needed to give the semblance of variety to a thin action. Miss Emily Stevens plays with spirit and definite intellectual expression which, added to an undeniable personal charm, make her admirable. Mr. Cyril Scott, gracious and unperturbed in spirit, sure of the means to be employed by the character he is acting, arrives at the most desirable quality in all acting of not seeming to act. To these two the play will owe whatever prosperity may attend the continued production of "Modern Marriage."

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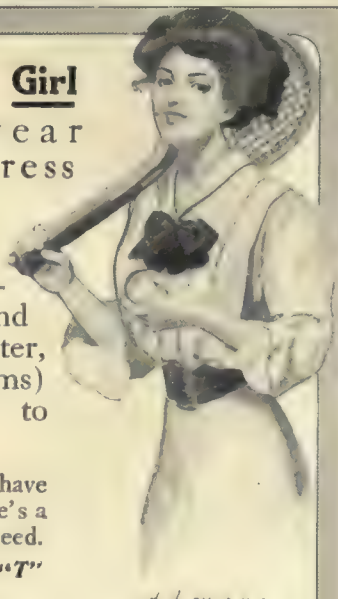
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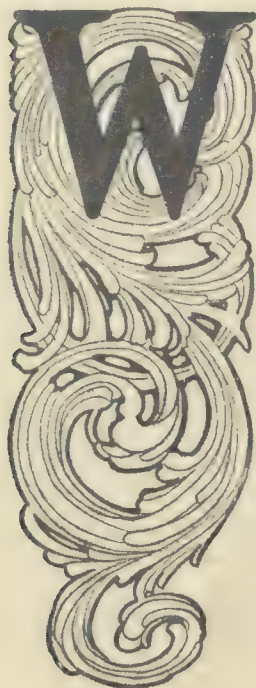
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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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HIPPODROME. The Hippodrome opened the season on September 2 with "Around the World," a new spectacular production in three acts and many gorgeous scenes. With each year the Hippodrome seems to excel its previous performances. This effect is gained, of course, by the long period of preparation for the new production and the world-wide search for novel ideas. Indeed, otherwise the unintermittent popularity of the Hippodrome could not be sustained. The effects in scenery, in distance, depth and height, and light and shade, clouds and storm and other effects impossible to the ordinary theatre enable the Hippodrome to occupy a field all its own. Mere bigness of spectacle would soon tire the public, so that the success of the venture must be attributed to personal and artistic qualities. This season's spectacle takes the spectator around the world. Incidental to the trip a drama is unfolded, which requires no telling here, for the lack of space if for no other reason. When an eccentric millionaire purchases a diamond against the warning of the Swami, has it stolen from him and searches the world over for its recovery, he must have many adventures and see strange sights. If we accompany him, starting out on his own private yacht with him and enjoying this exceptional hospitality, we are privileged to see more than the ordinary Cook's tourist. At a garden party at Windsor Castle we witness a Maypole dance, and become acquainted with every delectable type of Englishman. Transported to Switzerland, we first have the dawn rise and disclose an Alpine shepherd on the top of a peak, with his yodel that sounds loud and clear. The illusion of distance and of reality in the beauty of the mountains is extraordinary. It is at this point that "Slippery Bill" escapes with the diamond and gives us the incentive to follow on. Daybreak in the desert reveals the Sphinx, and we have to do with Bedouins, Berbers, Arab musicians, donkey boys, camels and their drivers, and passing caravans. We hear the Muezzin call. There is a sudden battle on horseback. Whatever its occasion, the millionaire is abducted. As a result of this there is a terrific sandstorm, in which trees are torn up by the roots and are seen sailing away. At Constantinople we are privileged to visit the Har-em and witness the dance of the Nautch Girls. Marcelline selects his girl, but without satisfactory results to him. In India we see the Durbar. Not to speak of elephants and other animals, the stage of the Hippodrome is filled and emptied and filled again with the Hindu soldiers, Goorkhas, Maharajas, dancing girls, English lancers, Hindu magicians and other types. The Brothers Mirano appear here and as equilibrists do some astonishing feats, while the Hassan Ben Ali tribe of Whirlwind Berber Acrobats seem to top anything ever seen on smaller stages. The troupe is a large one. In Spain a bullfight is witnessed. The actual fight is not seen, but an Andalusian bull passes over the stage with every intension, apparently, on business. The Ballet of the Butterflies is the most striking feature of the sort in the spectacle. The fire in the forest is realistic in appearance. The Magic Waterfall precedes the final tableau, The Golden Barge. The spar of the vessel, fifty feet or more in length, gradually rises through the placid surface of the water, and then the great barge filled with its shapely burden of feminine attractiveness appears. This illusion, although not new to the audiences at the Hippodrome, remains a marvel to the multitude.

Too Late for Review

Important productions, made too late for review in this issue, are, "Disraeli," a play by Louis N. Parker, presented most successfully at Wallack's, Sept. 18, with George Arliss in the title rôle, and "The Kiss Waltz," Viennese operetta by Messrs. Ziehrer, Woodward and Edgar Smith, which was received with favor at the Casino on September 19. Other late novelties are: "The Rack," seen at the Playhouse; "The Arab," a play by Edgar Selwyn, produced at the Lyceum; "What the Doctor Ordered," comedy by A. E. Thomas, presented at the Astor on September 20, and "When Sweet Sixteen," by George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert, seen at Daly's. All these pieces will be discussed critically in our next issue.

Kitty Cheatham has returned from Europe and will be seen again in her recitals.

Mary Mannering-Wadsworth, who married a Detroit millionaire recently, will return to the stage this season. She will be seen in the part of Dominic Enfielden in "The Garden of Allah."

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Current Plays in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (September 20th): "A Gentleman of Leisure," at the Globe; "A Man of Honor," at Weber's; "Around the World," at the Hippodrome; "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-ninth Street; "A Single Man," at the Empire; "Disraeli," at Wallack's; "Everywoman," at the Lyric; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Folies Bergere," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Maggie Pepper," at the Harris; "Miss Jack," at the Herald Square; "Modern Marriage," at the Bijou; "Passers-By," at the Criterion; "Snobs," at the Hudson; "Speed," at the Comedy; "The Arab," at the Lyceum; "The Blue Bird," at the Century; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Fascinating Widow," at the Liberty; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Kiss Waltz," at the Casino; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Rack," at the Playhouse; "The Real Thing," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Siren," at the Knickerbocker; "The Woman," at the Republic; "What the Doctor Ordered," at the Astor; "When Sweet Sixteen," at Daly's, and the Winter Garden.

Columbia Records

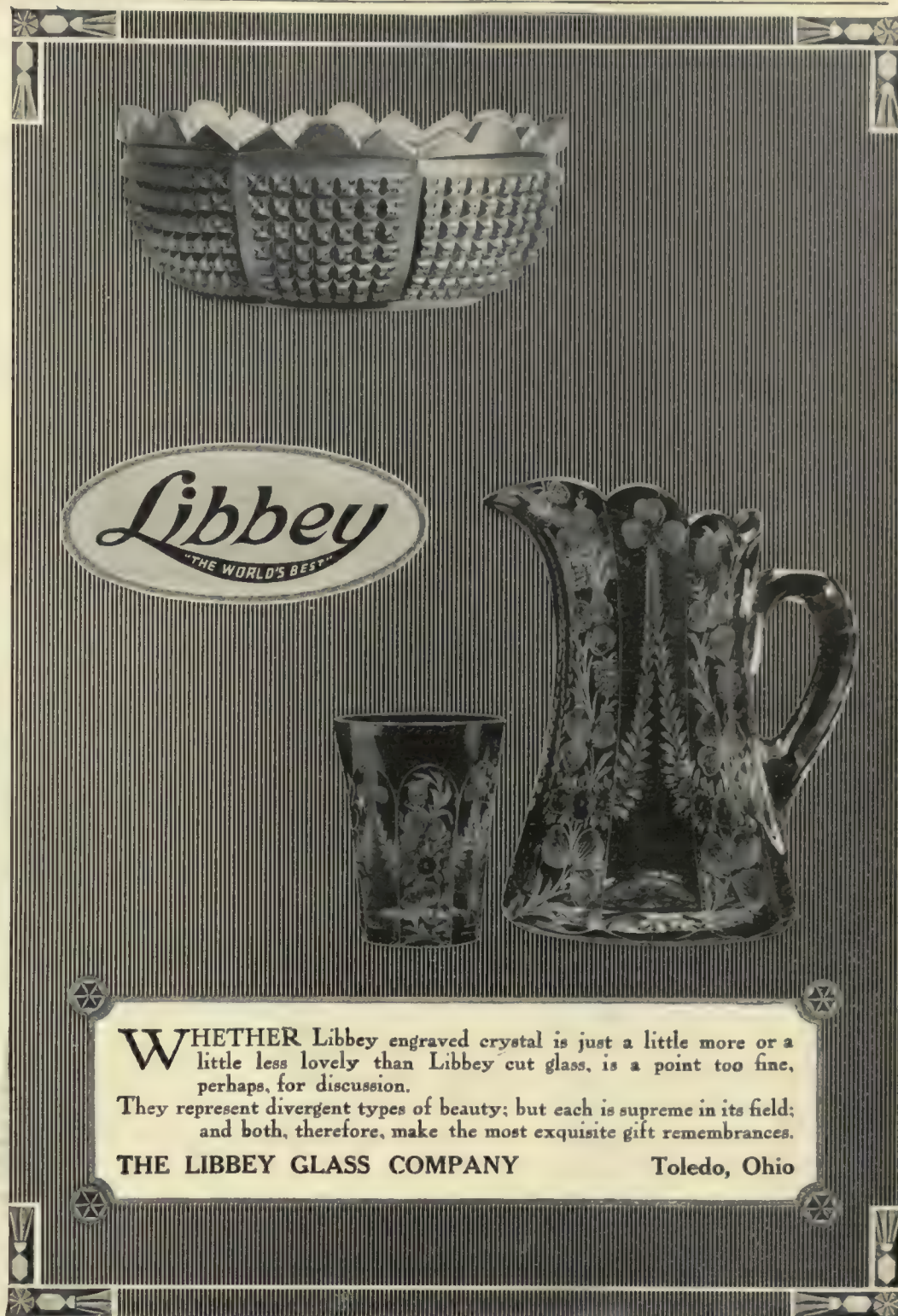
The position to which Cecil Fanning, the distinguished young American baritone, has attained during the past few years is one that places him in the very front rank of contemporary recital artists, and his success should prove an inspiration to all other earnest workers for the advancement of vocal art in America. In every respect, Fanning is undoubtedly one of the most generously and uniquely gifted singers now before the public, as representative concert and recital audiences in every part of the country have long since discovered. His voice—a rich, vibrant baritone that thrills the listener with its abounding virility and inherent musical beauty—would alone entitle him to be included in a list of perhaps half a dozen singers who dominate the American concert stage to-day. When, however, with his voice are considered the many other high qualities of temperament and educational fitness which combine to make him the finished and impeccable artist that he is, we are forced to realize how much of the charm of his interpretation is due to personal endowments that transcend the demands of merely perfect technique and pure vocalism. With Fanning the literary sense of the poem he is interpreting is paramount, the turn of every phrase conveys its due significance, every word is given its correct emotional and intonational meaning. He makes a tone picture of everything he essays.

To Build Smallest Theatre

Winthrop Ames, lately director of the New Theatre, is planning to erect the smallest playhouse in the world. Its capacity, says the *Dramatic Mirror*, will be less than 300 people, and it will be constructed with the view of producing plays of the modern, intimate type. It will foster the most delicate form of dramatic art. The site for the proposed theatre will probably be in West Forty-sixth Street, just off Broadway, and not more than a block away from the new New Theatre. Mr. Ames will sail soon for Europe, and will devote much of his time in studying the small playhouses on the continent and in getting plays for the new theatre. Before leaving, Mr. Ames will carry out his plan of taking two of the successful plays of the New Theatre on tour. This will include putting out one company in "The Piper," in which Edith Wynne Matthison will be starred, and another company in Besier's "Don." It is possible that a second company of "The Piper" will be formed, with a man in the title rôle.

Alviene School of Stage Arts

In celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the Alviene School of Stage Arts at the Grand Opera House, 23d Street and Eighth Avenue, Claude M. Alviene, the president of that institution, has signed a ten-year lease, adding 15,000 square feet of floor space to their already spacious school quarters. This additional space will give thirty-one windows on 23d Street and eighteen windows on Eighth Avenue. The school will occupy the first, second and third floors of the Grand Opera House. There will be three large auditoriums, each with a seating capacity of 1,000, each being used for exclusive studies, rehearsals and public student performances. In addition there will be fifteen studios, a reception office, three private offices and a large office for the office staff; while the faculty will be increased to twenty in number, with an office staff of eight clerks.



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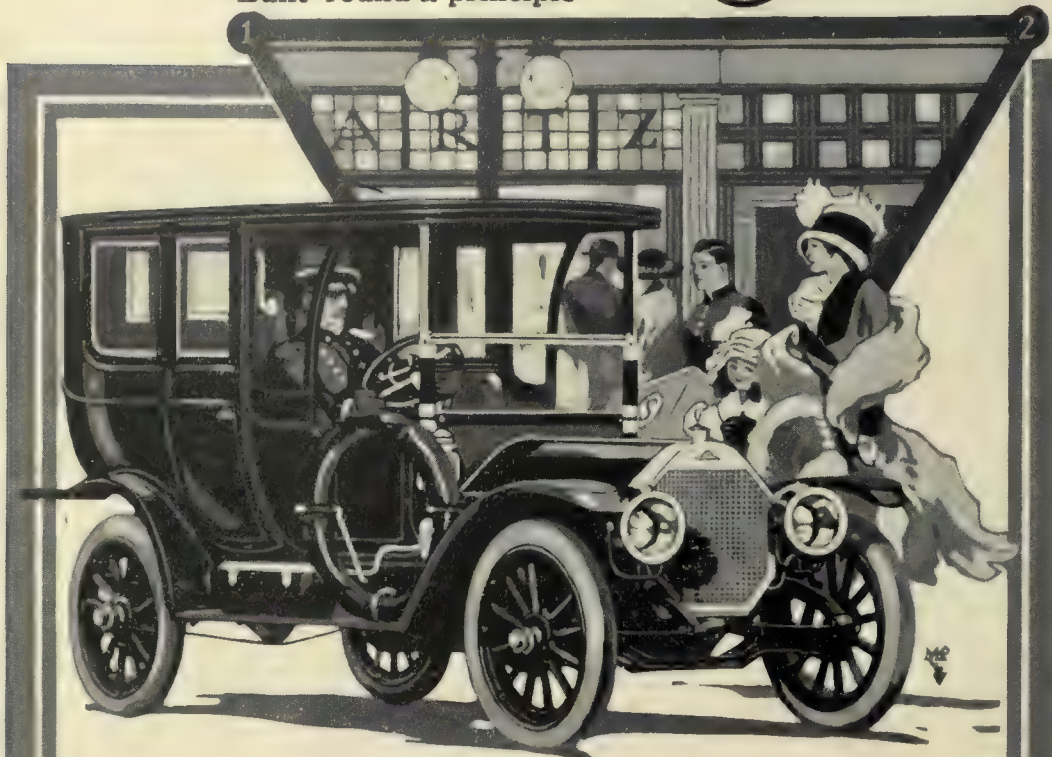
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THE IRISH PLAYERS

The Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who have already opened their season in Boston, will divide their entertainments into what they call first, second, third, and fourth programmes. The first will consist of "A Few Words by Mr. Yeats," the "Shadow of the Glen," a comedy in one act by J. M. Synge, followed by "Birthright," a tragedy in two acts by T. C. Murray, and concluding with "Hyacinth Halvey," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory. The second programme will have "The Well of the Saints," a play in three acts by J. M. Synge, and "Spreading the News," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory. The third will offer "Kathleen ni Houlihan," a tragedy in one act by W. B. Yeats, and "The Playboy of the Western World," by J. M. Synge. The fourth programme will produce "The Eloquent Dempsey," a comedy in three acts by William Boyle, and "Riders to the Sea," a one-act tragedy by J. M. Synge.

The Irish Literary Theatre was founded in 1898, to find "something better than the ordinary play of commerce." Its avowed attempt was to do in Dublin something of what had been done in London by the Independent Theatre, and in Paris by M. Antoine's Theatre Libre. The directors claim that they "have already created a taste for sincere and original drama, and for sincere, quiet, simple acting."

In the beginning English actors were employed, and at the first production, Mr. Yeats' "Countess Cathleen," Miss May Whitty, Miss Florence Farr, and Trevor Lowe were in the cast, with Miss Farr as general manager and Ben Webster as stage manager. In 1901 performances were given by W. G. Fay's little company of Irish amateurs, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company, and then the Irish National Theatre Society. It was this company which took to the St. George's Hall, London, in May, 1903, "The Hour-Glass," and "Kathleen ni Houlihan" of Mr. Yeats, and Lady Gregory's "Twenty-five." The refreshing quality of their simple and sincere art was hailed by English critics as a revelation of what might be done in the theatre with a limited expenditure by a company intent upon doing good work. Miss Horniman acquired the lease of the Abbey Theatre, rebuilt it, and gave the Irish National Theatre Society its free use. From 1904 to 1910 Miss Horniman, in addition, gave the society a small annual subsidy.

Varied as have been the plays added to its repertory, from the time when George Moore and George Russell were writing for it to the day when it was enabled to step in and save Mr. Shaw from the Censor, one of the first concerns of the Irish National Theatre has been with the creation of a folk-drama. These plays are such as spin themselves out of everyday contact of ordinary folk; it is a considering of the folk in relation to the hayfork which, maybe, gets them together and sets them talking, letting the imagination play softly upon them—just as does a child's—that makes the drama, and not at all a devising of situations and of conflicts. In the late J. M. Synge the Abbey Theatre produced a dramatist of the very highest achievement and significance. It is to his work that one goes for that wonderful blending of poetry and realism which is the Irish Theatre's peculiar achievement. The extraordinary fascination of the mingled beauty and ugliness of "The Playboy of the Western World" is intensified by the excellence of its stagecraft. George Moore has called this play the most significant of the last two hundred years.

"Riders to the Sea" is as simply moving a little tragedy as any in existence, and in translation it has already passed into the European repertory. "In the Shadow of the Glen" and "The Well of the Saints" are full of the bitter-sweet beauty that Synge found in life, and have all his characteristic perfection of form and richness of language—"every word as fully flavored as a nut or apple." The commercial theatre could have—indeed, did have—no use for J. M. Synge. Yet, in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre, he is steadily finding his way to popularity.

Books Received

AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS: The American Stage and Its Problems and Performances. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Price \$1.50 net. New York: Small, Maynard & Company.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE: A Record and a Criticism. By F. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell, Kennerly Co.

THE ANTIQONE OF SOPHOCLES. Drama translated by Joseph Edward Harry. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE: A Record of Theatrical Romance. By Charles W. Collins. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Company.

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Write for descriptive literature

HAINES BROS., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Sept. 8, 1911.

Messrs. HAINES BROS.

Gentlemen:—

I know that you will be glad to learn that I heard the beautiful score of my new opera, "Miss Dudle-sack," first played on a Haines Piano, and hardly know which charmed me most, the rich, sympathetic tone of the piano or the brilliant and tuneful melodies of the opera.

My managers, Werba and Luescher, have had one of your pianos at my disposal during rehearsals, and it fills all the requirements of an operatic singer.

Very sincerely yours,

Lulu Glaser

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



PHOTO RENX

Mlle. MORVAN
A graceful evening wrap of rose colored liberty

Advanced Characteristics of the New Fashions

THE dominating characteristic of the new fashions is the distinct artistic advance. The day of eccentric and fantastic styles is over for the time being. The new models in gowns, hats and wraps are such as will appeal to the most refined and highly developed artistic taste.

Lines have not changed to any appreciable degree. The straight line is still the dominating feature of costumes, tailored suits and wraps of all descriptions. The narrow skirt we have still with us. While the high waistline is featured to a considerable extent in costumes, there are a few models which indicate a return to more normal figure lines. The woman of perfect figure will revel in these, but, alas, how few of us there are who can justly lay claim to perfect figures?

The straight line has been a difficult lesson for the majority of dressmakers and tailors to learn. It has taken them fully a year to acquire it, and now that they have actually begun to produce it in an acceptable and refined way it would, indeed, be a mistake of judgment to endeavor to foist a radical change of style.

The continued vogue of the narrow skirt and short jacket makes for the use of far finer quality of materials and trimmings than is the case when wide skirts and long jackets prevail. Garments will be no whit less expensive this season, because less material is required in their construction, for the makers are using so much better cloths and silks, not to mention the exquisite trimmings and laces which go to the adornment of the more elaborate costumes and wraps.

Women have found the street dress so acceptable during the last six months that it is certain to be a general favorite until cold weather puts in an appearance. At Franklin Simon's they are showing some charming and inexpensive street dresses for early fall made of black and dark blue crêpe meteore. There are dainty touches of trimming on the bodices, big, soft revers, faced with satin, of a contrasting color, or the soft, full drapery ornamented with wide braid, and all this for about thirty-five dollars a dress.

Then for the later season are tailored velveteen dresses, some quite without ornamentation, others with bands of wide braid, and still others with delicate tracteries of soutache embroidery. Velvet is not only a most becoming fabric, but it sets off to advantage the big fur scarfs and muffs, which are certain to be the accompaniment of these smart street dresses. Indeed, Gunther is making some stunning neck-pieces, that are specially designed for wear with tailored street dresses of either velvet or cloth. One that I

particularly admired was cut square in the back, where it was ornamented with animal heads. It covered the shoulders in the back, and came a trifle below the waistline in front, where it was finished with tails, so that, with the big soft muff to match, one could be sufficiently warm in any but blizzard weather. For driving, and for walking on intensely cold days, he shows long,

straight-line coats of the various fashionable furs, coats that are so skillfully made that they are actually as light in weight as a cloth coat, and which, it goes without saying, are far warmer.

As I walked through the showrooms of *L'Art de la Mode*, I could not but pay mental compliments to M. Marix for the extremely clever way he has adapted the materials to be found in the shops throughout this country to the new models of the leading Paris dressmakers. There were the fashionable R. & T. silks, Courtauld silk crêpes, both figured and plain, the Butterfly marquisesettes, Worumbo double-faced fabrics and ratines, dependable Arlington serges and striped worsteds, and exquisite silks from the Vantine collection.

Especially noteworthy was a dainty little evening frock, most suitable for bridesmaids, made of the new R. & T. cloth of gold, over which was draped a two-tone marquissette of the same make. This marquissette showed tender pink and gold lights, through which shimmered the cloth of gold foundation. It was ornamented on both skirt and bodice, with tiny ruffles of fine lace, and festoons of pink embroidered roses.

Then there was a carriage and evening wrap made of a combination of R. & T. gold and black brocade with black satin. The skirt portion of the wrap was of the satin, with the upper portion and sleeves cut in one of the black brocade with gold figures.

A smart little afternoon gown was of peach yellow Courtauld silk crêpe, combined with golden brown velvet. It was the sort of gown that might be made to do duty for luncheons, bridge parties, and occasionally for an evening at the theatre. The Courtauld crêpes are equally fashionable when used alone or as the tunic draperies for satin or lustrous silk foundations. Silk crêpe is to be one of the much-wanted fabrics for the social season, and the Courtauld crêpes can always be depended upon both from the fashion and the quality standpoint.

A lovely dinner gown was of Vantine crêpe cachemire in an exquisite mauve shade. Even more elegant was one made of embroidered crêpe, the genuine hand-embroidered crêpe, which they keep in stock in the natural color, so that the woman who



Photo Felix

Mlle. Hemler

Strikingly original gown of pink satin with a tunic of black mousseline de soie. The novel trimming consists of festoons of jet and coral beads

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CHICAGO



Photo Felix

MME. LAPARCERIE

Lovely evening gown of pink mousseline de soie, embroidered with pale gold paillettes

wants to have a gown of some special shade can have it dyed to match any sample in a few days.

I think I have already spoken of the new Japanese brocades that Vantine is showing. Well, M. Marix took one of these in superb Oriental colorings and made it after a Worth model into a most sumptuous opera wrap.

And what are the hats we are to wear with all these stunning new suits and costumes? On that point, who can speak with more authority than Joseph? I made a special visit to his elegant establishment for the purpose of finding out, and was there shown a wonderful collection of hats from the best Paris milliners, as well as stunning styles from his own workrooms. There are more small hats in the collection than large ones. To me the leading characteristic of the new hats is the small amount of trimming that is being used; but, oh! it is put on with such exquisite taste, and at just the right point, to make it becoming. One moderate-sized, roll-brimmed, black velvet hat is a shape that is certain to be a great favorite, yet the only trimming was a jaunty little black and white aigrette.

Another smart hat was a perky little helmet. Certainly, the helmet is not a new shape, but it is so becoming, and stands the high winds of winter so well, that no wardrobe will be complete this winter without at least one helmet shape; and this particular one was trimmed with two lovely curved mercury wings, put on at just the right angle to make the face underneath look all the more piquant.

I happened into one of the small shops just off the avenue at an opportune moment the other day, for they were just completing several theatrical orders, hats for the new plays, among them several for Billie Burke in "The Runaways." They make not only

smart hats for young women, but equally charming ones for elderly ladies. In this day and generation the making of hats for elderly ladies has become almost a lost art, and for the reason that this milliner can turn out such lovely examples her talent deserves wide recognition.

One she showed me was fitting headgear for a dowager duchess. It was made of rows of soft black braid into a big bonnet that set down well over the head, from beneath which would peep a rim of hair. There was a soft grey and black aigrette set low at one side, and around the brim was draped a beautiful black Chantilly lace veil, which could be lifted in front and fall down over the shoulders so as to give soft and becoming shadows to the face. I thought how truly regal a stately dame would look in this bonnet, or how it would turn the small one into the fairy god-mother type of femininity.

We are prone to-day to neglect elderly ladies when talking of fashions. Yet the styles this season may by skill be rendered particularly suitable to them. The graceful draperies of long tunic skirts, when wrought of Priestley's wonderful black silk warp Henrietta, are well suited to them. Plain, simple lines in black velvet, or the fine qualities of velutina, will make a gown suitable for the most formal occasions, particularly when the bodice is ornamented with a fichu of time-yellowed lace. The lustrous black brocaded crêpes make equally elegant and stately robes for the elderly woman.

The elderly woman to-day is the woman who is nearing the age of threescore years and ten. Time was when we considered the woman of fifty as elderly. To-day the majority of women retain their vitality and youthful appearance in a most marvelous manner, so that the fashions that are suitable for the woman of forty are quite appropriate for those who are ten or fifteen years older.

Suitable for women of all ages is the new Dollar Princess poplin. It makes up admirably into simple dresses or more elab-



Photo Felix

MLLE. METHIVIER

A charming evening gown of pale rose silk, veiled with mousseline de soie. The dainty rose design is embroidered in natural colors

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Among the most interesting fabrics for Autumn:

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This stunning material has been extensively used this Autumn by Worth and the other great Paris designers. It is absolutely new. In black, white and colors, seven designs, each 44 inches wide. At \$4.50 the yard.

Hand Embroidered Canton Crepes

Another very modish material. All colors in stock, and we will also dye any desired shade without extra charge. 28 inches wide, at \$6.50 to \$8 the yard.

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Standard of the world. This Autumn, however, we offer a special weave, giving a soft, dull finish that is extremely smart. All colors and special shades to order without extra charge. At \$4 the yard.

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One side dull, the other satin finish. This crepe is, therefore, reversible at pleasure. All colors, including the newest fashionable tints. 43 inches wide, at \$2.50 to \$4 the yard.

The New Chinese Damasks

Adapted especially for wraps, and also make ideal coat linings. The designs are of rare distinction and beauty. Priced from \$2.50 to \$3.50 the yard.

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Another standard material, unexcelled for softness and durability. In proportion to service rendered, the least expensive satins you can buy. We offer 38 shades, each 36 inches wide, at \$2 the yard.

Faconne Crinkled Crepes

All shades, all-over designs. These crepes are shown in some of the season's smartest gowns. 43 inches wide, at \$3 to \$4 the yard.

Crepe de Chine

Single and double widths, in the newest shades. At \$1 to \$3.50 the yard.

Japanese Wash Silk Shirtings

Very desirable both for men's and women's shirts. In plain white with white stripes, and in a great variety of shades and designs. Magnificent durability is an attribute of these silks. They defy the laundryman! Samples and prices on application. 75c to \$1.50 the yard.

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The black is rainproof—water simply rolls off. The white is washable. These standard silks make superb linings, petticoats, blouses, children's dresses, etc., 27 inches wide, at 50c to \$1.75 the yard. Also 36 inches wide, at \$1 to \$2.50 the yard.

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For dresses, coats, opera bags and many kinds of fancy work. Hand embroidered in brilliant designs, at \$2.50 to \$7 the pair.

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No. 800. A charming evening wrap by Beer. The model is developed in Rogers-Thompson-Givernaud Co. silvery green moiré, lined with white satin. The shoulder cape, cut in one with the panel in the back, is edged with a moiré ruche, shirred on a thick cord. The edges of the ruches are ravelled. An Empire effect is given to the back by the large bow, the loops of which are drawn through slashes in the Venise lace panel. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of wrap, in size 36 bust, \$2.50

orate gowns. Its draping qualities are particularly admirable, and it has a lustrous sheen that is often lacking in far higher priced fabrics. Then, too, it comes in such a lovely line of colors that the woman who cannot find just the shade she wants in Dollar Princess Poplin must, indeed, be hard to please. One woman I know has already had two luncheon frocks made of it. They are to be worn over small figured net guimpes, of a quality that can be easily washed. These guimpes only show a trifle at the neck, a bit of heavy lace being attached to the frock, so that the net is

partially concealed, but the guimpe underneath helps to protect the lace.

Both frocks are made in the button front style. One, of a rich plûm, is ornamented on bodice and skirt with big crochet buttons of the same shade. It has a wide, flopping, one-sided rever that reaches from shoulder to waistline, which is slightly high. You see, it is quite a simple frock, but of such an exquisite cut that it shows to advantage, and in the most artistic way, the figure outline. The other gown is of a soft beige color trimmed with the new narrow silk fringe of the same shade. And, by the way, there is a new artificial silk fringe that is being much used on hats this



No. 803. A beautiful evening wrap of lavender hand-embroidered Vantine Canton crêpe, lined with royal purple satin. The middle front and back sections are of heavy ivory lace over old silver lace, outlined with bands of ermine. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of wrap, \$2.50

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"MARINETTE" Knitted Coats are pure worsted—full-fashioned—elastic—hand-finished throughout—everlastingly shape-keeping—ultra-smart. Every part is knitted, *not* cut. "MARINETTE" is the label that distinguishes the best from the rest.

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No. 2—Dress of satin crepe meteor, in Copenhagen or navy blue, purple or black, deep pointed collar of material edged with silk fringe, waist finished with shirred band of material in Empire effect, sleeves and bottom of skirt trimmed with shirred bands to match, edged with silk fringe, . . . 34.50

No. 4—Handsome dress of silk chiffon, in American Beauty, pink, white, Nile green or light blue, made over white China silk, surplice waist of chiffon over white Chantilly lace in shadow effect, finished with handsome large satin rose, draped tunic skirt, hemstitched and finished with silk fringe to match, . . . 29.50

No. 6—Dress of fine quality English serge, in navy blue, brown, white or black (open front model) waist silk lined, sailor collar and jabot of Venice lace, front of dress and sleeves trimmed with silk braid passementerie, . . . 29.50

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season. It looks as though it was silk which had been raveled out, and really makes a most attractive trimming, and one which, in some cases, would be entirely suitable for gowns.

The big comfortable coats of the new rough-surfaced and double-faced materials are so warm and light in weight that it seems to me most women will be wearing dainty little silk gowns under them this winter. The woman of moderate means will certainly find a long fur or cloth coat a good investment, provided she exercises judgment in its selection. Fur, while more costly, is suitable for a greater variety of occasions than cloth. With a long fur coat and a cloth tailored suit the average woman should be well provided with outer garments. Then she can use the rest of her dress allowance for afternoon and evening gowns.

The tailored suit of rough cloth and velvet promises to be as much wanted as ever. The cloth tailored suit we shall have always with us; it is the garment which the American woman has made particularly her own. She has the natty, well-groomed air in it that is wonderfully attractive to the mass of mankind. But, alas, when she is not well groomed, even the most expensive of tailored suits will not transform her into a well-dressed woman.

What a farce it is—this talk of a revival of the crinoline. Of course, it was the Paris dressmaker who has been responsible for several of the eccentric fashions of the past year, who has heralded the revival of the hoop skirt. The one thing that one must admire about that dressmaker is his thorough knowledge of the means of

obtaining free publicity. Even a Barnum could not surpass him, and the joke of it all is that he is only taken seriously by the American press and a handful of American buyers. French, English, Italians, Austrians and Germans find his styles a source of great amusement, and his selling plans such as they will by no means comply with. One more season, and even the American buyers will see through his little game.

HARRIET E. FAYÈS.



No. 519. A striking model by Martial et Armand. The skirt of rose pink satin is veiled with gold net and surrounded at the hem with flat pink roses. The front panel of Venise lace is weighted with jet fringe. The tunic of black satin clings closely to the figure and is edged with jet fringe. It is drawn to one side in the back, where it is caught by a choux of satin. Beneath this the scarf which forms the narrow train is attached. The deep V of the bodice is outlined with fringe and is partly filled in with pink satin, veiled with gold net and applied points of Venise lace. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern of gown, in size 36 bust, \$3.50

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During the summer so many women have allowed the sun and wind to play havoc with their complexions that I am sure they will be glad to learn of reliable remedies therefor. A friend, who has long made use of it, has been singing the praises of a bleaching lotion that, while it whitens the face, neck and hands, at the same time removes tan and freckles. To obtain the quickest results, this lotion should be used in conjunction with a freckle cream, directions for the application of which come with every package. Only the best ingredients are used in these splendid remedies, which are compounded under the personal supervision of a reputable chemist, and



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Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is to *absorb*.

To revive, to freshen up a neglected, lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted from the skin by modern conditions.

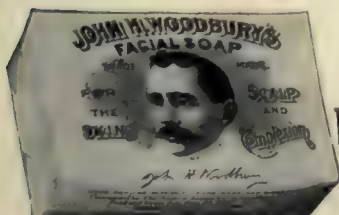
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Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over your face and throat.

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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is a really wonderful complexion beautifier. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless, not greasy or sticky, and will not cause a growth of hair. It enables the skin to retain a girlish freshness in spite of advancing years.

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A. S. HINDS, 95 West Street, Portland, Maine

which are being used by many of the most exacting of New York society women. It, therefore, gives me pleasure to recommend them to the fair readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

* * *

Many years ago an elderly French lady, with a wondrously soft and smooth skin, advised me to use chamois skin in preference to a powder puff, stating that as chamois could be washed, it was far more hygienic. Since then I have found that women who have once used chamois for this purpose will never use anything else. Chamois distributes the powder more evenly, and greatly lessens the liability of the powder showing upon the skin. There has lately been a special chamois manufactured for complexion purposes, which is highly admirable. It is such a soft, smooth, even-grained skin that it is a joy to feel it upon the face. Most chamois skins are sold in bulk, and in the toilet goods sections come in contact with all sorts of foreign substances, which may be more or less deleterious to the skin. But this special chamois has been scientifically treated, so that anything harmful in the natural chamois skin has been removed, and the surfaces have been so sheared that they will not gather up foreign matter. Added to all which excellent qualities the skin is sold in a transparent sealed envelope, so that the purchaser receives it in the perfect hygienic condition in which it left the factory, and the price, twenty-five cents, is so reasonable that it is within the reach of everyone who has the good of her complexion at heart.

* * *

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The Passing Glance

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CROSBY
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CORSET
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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

A. M. D., New Rochelle.—Q.—What players besides Louis James appeared in the production of "The Soudan" at the Academy of Music about 1891 or 1892? A.—Herewith is the cast of "The Soudan" as presented at the Academy of Music on September 3, 1891: Captain Temple, Louis James; Matthew Hawker, S. E. Springer; Paul de Vigne, Frank Losee; Stephen Mardyke, Stanislaus Stange; Rev. Arthur Lulworth, Lawrence Eddinger; Horatio Spofkins, Dan Collyer; Joe Lambkins, Harry Hawk; Father Donini, Russell Hunting; Nellie Temple, Emma Vaders; Cora Gray, Eleanor Moretti; Maggie Wilkins, Kate Oesterle; Mrs. Lambkins, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Mrs. Lulworth, Jeannie Harold; Mrs. Buton, Marie Bellville; Frank, Master Jack Ferris; Dick, Master Wallie Eddinger.

L. H. R., Lenox, Mass.—Q.—In what numbers of your magazine have you published pictures of the Russian dancers? A.—In July and September, 1911; April, May and December, 1910; July, September and November, 1909.

A Yearly Subscriber—"The Dollar Princess" completed its run at the Knickerbocker last spring.

Blanche—Zelda Sears was recently seen in "The Nest Egg."

C. A., Fond du Lac.—Q.—Can you tell me if "The Spoilers" has been staged, and was it taken from the book of that name? A.—Yes, "The Spoilers," dramatized from Rex Beach's novel of that name by Rex Beach and James MacArthur, was produced at the New York Theatre, New York, on March 11, 1907.

Miss J. K., Washington.—Q.—Has Julia Dean recovered from her recent illness, and in what will she be seen next season? A.—Miss Dean is enjoying the best of health, and after her summer vacation will resume her rôle in "The Lily."

"Interested."—Q.—Can you give a sketch of Charles Balsar's life? A.—Charles Balsar, although young, has seen much service, both in stock companies and with prominent stars. He played Romeo during a tour of fifty weeks, and after a season with Mrs. Fiske acted Paul Sylva in the special production of "Leah Kleschna," then in August Thomas' drama, "The Witching Hour."

E. L. A., Phila.—Q.—What is the average number of type-written pages for a modern three-act drama? A.—One act of a drama of usual length consists of from 30 to 40 typewritten pages.

Sam T., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of David Warfield in "The Music Master," Olga Nethersole in "The Writing on the Wall," and Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady?" A.—We have reproduced the pictures you mention; the issues containing them may be purchased at our offices. Scenes in "The Music Master" appeared in November, 1904, also a colored cover of Mr. Warfield in the title rôle in May, 1905. "The Writing on the Wall" in June, 1909, and "The Chorus Lady" in October, 1906.

B. A. C., Butte, Mont.—Q.—Did Sam Bernard ever appear in "The Prince of Pilsen?" A.—Not to our knowledge.

L. E., Bryn Mawr, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me in what play Douglas Fairbanks is appearing? A.—In "A Gentleman of Leisure," at the Globe Theatre, New York. Q.—In what is Donald Brian appearing? A.—In "The Siren," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

F. E. H., Los Angeles.—Q.—Can you give me an outline of Billie Burke's career? A.—She is a daughter of William E. and Blanche Burke, and was born in Washington, D. C. Educated in France, it was in the European music halls that she first made her stage appearance. She met with great success and shortly afterward was engaged to support Edna May in "The School Girl." Later she appeared in "The Duchess of Dantzic," then in "The Blue Moon," and next played the title rôle in "The Belle of Mayfair." In 1907 she appeared with Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George," and then in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." She came to this country later the same year, and made her début at the Empire as John Drew's leading lady in "My Wife." She was next seen in "Love Watches," then in "Mrs. Dot," and she will soon open in "The Runaways."

L. V., Buffalo.—New musical comedies are nearly always in rehearsal, but more especially so in the months of August and September. You might apply to theatrical agencies, or direct to the managers of such companies, for the position you seek.

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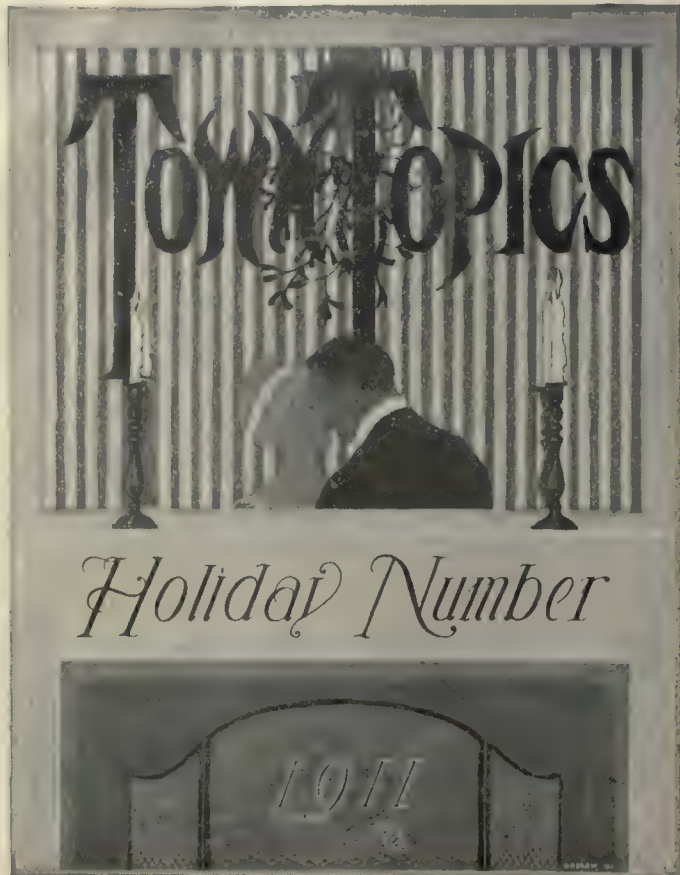
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Photo Matzenc

MARY GARDEN AS CARMEN

This favorite prima donna will be seen as Prosper Mérimée's heroine, in Philadelphia, on November 8



White

A REHEARSAL OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE
From left to right: Mary Mannering, Eben Plympton, Robert Hichens (the author), and Lewis Waller

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "GREEN STOCKINGS." Comedy by A. E. W. Mason. Produced on October 2 last with the following cast:

Col. J. N. Smith, D.S.O.....	H. R. Smith	Martin	Halbert Brown
Wm. Faraday, J. P.....	Stanley Dark	Celia Faraday.....	Miss Anglin
Admiral Grice, R. N.....	Arthur Lawrence	Evelyn Trenchard.....	Ruth Holt Boucicault
Hon. Robert Tarver.....	Ivo Dawson	Madge Rockingham.....	Helen Langford
James Raleigh.....	Wallace Widdecombe	Phyllis Faraday.....	Gertrude Hitz
Henry Steele.....	Henry Hull	Mrs. Chisholm Faraday.....	Maude Granger

Cut ten minutes out of the first act and eliminate an equal amount of iterative dialogue in the third and "Green Stockings,"

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new "comedy" that presents Miss Margaret Anglin in such a light and wholesome vein at the 39th Street Theatre, will be found to be one of the best farces seen on the metropolitan stage in recent years.

The title is derived from an old English custom that requires an unmarried woman to wear hosiery of that color at the marriage of any younger sister. Having gone through this ordeal on two separate occasions, Celia Faraday rebels at the thought of a third experience. Having returned home from a visit, she announces her engagement to a mythical Col. Smith, who has just sailed for Somaliland. Loved by everyone, but imposed upon by an equal number of acquaintances, she is practically sneered at as a confirmed old maid, and one and all refuse to believe she can possibly be engaged to be married.

These are the bases of the preliminary act. The exposition naturally offers nothing in the way of comic action, and the start is therefore effected by means of dialogue and the introduction of the various characters with their individual peculiarities. But there is bright and witty speech throughout it all and, protracted as it is, the delay may be endured for the sake of the second

The New Plays

act, which is simply delicious in its whimsical and amusing value. Tired of her self-imposed engagement, Celia resolves to end

it all, and causes to be printed in *The Times* the notice of the Colonel's death from wounds received in battle. The letters she has written to her lover she has never sent, but one is by mistake posted, and reaches a Colonel Smith who, curious at the notice of his death, resolves to see who his letter writer is, and whether

she had anything to do with his untimely taking off. Having, by the provisions of a will, added Vavasour to his name, he calls on Celia, having adroitly wormed out the secret of her engagement to Smith. He pretends that he brings to Celia the Colonel's dying message, and thereupon follows a scene of comedy cross-examination and resultant confusion, which keeps every audience convulsed with laughter. More of this follows in the third act, too much so, but the conclusion is brought about with a tactful regard of probability.

Mr. Mason's preliminary venture in farce is a distinct success. In forsaking the emotional for the comic, Miss Anglin made a bold leap, but she has accomplished the jump with success if not brilliancy. Her methods are sure and expert, but a little more seriousness

at times would improve a performance—farce, as has been remarked, is a very serious thing—which is nevertheless a creation of vital force and valuable humor.

Most admirable support is rendered by H. Reeves Smith as Colonel Smith. His incisive polished methods capitably lend themselves to this rôle, which he plays with distinguished carriage



Marceau

MRS. FISKE

Now appearing in Chicago in Langdon Michell's new comedy, "The New Marriage." Will be seen in New York in January

and easy grace. Stanley Dark gives pompous and fussy distinction to the part of Celia's father; Arthur Laurence is the conventional old Admiral of standard farce, while Ivo Dawson brings a rather new treatment to the rôle of a "silly ass." Gertrude Hitz as the ingenue is pretty and pleasing; and Maude Granger as a Chicago aunt, with a tendency to hysterics, is broadly farcical, and her unintentional jag is portrayed with much fun and an entire freedom from vulgarity.

PLAYHOUSE. "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced September 26 with the following cast:

Robert Stafford.....	Charles Richman	Louis	John Sharon
James Gilley.....	Frank Craven	Virginia Blaine.....	Julia Dean
Oku	Allen Atwell	Fanny Blaine.....	Marie Nordstrom

"Bought and Paid For." That is a good, comfortable title for a play. There is a sense of satisfaction about it even before we know any of the circumstances of the transaction. You pay for a thing and it is yours. In this case, however, neither of the bargainers got exactly what they wanted.

A telephone girl, poor but honest, marries a multi-millionaire bachelor. Perhaps it had better be said that he married her. There is a difference. He proposed precipitately, and she accepted with frank deliberation, acknowledging that she was not in love with him. He surrounds her with all the luxury that can be indicated by costumers, jewelers, scene painters and decorators. But she is not happy. She loves her husband, but he comes home from the club drunk too often. When in this condition he smothers her with kisses. He insists on her drinking champagne with him. She finally refuses to submit, escapes from his arms, and goes to her room. He smashes a panel of the door, which she closes behind her, with a pair of fire-tongs—a tense moment that ends the act and results in a dozen curtain calls.

Husband and wife have a grim meeting the morning after. He is ashamed of himself, but he will not agree to give up drink. She declares that she is going to leave him and return to her telephone booth. He is incredulous, but she piles up all his jewelry on the table, and goes out alone into the cold, unsympathetic world. He calls up a detective, not that he doubts her moral conduct, but he loves her enough to want to see that she is protected. He will not ask her to come back, will not agree to give up drink, must always be master in his house, must have his own way about everything, because he "bought and paid for" his wife, and will not receive her again until she asks for a reconciliation on these terms.

Their reconciliation is brought about with her seeming to have sent for him for the purpose of asking his forgiveness. She had not sent for him, but the reconciliation is effected.

There are plenty of strong scenes in the play, and plenty of convincing mirth in the character, the sayings and the doings of a thirteen-dollar-a-week clerk, the brother-in-law of the young millionaire's wife. The slightest account of this person would give a convincing idea of the merry moments of the play. The comedy, in what might be a very serious play, according to the nature of the theme, begins at once, and keeps up throughout the piece. When the millionaire comes home drunk, and has a heart to heart talk with the clerk, we have some of the most amusing scenes ever seen on the stage.

After the marriage the shipping clerk is employed by the millionaire, and, being in the family, is gradually raised from \$50 a week to \$150. He takes advantage of the hilarious good humor of the millionaire, in the drunken scene, to ask for a raise of salary. His employer reminds him that he first paid him \$50 a week, because he was only worth ten, that he raised him to a hundred when he was worth twenty, and, in a moment of liberality, raised him to \$150. He refuses to give him more. The clerk's estimate of his own ability and of the value of the suggestions that he now makes is exceedingly amusing. In the last act the clerk is reduced back to his old salary in some other employment, and is living with his wife in circumstances that are extremely bitter in view of his fall from brief prosperity. He has to hand over all his salary to his wife, but may retain a certain amount for his



White
CHARLOTTE WALKER
As June in Eugene Walter's new play, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," dramatized from John Fox, Jr.'s, novel of that name

pipe and car-fare. Upon demanding this sum, she gives him the amount for the next day only, and this arrangement is to hold. Naturally, he is going to make some effort to re-establish the opulence of the recent past. He contrives to send a message to the husband, who comes to meet his wife at the sordid domicile. How the reconciliation between husband and wife is brought about when they meet it is perhaps not necessary to recount. As a comedy, in which the subordinate characters carry an immense feather-weight of fun, Mr. Broadhurst's play has many of the qualities of Robertson's "Caste." The conceited little shipping

clerk is admirably played by Frank Craven. Charles Richman gives an unaccustomed lightness of touch to the rôle of the husband. He is at last very human and impressive in a natural way. Miss Julia Dean, the talented descendant of the well-known actress of the same name, plays the wife with power and sincerity. Marie Nordstrom is sympathetic as the wife's sister. But it is the excruciatingly funny character of the impecunious brother-in-law, so admirably acted by Frank Craven, that ensures for "Bought and Paid For" a front place among the decided successes of this new season.

LYRIC. "THE GREAT NAME." Comedy in three acts by James Clarence Harvey. Adapted from the German of Victor Leon and Leo. Feld. Produced October 4 with this cast:

Joseph Hofer, Henry Kolker; Robert Brand, Russ Whytal; Rupert Lang, Edward Langford; Ludwig Manhard, Sam Edwards; Wigond, Rudolph Duering; Roland, Arthur Hoyt; Rubert, Forrest Orr; Sommers, Hans Figdor; Weitman, Francesque Lardan; Kellogg, S. Grosskopf; John, Holt Massey; Tristan, Sydney Melvin; Stephanie Delius, Louise Woods; Mrs. Hofer, Lizzie Hudson Collier; Clara Brand, Aileen May; Isolde Brand, Ruth Chatterton; Anna, Dorothy Walters.

It is not a Teutonic idea that a highly successful composer of light music should, in order to bring a friend from obscurity, have that unsuccessful friend's symphony accepted and produced under his own name, and then introduce the real composer to the public. "The Great Name" is not essentially German, but it is acted in a fat-headed way. It ill becomes us who have laughed so heartily over so many German plays to call a piece Teutonic, thereby expecting to dispose of it. The plan of the play is simple and logical enough, and entirely reasonable for theatrical purposes. It is logical, and the motives for conduct are sufficient. It is immaterial that no great symphony has ever been produced in like circumstances. Here is a musician at the height of his popularity, ambitious himself of writing more serious music, but perhaps incapable of it, and who is almost driven distracted by a



White INA CLAIRE
Appearing in the title rôle in "The Quaker Girl" at the Park Theatre and recently seen at the Folies Bergère

popular waltz song of his own, which is played on all the hand-organs. His children strum it on the piano. His fat cook dances in and out to the strains of it. He has to pay the organ grinders to move on. At the rehearsals of one of his compositions he had spoken rudely to one of the fiddlers. It is a question of discharging the violinist. He learns that this man is an old friend of his whom he had not recognized. He visits him, and finds him the same genius that he knew when they started out together to make a career. The unsuccessful musician chafes at his failure, but continues to write unpublished music of the higher order. The musician with a great name finds that the wife of this man is a woman whom he had loved in his youth. For her sake, if we give him no higher motive, he suggests that he give his great name to the symphony which he now hears played, and have it produced.

The details of the action that accomplishes this story are obvious. The scenes belonging to it are well contrived. The curtain falls on the clamorous applause that greets the real composer when he is presented as the real author. Mr. Russ Whytal plays the small part of the composer of the symphony exquisitely, but his acting stands out mainly because it is entirely natural, and is in direct contrast to the acting of Mr. Kolker, who plays the part of the musician with the "great name." Mr. Kolker has a very difficult part to play. The theory of the character is that the lesser

musician is not a great genius, but that he affects the manners of one. He has to do this in order to live up to his reputation. There is a German word that describes him. It is a *halb-genie*. It stands to reason that a musician who is lauded by the whole public, and whose music is played and sung everywhere, is not a fool. He must have some kind of genius. The very adulation



Copyright Charles Frohman Agnes Hortense Simoneau Maurice Colette
(Emily Wakeman) (Isabel West) (George Howell) (C. Aubrey Smith) (Billie Burke)

Act I. Simoneau: "I am going the pace with a sculptor at the wheel"
SCENE IN "THE RUNAWAY," A NEW COMEDY BY PIERRE VÉBER AND HENRI DE GORSSE, AT THE LYCEUM

one receives, if he is a comparatively small man, conscious of his limitations, might induce him to affect some of the characteristics of a genius. If Mr. Kolker were to make this distinction, he could make a real character of Joseph Hofer. Many of the supposed characteristics of genius exist in abundance among very ordinary people. Plenty of people have temperament. Plenty of people are nervous and fly into a rage over trifles. Numbers of us are absent-minded, although we haven't "a great name." Mr. Kolker has a wrong conception of the part, we think. He is a very good actor. He is capable of shading the character. The play is not a great play, but it is simple, becoming too sentimental only when it is over-acted, and if it is acted properly it should serve for wholesome entertainment.

LYCEUM. "THE RUNAWAY." Comedy in four acts by Pierre Veber and Henri De Gorsse. Adapted by Michael Morton. Produced October 9. Cast:

Maurice Delonay, C. Aubrey Smith; Simoneau, George Howell; Pierre Berton, Henry Miller, Jr.; Vignaux, Morton Selten; Monsieur Pingo, H. A. Cripps; Alcide Pingo, Edwin Nicander; The Curé, Harry Barfoot; Agnes Irondelle, Emily Wakeman; Hortense Irondelle, Isabelle West; Nancy Vallier, Jane Evans; Leonie, Alice Gale; Mademoiselle Suberville, Josephine Morse; Mademoiselle Lyse, Roma Devonne; Julia, Aline McDermott; Madame Pichu, Adelaide Cumming; Madame Pingo, Lettie Ford; Colette, Billie Burke.

Miss Billie Burke has a new play. In fact, it is the best one she has had since she became a star, but it might have been a great deal better if Michael Morton in adapting "La Gamine," by Pierre Veber and Henri de Gorsse, had utilized some real, practical intelligence and retained something more of the naïve charm and local spirit of the original. It is said the French authors had in view the possibilities of the American market when they wrote this piece, as it conforms more to the *drame blanche* than the usual output from their Gallic pens. But "The Runaway," as their comedy is called in English, had some incisively spicy moments which Mr. Morton has rendered with such a heavy hand and such stodgy suggestiveness that the effects are clumsy when they are not coarse.

"The Runaway" is a very simple little story. Colette is an orphan who lives with two straight-laced maiden aunts at Pont Audemar. Maurice Delonay, a successful Parisian painter, spends the summer there, and, finding that Colette has talent for painting, teaches her. On his departure for the French capital he tells her that should she come to Paris she must look him up. Scandalized by the fact that she painted the bare legs of children on a Sunday, the aunts feel that the only way they can evade further responsibility is to have her married. Alcide Pingo, a stupid country lout, is selected as her partner, but rather than marry him, Colette runs away, and thus ends the first act.

Delonay has a really gorgeous studio in Paris, and when the curtain rises on the second act he is entertaining some

friends, including Nancy Vallier, of the Comédie Française, with whom he is *épris*. Thither comes Colette with her bags and boxes. She has been in Paris for a week, but her money having

given out she decides to take advantage of Delonay's invitation. He, of course, has an awkward time in housing her, especially as the police have been notified of her disappearance. But he does so. Colette discovers to herself that she loves Delonay, and becomes miserably and then furiously jealous of Nancy, her rival. She spoils Delonay's portrait of the actress, and so persuades the artist that he, in turn, is in love with his little protégée. In the final act, in the garden of a villa near Monte Carlo, the aunts find Colette, and her marriage to the middle-aged artist is promptly arranged for. In the original she married a former schoolmate, an artist who studied under Delonay.

The mechanism of all this runs smoothly and without a hitch. There is a suitable and appropriate curtain at the end of each act, and at least, as far as the two principal characters are concerned, their emotions are appropriately and effectively predicated.

In Colette, Miss Burke has a rôle well suited to her special characteristics. The deeper feelings are rather superficially indicated, but her prettiness and her youthful grace find happy expression in the delineation of an ingenuous and attractive stage figure. The middle-aged artist, Delonay, is played with nice, refined dignity and simplicity by C. Aubrey Smith, and a good bit of character acting is done by Edwin Nicander as the country boor, afterwards transplanted to the gay life of Paris. To Nancy Vallier Miss Jane Evans brings a strikingly handsome

personality, while George Howell, as the friend of the artist, is genuinely natural, and Morton Selten mildly amusing as a stupid police official. The settings are all that could be desired, and the studio effect one of real beauty, richness and good taste.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "REBELLION." Play in four acts by Joseph Medill Patterson. Produced October 3 with this cast:

Georgia Connor, Gertrude Elliott; Jim Connor, Geo. Farren; Mrs. Talbot, Eva Vincent; Al Talbot, Geo. Le Guere; Mason Stevens, A. Scott Gatty; Father Hervev, Fuller Mellish; Dr. Randall, Jas. E. Wilson; A Politician, Charles Dowd; A Collector, Malcolm Cook; A Janitor, Harry M. Price.

"Rebellion" has to be reckoned with as an undeniably strong problem play of our land and time, telling a sordid story with quite unnecessarily harrowing details to enforce an argument for divorce under circumstances that in the actual life here portrayed with crude realism would be regarded as amply justifiable, even by churchmen, of the younger generation. Human nature is so constituted that there are numerous playgoers attracted to the theatre by a representation of this sort, who would rightly consider it a boresome punishment to have to see the



BLANCHE WALSH
Appearing in vaudeville in a sketch
by Arthur Hopkins, called "The
Thunder Gods"



White Georgia Connor (Gertrude Elliott) Al Talbot (George Le Guere)

Act II. Al reads the account of the baseball game
SCENE IN "REBELLION" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

(Continued on page xi)



Photos White

Bunty Biggar
(Molly Pearson)

Rab Biggar
(Edmond Beresford)

Act I. The Sabbath. Rab tries hard to master his catechism

SCENE IN GRAHAM MOFFAT'S COMEDY, "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," PRESENTED AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Scotch Actors Give Delight in Charming Play

COMEDY THEATRE. "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS." Scotch comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Presented on October 10 last, with the following cast of players:

Rab Biggar, Edmond Beresford; Bunty Biggar, Molly Pearson; Susie Simpson, Jean Cadell; Tammas Biggar, Campbell Gullan; Weelum Sprunt, Sanderson Moffat; Elen Dunlop, Amy Singleton; Teenie Dunlop, Margaret Nybloc; Jeems Gibb, George Ingleton; Maggie Mercer, Marjorie Davidson; Dan Birrell, Will Jaxone.

Those who keep track of foreign productions knew that the Haymarket Theatre in London had a really remarkable success in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," but it was Lee Shubert and W. A. Brady who recognized its worth as an American attraction.

It was impossible to get the original company for the tour in this country, and so its author, Graham Moffat, was empowered to secure one that would do full justice to his first play, for Mr. Moffat as a playwright had hitherto been associated only with sketches designed for the music halls. The company was selected from here and there—it had never as individuals played together before—and was shipped over to New York, where, with no undue preliminary touting, it opened at the Comedy Theatre on October 10th last.

It scored both as a piece and by

its execution one of the most sensational successes of recent years. Such notices as appeared in the local press on the follow-

ing day were a revelation, as far as praise and appreciation were concerned. The effect was instantaneous. The second night, always a critical one with a new venture, saw a sold-out condition an hour before the curtain rose, and the every indication now is that the managers themselves will have to pull some strings to arrange for Bunty's permanent habitat, as Willie Collier is booked to appear at the Comedy late in November, and it will surely be summer before the Manhattaners will have had enough of this capable, shrewd Scotch lassie and her amusing associates.

And the wherefore of all this? Not because Mr. Moffat's comedy is a great piece of theatrical workmanship, for it is not. Not because its players are artists of superlative excellence, for they are not. Its established vogue lies in its wholesome, homely truth, and the skilful, natural methods by which the characters are individualized and made breathing human entities. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a genre picture of Scottish life.



Bunty
(Molly Pearson)

Weelum
(Sanderson Moffat)

Act. II. Weelum complains that his collar is too small

It is unnecessary and inappropriate to say that Barrie's influence is evident. Mr. Moffat makes no use of the fantastic. His is a simple little story affecting the fortunes of half a dozen middle-class Scots, told with a potent living charm. Their weaknesses are broadly sketched, but with naive humor, while the dialogue has that real literary quality which tells the thing as it should be told, free from fine writing and pedantic interruptions.

Buntie is a young Scotch girl, reliant, shrewd, executive, albeit

woman and her (Buntie's) brother Rab. Of course, she does not overlook her own interests, and her wedding to Weelum is carefully arranged for in the near future.

All this is deliciously told in scenes of quaint, quiet humor, instinct with real local color and with a knowledge of the Scot which is as unerringly truthful as it is frankly unflattering. Buntie is played by Miss Molly Pearson, the original in this country of the slavey in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."



White

Eelen Dunlop (Amy Singleton)

Tammas Biggar (Campbell Gullan)

Susie Simpson (Jean Cadell)

Act. I. The spinster tries to make Tammas Biggar ridiculous before his future wife

SCENE IN GRAHAM MOFFAT'S AMUSING SCOTCH COMEDY, "BUNTIE PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

somewhat dictatorial. Her father is a bigoted Calvinist, who even pulls down the blinds on a Sunday that the sun may not cheer things up. Canny and intolerant, Tammas Biggar is a pillar of the church, but he has utilized £120 of a trust fund, given to him by Miss Susie Simpson to pay the gambling debts of a son driven from home by his harshness. Miss Susie suspects, and boldly proposes, marriage as an alternative, but in the meantime turns up Eelen Dunlop, whom Biggar had jilted twenty-five years before. When Susie finds that Tammas' old sentiment is awakening, she makes a scene in front of the kirk, accuses Biggar of theft, and insists that the local policeman arrest him, but Buntie says she shall be paid the following day, and this is done, but with the money that her fiancé, Weelum Sprunt, has saved up for their marriage.

Then, as before, Buntie proves her ability. She shows that the money really belonged to Weelum, sidetracks the vengeful spinster, arranges for the marriage of her father with the long deserted Eelen, and gets the latter's niece a place with the local milliner, thus paving the way for a romance between that young

Hers is a performance of much charm and executive skill. The every phase of the rôle is admirably developed.

Her intolerant father is sketched with shrewd, tenacious purpose by Campbell Gullan, who has had a long training in the Glasgow Theatre. It is a real portrait which Jean Cadell presents as Susie Simpson. The make-up is wonderful in its detail, and conventional as the character in a way is, Miss Cadell refrains entirely from caricature and makes the repellent spinster a creation of splendid value. In stock Miss Cadell has more than eighty parts to her credit.

The deserted Eelen is played with sympathetic graciousness by Amy Singleton, and Rab, the brother, and his sweetheart, Teenie, are acted with ingenuous frankness by Edmond Beresford and Margaret Nybloc. Nice bits of character are contributed by George Ingleton, Marjory Davidson and Will Jaxone.

To the author's brother, Sanderson Moffat, is entrusted the part of Weelum Sprunt, and admirably well he plays Buntie's dull-witted fiancé. His scene "at the plate" before the kirk—he has just been made an elder—is the epitome of comic bewilderment.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON



M. Slezak



Mme. Tetrazzini



Mme. Gadski



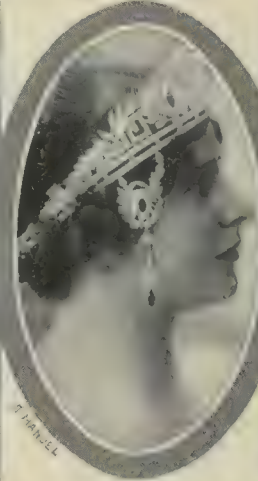
Mme. Morena



M. Jadowker



Signor Caruso



Mme. Farrar



Mme. Destinn



Mme. Fremstad



Signor Scotti

SOME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS OPERATIC STARS WHO WILL BE HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS WINTER

FOR five months, beginning November 13, the residents of New York are going to be deluged, swamped, engulfed in music. Opera, concert and recital will reign, and among these opera will be king. There will be no day in the week but that the longing of the music-hungry may be satisfied, and no week in the five months in which an endless offering of music will not be poured forth into the ears of the willing, and even of the unwilling. It promises to be a music season that, to lapse into parlance, for "length, breadth and thickness," will equal any of those offered to big music centres of the old world.

And, as we said above, opera will reign king. For twenty-two consecutive weeks, beginning this month, the Metropolitan Opera House will offer an unbroken succession of operas every evening of the work-a-day week, a matinée for good measure on Saturday, and a Sunday night concert. It will simply be an orgy of sound.

This will be the fourth year that Giulio Gatti-Casazza has stood at the helm of the ship of opera at the Metropolitan. For two years he held the post jointly with Andreas Dippel, but now the latter has taken charge of the destinies of grand opera in Chicago and Philadelphia, Gatti-Casazza sails alone, and this will be his second season as dictator.

All summer he has slaved. Braving the heat of Paris and the discomfort of travel, he has not rested much longer than a fortnight, endeavoring to supervise every move, putting his opera house in order for the winter. And the official prospectus gives every indication of it being a well-regulated operatic household.

Let it be admitted at the start that the Metropolitan's season's plans contain no array of startling European novelties; and the reason is not far to seek, since those who have watched and weighed the doings of European opera houses during the past twelvemonth declare that novelties are as rare as auk's eggs if one is really looking for worthy material to import.

So the Metropolitan waives the prior claim of Europe, and places at the head of its novelty list an American opera, by American composer and American librettist, and to be sung in English—we were tempted to say "in American." Its name is "Mona,"

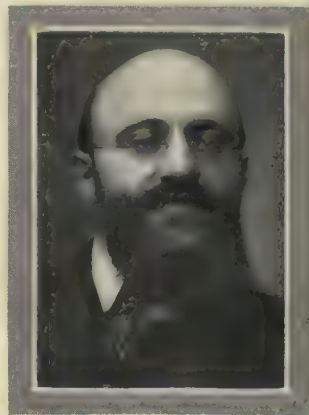
its composer is Professor Horatio W. Parker, of Yale, and its librettist is Bryan Hooker. It is the choice among many manuscripts submitted in answer to a competition for an American opera, instituted by the Metropolitan

directorate last spring, with a prize of \$10,000 as goal. So far as possible, "Mona" is to be sung by American singers or by English singing artists.

Among the foreign novelties there looms large an opera called "Le Donne Curiose," composed by Ermano Wolf-Ferrari, whose charming "Il Segretto di Susanna"

was presented at the Metropolitan last year by the Chicago opera company. This work is not new, and the reason it has not been produced earlier in the career of this opera institution is because of its extreme difficulties.

Thuille's "Lobetanz" is another foreign novelty announced, which is not a new work, either; and a Russian novelty is Mousorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." A German work, more recent, is



Alfred Hertz (Conductor)



Signor Gatti-Casazza (Director)



Arturo Toscanini (Conductor)



Mme. Homer



M. Gilly



Mme. Gluck



M. Jorn



M. Didur



M. Burrian

Karl Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth," also a briefer Teutonic opera, composed by a celebrated Berlin conductor, namely, Leo Blech's "Versiegelt."

In the French list is Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineau," being an operatic version of Richépin's play, known in this country as "The Harvester," and played by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Italy figures prominently in the list, the following works being scheduled for first performances and revivals: "Cristoforo Colombo," by Baron Franchetti; "L'Amico Fritz," by Pietro Mascagni; "Manon Lescaut," by Puccini, and Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" and "Il Signor Bruschino." Also is there a second American opera listed among the array of novelties, Mr. Arthur Nevin's "Twilight," which had been scheduled for production last season, but which was postponed or abandoned for the time.

As in previous seasons, ballet will also play an important rôle in the season, not the common or garden variety of opera ballet, but the Russian ballet, with its features of novelties and its fill of real dancing. Mikail Mordkin will head the array of principals, but Pavlowa will not be his partner this season. Instead, Katarina Geltzer and Julia Siedowa are leaders on the distaff side of the ballet. This troupe of Russians will be seen at the Metropolitan during December and January, and they will dance ballets and divertissements, filling out regular subscription evenings when short operas are scheduled. The list of ballets from which a repertoire will be selected includes "Coppelia," "Giselle," "The Seasons," "Le Lac de Cygnes," and "The Russian Wedding."

And now for the singers. The most important additions are Luisa Tetravini, who has sung so often at the Manhattan Opera House, and who will now appear at the Metropolitan for the first time; Margarethe Matzenauer, who ranks very high in Germany as a contralto; a new German baritone will be added in the person of Hermann Weil, who so recently has won laurels in Bayreuth; Putnam Griswold, an American basso, returns after winning success in Germany, particularly in Berlin; Theodora Orridge, a contralto, and Lambert Murphy, a tenor, complete the list of newcomers.

The roster of familiar artists includes Caruso, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Olive Fremstad, Berta Morena, Johanna Gadschi, Louise Homer, Alma Gluck, Carl Burrian, Riccardo Martin, Hermann Jadlowker, Leo Slezak, Carl Jörn, Pasquale Amato, Dimitri Smirnoff, Antonia Scotti, Giuseppe Campanari, Dinh Gilly, Otto Goritz,

Adamo Didur and Herbert Wither- spoon.

Arturo Toscanini and Alfred Hertz are again to be the conductors, and to this number is added Giuseppe Strurani, the latter having conducted at the Philadelphia Opera House when it was under the ægis of Oscar Hammerstein.

In addition to the regular subscription performances there will be special series of operas, such as classic works, or novelties that prove so popular there that they demand more frequent hearings. "Parsifal" and "The Ring" are thus scheduled.

But that is not nearly all, for the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera company is to visit New York and give six special performances here. At least two novelties will then be presented, namely, Wolff-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" and Massenet's "Cendrillon." These performances, one each week, will be spread over six weeks in January and February, Cleofonte Campanini conducting. And during the regular Metropolitan season there will be exchanges of artists, enabling quite a number of singers from both the Boston and Chicago opera companies to be heard in New York, such as Maurice Renaud, Carmen Melis, Charles Dalmores, Amadeo Bassi, John McCormack, Giovanni Zenatello, and Maria Claessens.

The subscription is the largest in the history of the institution, the demand for unfilled seats is imposing, so that public support is assured. New scenery and costumes are at hand, the usual efficient orchestra has been engaged, and the regular chorus and ballet will be equal to the demands made upon them. So, all told, it promises to be the greatest and artistically a most satisfying season of opera.

But that is only one feature of the New York music season, for there is still the vast array of concerts and recitals to be reckoned with. Our own Philharmonic Society has imported a new conductor, Josef Stransky, and will give a long succession of concerts; the New York Symphony Society, led by Walter Damrosch, will be heard numberless times at the Century Theatre in classic concerts; the Boston Symphony Society visits New York for ten concerts, conducted by Max Fiedler, who is filling the final year of his engagement at Boston; the Russian Symphony Society, with Modest Altshuler, will be heard in a subscription series of concerts; Franz X. Arens will conduct the People's Symphony concerts, worthy and interesting musical affairs for the students and wage-earners; Arnold Volpe will give Volpe Symphony concerts; Walter Damrosch will lead six

(Continued on page 8)



Mme. Alten



M. Amato



Mme. Rappold



M. Campanari



Mme. Fornia



M. Martin

Gabrielle of the Lilies On and Off the Stage

GABY DESLYS, the dancer and pantomimist, came to the Winter Garden on September 27, after having been heralded sensationally in a fashion such as falls to the lot of few vaudeville performers. Did not rumor whisper that her beauty and talent had found favor with no less a personage than a king? Well, she is certainly good to look upon, this fair daughter of France. She wears exquisite costumes ravishingly and her jewels are the talk of Europe. As an artist, she is less remarkable perhaps, but she danced gracefully enough through "Les Débuts de Chichine," an innocuous little sketch in which she has three suitors, to whom she makes the business-like proposition that she will marry the first who brings her a theatrical contract.

Off the stage Gaby Deslys reminds one of a white kitten, blue eyed and with the habit of wearing a pink ribbon around its neck. A rather lank and very active kitten, prettily playful, with claws in reserve for times of needed defense. Her movements are quick and cat-like. Like a cat she falls easily into graceful postures. She seems a creature for the soft places of life, the sunny corners of the world. Her eyes are fine, large and liquid, with the cat's trick of enlarging the pupils until they look black in the shadows.

She is deliciously young, as young as her reputed nineteen years. Her nose is straight and fine and has a spirited flare. Her lips, doubly curved, are like those of a wilful child. Her complexion is of roseleaf fineness of



Photo Manuel

"A wonderful dressing table with toilet articles of solid gold"

texture and delicacy of tint. Her teeth have the whiteness of a three-year-old child's. She has a strong, saucy chin. She is very good to look at and not unpleasant to listen to, for her English is pure, though hesitant. She feels her way, with cat-like step, among new verbs and novel nouns.

This is what she said to the present writer after she had dispersed her stage lovers and slipped out of the splendor of the green brocade velvet cloak she had worn on the stage into the apparent simplicity of a white lace negligée and sat in her small, square dressing room at the Winter Garden, before a wonderfully equipped dressing table, covered with every conceivable toilet article, all of solid gold.

"How droll that the journalists in this country have written that my mother was a washerwoman in Paris!" she said petulantly. "My mother is a home woman. My father is a drygoods merchant of Marseilles. I was born in Marseilles and went to school at the Convent of Ste. Marie until I was sixteen. I wanted to go on the stage and my father would not permit it. So at sixteen I ran away. I went to Paris and got an engagement at one of the variety theatres at ten dollars a week. Later I played in London and Berlin. Each time I returned to Paris I played in a more exclusive theatre. The little Theatre of the Capucins is most exclusive."

She wore three necklaces of pearls, big, graduated drops, as though milk

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Photo Manuel

"She reminds one of a little white kitten"



SARA ALLGOOD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE IRISH PLAYERS, IN "THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN"

IT may be taken as a happy omen for the theatrical season just inaugurated that the Irish Players are here for

The Irish Players

its initial production in Molesworth Hall eight years ago. Yeats is said to have cried out, "Euripides!" when he heard



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
The distinguished Irish poet

and when he saw that the spirit of the land he cherishes could be presented in prose as well as in poetry, and through the Irish idiom of English no less effectively than through Gaelic, he set himself vigorously to foster and to forward the work of the Abbey Theatre.

The result does him very much credit, for he has been the means of bringing to the light several Irish dramatists who, but for him, would have remained as mute as the inglorious Miltons of the Churchyard poem. John N. Synge, for instance, with whose "Shadow of the Glen" the company made its bow to an American audience in Boston recently,* was an unsuccessful journalist whose literary articles excited no enthusiasm whatever in editorial breasts, and who must have remained an unknown had not Yeats induced him to put into dramatic form his intimate knowledge of peasant life in Ireland. The first fruits of Synge's trying was the play already referred to, which had

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Irish Players opened their American season at the New Plymouth Theatre, Boston, on September 23 last. They will be seen shortly in New York.

three months, and that they have with them a repertory of no less than forty plays, all fragrant with the breath of the most poetic country in Europe, and all, too, plays which "act" quite as well as if they were not literature.

George Moore, who has been associated with the fortunes of the Irish drama ever since its brave but somewhat impotent beginnings several years ago, has said that Yeats' first idea of a theatre was a little mist, some fairies and a psalter. Yet Yeats is now the active director of an excellently workmanlike company, which presents real drama with precision as well as with art! For Yeats liked and believed in the Irish folk,

it read. And when Synge read his "Riders to the Sea" to the company a few weeks later, the director emitted the single word, "Aeschylus!" Nor is this appreciation so exaggerated as might at first blush appear. Without a tinge of sentimentality, yet with such poignant truth that one aches in every nerve as one follows the text, Synge tells this simple, terrible story of the old woman whose children have, one after the other, been torn from her arms by the ruthless sea.

"The Shadow of the Glen" is much less uncompromising. It contains, indeed, such an admixture of almost farcical comedy, along with its grimly tragic note, that the ordinary American audience, accustomed to the travesties on Irish life, which constitute the mainstay of "vaudeville," is likely to spoil the whole thing by laughing in the wrong place. Even in Boston, the seldom-heard hiss had to be called into requisition in order that the more enlightened of those present should be able to enjoy the play in the way the playwright meant. Boucicault consciously aimed at guffaws when he made Con the Shaugran sit up at his own wake and partake slyly of whiskey. But only the



LADY GREGORY
Founder of the Irish Literary Theatre

crude and cruel mind would see comedy and not tragedy in the resuscitation of a hard, unloving husband whose supposed death has enabled his young wife to glimpse for the first time the possibility of getting away from the shadowy glen which for many years has so maddeningly oppressed her. The setting of the piece is a kitchen in the cottage of Nora Burke (Sara Allgood), a young woman consumed with loneliness and haunted by wistful dreams of what life might have meant had she married a man young like herself and become the joyful mother of his lusty children. Instead of which she



G. A. O'Rourke J. M. Kerrigan

SCENE IN "THE RISING OF THE MOON," COMEDY BY LADY GREGORY



Sarony

MAY ROBSON

In "The Three Lights," a new play written by herself and Charles T. Dazey. Miss Robson was seen last season in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"

has been tied to a jealous old tyrant and condemned to life imprisonment with him in the last house of a lonely glen, a place which is always either drenched with rains or sodden with mists, and where the chief evidence that there is a sun comes from the shadows that it casts upon the adjacent mountain side—and upon her brooding spirit. She thinks, however, that now at last she will be free, for has not her husband "died in his bed?" To the tramp who happens in for shelter, as one of the inevitable showers drench the roads, she unburdens her soul of the weight put upon it by the grim figure lying motionless on the bed.

But Dan Burke is only shamming in order that he may spy upon his wife, and, at the psychological moment, frighten her nearly to death by rising up in his shroud and pointing an accusing finger at her! Disappointment that the psychological moment is so slow in coming, added to an uncontrollable desire to sneeze, combine to make the mean trickster burst upon the scene all too soon; and since he can find nothing tangible of which to accuse Nora, he vents his bestial fury on her and turns her, in all the storm, out of his house forever. Yet she does not have to go alone. The tramp will be her comrade and friend. Pulling her eagerly by the sleeve he says: "Come with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blathering you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lake, and you'll be hearing the grouse and owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh and losing the hair off you and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll hear them singing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing the like of a sick sheep close to your ear." So the two poets wander together out into the darkness and the storm, while the hard, old husband and his crony clink their whiskey glasses and exchange sly winks.

Sara Allgood, who plays Nora in this piece, and has the rôle of the sparkling post-mistress, Mrs. Delane, in Lady Gregory's rollicking comedy, "Hyacinth Halvey," is an actress of very great charm. In an "intimate" theatre, such as the Abbey in Dublin or the New Plymouth in Boston—where the Yeats company gave its first performances in America—she wears practically no make-up, and the appeal of her low, sweet voice, dusky brown hair and tense, wistful face, gets over the footlights in quite a surprising fashion. She will play all the woman leads while the company is in America, for her sister, Miss Maire O'Neill, for whom Synge wrote the part of Pegeen Mike in "The Playboy of the Western World," was taken ill just before the company sailed and had to be left behind. Miss Allgood prefers tragic rôles to character ones, but it would be hard, after seeing her in "Hyacinth Halvey," to say that she cannot do funny things as well as highly serious parts. One might travel far to meet anything more deliciously humorous than her face as she peeps out of the window, over her post office in the village of Cloon, and exclaims as she hears the telegraph clicking in the shop: "And sure, how can I go down there now, when I'm neither dressed nor undressed?"

Eileen O'Doherty, who plays the mother in T. C. Murray's poignant "Birthright," is another actress whose art is so utterly free from artifice that one gets, as one watches her, the impression of having happened upon a cross-section of actual Irish life to-day. The theme of this piece is peculiarly Irish, and this little mother, with her plaid shawl drawn tightly over her narrow shoulders, dominates the situation as all good mothers, however yielding they seem, must always do in a home whose sons love her. The brown mare, who has broken a leg in the barn, has to be shot, as the play proceeds, and one feels, with the little old woman in the tightly-drawn shawl.

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MME. SIMONE, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH ACTRESS, IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

A Negligée Chat with Madame Simone

THERE is an impression that Mme. Simone, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Bernhardt is slipping, and who will also, it is predicted, don the dramatic robe of Réjane in more or less good time, is an unschooled actress. Never was made a greater mistake; never have I met a woman who seemed so thoroughly and sufficiently schooled.

In a leaf-green lounging robe of silk, with silken cords swaying from it as careless vines toss from a tree-trunk in a light wind, a well-schooled body rested against the background of a pink satin, gilt-mounted sofa. Above a heavy Duchesse collar, that spread cape-like to her shoulders, rose, upon a throat that was strong and sinewy, rather than round and full, a well-schooled head, one poised with becoming erectness, a head that, it would seem, had done little of drooping or hanging. The head was wound round and round by flat bands of chestnut hair, worn low upon the forehead, and out of this frame looked the face, more schooled than all the rest, a face that had something of Egyptian suggestion in it, that charmed with the ancient lure of the Sphinx, the charm of inscrutableness. The eyes, deep set

under a full brow, said no more nor less than the owner wished. The lips told only so much as they were permitted. The voice, light, high, perfectly modulated, responded to her will. Though wearied from rehearsals, it was as obedient as they to her dominance. One had always the sense of a brain in command, a brain reinforced by a tremendous will.

She told me in what school she was trained while Chochotte, a white Pomeranian flecked with brown, wearing a pink ribbon necklace, sat beside her and challenged the visitor, with black, inquisitive eyes and pointed, impertinent nose. Chochotte is twelve years old, a veteran from the standpoint of a dog, and an older member of Mme. Simone's household than even her husband, the son of the late French President.

"They say," she began, with the ever-ready smile of the French woman, "that I was successful from the first, and without a lesson in dramatic art. They said my performance in 'Le Détour' in Paris was the inspired work of a society woman who knew instinctively what to do, who needed no teaching. How foolish! On the contrary, I had played for eighteen months in the



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FRITZI SCHEFF

Now appearing in the title rôle of "The Duchess" at the Herald Square Theatre

Provinces before I made by début in Paris, and I had studied for five hours every day for two years. At first I would go about Paris, shopping, calling, attending receptions and teas and luncheons, doing the thousand and one things a woman who is supposed to do nothing must do. I would have been out all afternoon and evening and come home at one in the morning. Then I would study until six. I worked with my voice, at first wearing my corsets. Then I found how impossible they are, and, like Sarah Bernhardt, I threw them away. I had noticed how actresses I knew would read a speech half through, then were abandoned by their own voices, and uttered strange little squeaks, seemingly from the chin. I determined to overcome that, and I did. "Then I tried to portray emotion. I felt hatred and de-

picted it, love and indicated it, annoyance and denoted it, fear and displayed it."

"Before a mirror?" I prompted.

"Never before a mirror," she responded. "My postures and gestures would then have become too mechanical. I would have become conscious of myself. Without the mirror I seemed to myself an impersonal medium of all the emotions, and tried to make myself their supple instrument. You have in your face the question, 'How did you know when you denoted correctly an emotion?' Ah, I knew! The body is sensitive. It tells you whether you are correctly registering. It told me I wept too much. I controlled myself. That is a matter of the will."

"I worked always alone. I was then the wife of Le Bargy, the actor. An excellent actor, too, but entirely different from me. He was of the classic school. I am considered to be of the modern, ultra-natural school. When I am on the stage I cross my legs. I put my hands to my face. I touch my hair. These things one should not do. Yet I do them off the stage and so on the stage."

"Besides, when Sarah Bernhardt heard me read some verses and said to my husband: 'She must go on the stage—you must teach her,' he said: 'I will not,' and he kept his word. I am glad now that he did not. It made me more determined. I resolved, and what I resolved I do."

The chin abutting from the thin, smiling, mysterious face, bespoke resolution. The lips even in their ready smile bespoke it.

"And this schooling of which we speak, this preparation, began long before I had married M. Le Bargy. It began in an excellent education afforded me by my parents. I believe that an actress should be a cultivated woman. I made my début in a play by Bernstein, a powerful realist. I played *Andromache*, a *classique*, and I played the *Hen Pheasant* in '*Chantecler*.' My last play was '*Vieil Homme*,' by Georges de Porte Riche. To play such variety of parts one must be able to comprehend the author's meaning. She must know languages, mythology, history, and life. And yet I do not believe in the training as given now at our Conservatoire. Its pupils begin too early, at sixteen or seventeen. They do not know life. We cannot portray what we do not know. I think it much better to have lived first, then translate what we know of life into terms of the stage."

"I have learned much by watching the methods of other players. I go twenty or thirty times to see Mme. Bernhardt when she puts on a new play. I watch others whom I admire. I say to myself: 'Ah! This is the way they do that.' This is an excellent way to learn the mechanics of an art, to watch artists at work."

Deftly Mme. Simone avoided a comparison of the French with the American stage.

"I do not know any American actors except those who are rehearsing with me. But I notice that they catch an idea instantly and execute it quickly, and with keen intelligence."

Which is a very good beginning for the professions of enthusiastic admiration European artists have prepared us to expect. Her next remark revealed how levelly her Egyptian-like head is set upon her graceful shoulders.

"Chance and luck have played a great part in my life. I do not believe in fate. Oh, no! Chance, yes. It was by chance that I have come to America. Three years ago I met Mr. Tyler in Paris. He said to me, 'You should come to America.' I said, 'You are too kind,' and gave it no more thought except to say that Monsieur Tyler is very polite. I had then a three years' contract with Guitry. Mr. Tyler had said, 'Go on with your English, so that when you come to America you can speak fluently.'"

"Which you do," I interjected, and Mme. Simone made the response she had made three years before to the manager of the Century Theatre.



Matzner

FRANCES STARR

Now appearing in a new play by Edward J. Locke entitled "The Case of Becky"

"I was about to sign a contract with Pierre Wolff, the dramatist, to appear in his play. I was to sign the contract the next evening. That morning came a contract from Mr. Tyler. I went to Mr. Wolff and said: 'If you insist that I appear in your play, I will do so, but I should like to go to America. It would be an interesting experience.' He was most courteous, and I came. It was chance that I married Le Bargy, chance that he happened to be an actor, chance that I saw much of the stage and became an amateur critic of its methods, and so more and more interested.

"And luck? O, yes, I believe in luck. I have been very lucky. I have been on the stage nine years and had nine plays. In each I have played the principal woman's part; each play has lasted for a year. Others might have worked as hard as I, but never had the luck to get the right part or the right play."

"You do not believe that there is a force within that pushes one on to the work that is for her?"

"Not unless one is a genius, and that I am not. I have talent, energy and ambition. Genius is more than that."

"You speak of ambition. May one ask what your ambition is?"

"It is to prove that tragedy can be played with restraint and be effective, more effective than it is rendered in the strut and swagger fashion. I want to play tragedy *à la Simone*, which is, after all, *au naturel*."

While the autumn dusk began to settle about us, tinging the pink room with gray, we drifted from the mighty topic of the drama to another mighty theme—woman. M. Casimir-Perier had come quietly into the room, and sat, a smiling *élégant*, listening to and clearly admiring his gifted wife.

"If I had to choose between my happiness as a woman and my success as an actress I wouldn't hesitate for one moment. I should be the woman and choose my happiness."

Was she interested in the feminist movement?

She reflected, lacing and unlacing the slim fingers of her small, white hands.

"In the large sense, yes," she replied at last. "I believe that a woman should ever be womanly. But the feminist movement is so mixed up with absurdities. We hear that we must get along without men." She laughed and flung an eloquent glance at her husband. "But a woman can't get along without men. That is ridiculous. That she should make the most of her individuality and cultivate her brain I profoundly believe."

"You think her brain should rule in all the crises of her life?"

"I think there need be no conflict between brain and heart. They are entirely separate, each with its own domain."

The slender, smiling, boyish son of a former President of France kissed his wife's hand, bowed to me, and departed for a twilight walk in Central Park.

Mme. Simone told me how women who are frail and febrile like herself, yet, like herself, work prodigiously; keep the flame of life burning high.

"I have taught myself not to waste my strength on useless things," said she. "When you have gone I shall go to bed. It is half-past six. I shall stay there until time to get up and go to rehearsals to-morrow at noon. I shall have my dinner in bed, and shall lunch in bed. I might go over to that desk and write letters. I might arrange the flowers. I might walk about and look out of the window. I might try to transform this hotel room into home. I might play with my dog. None of these shall I do. They are useless things. I save my strength for the great things of life. Women who work hard should adopt these rules of living:

- "Don't waste strength on useless things.
- "Never talk of troubles until they are settled."

ADA PATTERSON.

Dramatic Preferences

Manhattan:	"The Isle of Champagne."
Philadelphia:	"The Land of Nod."
Sioux Falls:	"The Great Divide."
Louisville:	"Ten Nights in a Barroom."
Columbus:	"1492."
Newport:	"Aristocracy."
Reno:	"Divorçons."
Niagara Falls:	"The Tourists."
Tuskegee:	"The Nigger."
Utah:	"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."
Alton:	"The Only Way."
Pittsburg:	"The Little Millionaire."
Bangor, Me.:	"Way Down East."
Gettysburg:	"The Battle."
Detroit:	"Speed."
Hades:	"A Hole in the Ground."
Lexington:	"In Old Kentucky."
Minneapolis and St. Paul:	"The Rivals."
Baltimore:	"Heart of Maryland."

STUART B. STONE.



Byron, N. Y. Edward H. Robins Edmund Breese Hans Robert Ben Johnson Ralph Delmore Muriel Starr Fay Wallace
Act III. Porter Kingsley (Ben Johnson): "You offered me a thousand times that amount!"
SCENE IN ISAAC LANDMAN'S NEW PLAY, "A MAN OF HONOR," AT WEBER'S THEATRE



Photos White Edna Baker Ethel Von Waldron
Myrza asks not to be sent away



Edgar Selwyn Edna Baker
Jamil ordered to carry the basket



Mission Children
Noon hour at the Mission

SCENES IN EDGAR SELWYN'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "THE ARAB," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

America the Melting Pot of the Stars

THERE is no danger of a Turkish invasion of the American theatre, and the Polish or Danish influence is not likely to make itself felt before American footlights; but there are a Turk, a Pole, and a Dane, as well as the representatives of several other nationalities who have risen to stellar prominence on the stage of this country. This is, perhaps, not remarkable in a land that has become the melting pot for the fusing of the races, but compared to the scant recognition accorded foreigners on the stages of other countries, the condition here becomes geographically and historically unique. America has always been most democratic in this matter. The custom of receiving English entertainers with evidences of affection, as well as artistic admiration, long ago established a precedent for the horde of actors who visit America every year and also paved the way for the spectacular careers in this country of such stars as Helena Modjeska, the Pole, and Francesca Janauschek, the Bohemian, both of whom were such cosmopolites as to belong to the great world of art, irrespective of geographical boundaries.

It is notable, however, that after stellar careers abroad, each of them ventured into American territory as an experiment, later in life studied the English language diligently, and finally called America home, becoming definitely associated with the stage of this country.

The history of Janauschek has been duplicated in all essential

details in recent years by Madam Alla Nazimova, who first came to New York with a company of Russian players. There was something about her personality and art that attracted admirers from Broadway to the theatre in the Bowery, where she played the Norwegian characters of Ibsen and the other cold-blooded authors of the European north. Nothing, unless possibly the rude theatricals of the Orient, could have been more exotic to American theatre-goers, yet Alla Nazimova gained new friends with each performance. This great democracy of art rallied to support her when she first announced her intention to learn the English language, that she might become more intelligible; and

when, after a remarkably brief period, she had conquered some of the Ibsen characters in English and appeared on Broadway, she was immediately received into the big family of American artists, and is now everywhere recognized as one of our own, although in reality she is a foreign flower in alien soil, quite as much so as a Chicago actress, for example, would be upon the stage of St. Petersburg.

The theatre in European countries is an institution stamped indelibly with nationality. Each country has its own "school of acting." What

is praised and enjoyed in Germany is not to the liking of the French. The Italian "school" is as far apart as the two poles from that in favor at Copenhagen and Stockholm. With opera it is a vastly different matter. Generally speaking, there are only



Armstrong
Flora Zabelle
(Armenian)



Bangs
Alla Nazimova
(Russian)



Reutlinger
Anna Held
(Polish)

FOREIGN ACTRESSES WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

a few pre-eminently great singers; they must travel around the world, and "seasons" are arranged in various countries for their accommodation. But the drama is stamped with certain prejudices that, like the laws of Medes and Persians, cannot be changed. The people resent intrusion by foreigners who cannot easily subscribe to their artistic demands. Futile will be the search of European capitals for an American actress, outside of the operas, who has abandoned her native language for the foreign, and who has been as acceptable to continental peoples as to her own. Yet there are dozens of foreign-born women on the American stage in various capacities who have accomplished that seemingly impossible feat. Several of them have risen to stellar prominence and tour the country annually, meeting with as cordial reception as could possibly be accorded to a native daughter.

This proves not only the democratic and cosmopolitan taste of the American audience, but also that this country possesses the most interesting stage in the world, because it has slowly and carefully gleaned from all of the others just what American people desire.

Anna Held, recognized as one of America's most successful stars in musical comedy, is a native of Poland. She appeared with Jacob Adler at small theatres in London, later went to Paris, and then came to America, where she speedily caught public fancy by a clever blending of Parisian chic and American whimsicality; and to-day she is considered an American actress, abroad as well as at



White

EDNA BAKER

Lately seen as Mary Hilbert in "The Arab"



White

ESTHER BISSETT

Seen in Chicago in a farce entitled "Dear Old Billy"

home, because she has met with greater artistic and financial success here than perhaps any vaudeville or musical comedy star abroad.

Flora Zabelle, wife of Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, is one of two Armenian actresses who have gained recognition outside of their own country. The other is in Paris, and her popularity is not in any way comparable to that of Miss Zabelle. The daughter of Mangaras Mangasarian, now a resident of Chicago, Miss Zabelle was born on the banks of the Euphrates river, and spent the early years of her life in a small village, from where she went to Constantinople before coming to America. Perhaps there is in this country no better example of the quick transformation and evolution of woman than this beautiful Oriental comedienne. For several years after Miss Zabelle's birth, her mother wore the veil; her relatives still adhere rigidly to this and similar customs, looking to man as their lord and master, and content to remain in semi-captivity, having their friends among the women of neighboring harems. But within a period of fifteen years, Miss Zabelle has not only discarded the veil, received an English education and married a Yankee comedian, but she has become an actress herself and attained to the distinction of joint star with her husband in such typically American confections as the musical comedies devised by Mr. George M. Cohan.

News of her progress reached her foreign rela-



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BLANCHE RING

This vivacious, popular comedienne is now appearing in a new musical comedy called "The Wall Street Girl"



White Harry Tansey Henry Kolker Ruth Chatterton
Act II. Tristan (Harry Tansey): "We've got a dog whose name is Wotan"

SCENES IN JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY'S PLAY, "THE GREAT NAME," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



White Henry Kolker Lizzie Hudson Collier
Act III. Mrs. Hofer, Sr. (Miss Collier): "You are too nervous—leave it all to us"

IN the light of the comparatively recent revival of "Caste," it seems incredible that fifty years ago Rob-

ertson's plays were considered "dangerous," so dangerous that no established manager would touch them. Shades of the plays produced in America in the last twenty-five years! Compared with our fathers and our grandfathers, how inured we are to danger!

It is true that when he finally got a hearing there was a public for Robertson even in his own day. It was evident, when it was produced, that society at large did not fear "Society," though some of the moralists, most of the actors, and all the managers did. Naturally enough, too, for people who break things—particularly old, familiar things—are usually resented. Justice has been done Robertson, the iconoclast. The analogy between his service to the drama and Ibsen's has been pointed out, but Robertson, the explorer, has had few tributes. Christopher Columbus had to get over the towering barrier of tradition, to go against the evidence of men's senses to his goal across the unknown sea. Robertson's task was hardly less difficult. Englishmen do not fear unknown seas, but they do fear, and violently resist, intrusions into their privacy. The Turk does not guard his harem more jealously than the Englishman his home. The charm of England lies largely in its decent reserves, the mystery of its gardens, the seclusion of its backyards. Robertson discovered and made his countrymen follow him into new dramatic fields, fields within their own sacred precincts, to reach which they found it was necessary to climb the neighbor's garden walls, to look through each other's windows. Naturally training and prejudice cried out against such intrusions—"People would not stand it!"—but they did (though not until it was too late to do Robertson much good!), and they found it not such a dangerous field—modern realism—after all. Indeed some people, noticeably our theatrical managers, have found it so homely that now they are

Dangerous Plays

loath to adventure in the more hazardous realm of romance, in spite of the growing desire for romantic drama. The world is always young, though men grow middle-aged and old, and youth turns to romance as flowers to light. In our teens we crave romantic realism, later realistic romance, which is a round-about way of saying that few of us ever grow really old, though we do outgrow our terrors—Robertson's plays, for instance. Why is it that a play is a wolf to-day, a lamb to-morrow? A wolf to one man, a sheep for the shearing to another? What is a dangerous play?

It certainly would be amusing, possibly instructive, and probably exciting, if a jury made up of a critic, a moralist, a manager, a dramatist, an actor, and for the sake of the argument, a School Girl, a Tired Business Man, and a Thoughtful Woman, were obliged to agree on a definition of a dangerous play. And if, like the animals in the ark, there were two of each sort (the possibilities of pairs of rival contemporaries are endlessly stimulating!), and if the said jury were denied all nourishment but the aforesaid bone of contention, what would be the chances of their ever returning a unanimous verdict?

What would they say of Percy MacKaye's delightful "Anti-Matrimony"? What of the old stand-by, "Camille"? Judging by its perennial reappearance, actors and managers consider "Camille" perfectly innocuous. Moralists might possibly object to it on the score of its sentimentality, though, provided it is sufficiently sugar-coated, it is amazing what the most highly moral will swallow without being visibly affected.

What is a dangerous play? A play that makes people think, or a play that does not make people think? A play that does the thinking for the audience? A play that requires not an audience but merely spectators? Imported plays? A play by a new American playwright? A play that does not fill the theatre?

Scenes in George Broadhurst's New Play "Bought and Paid For"



Photos by White

Julia Dean

Charles Richman

Marie Nordstrom

Frank Craven

Act I. Robert Stafford (Mr. Richman) toasts his future bride



Julia Dean

Marie Nordstrom

Act II. Virginia (Miss Dean) tells her sister she is afraid of Robert



Frank Craven

Marie Nordstrom

Act IV. James Gilley (Mr. Craven) has a plan

Poetic drama? Problem plays? Probably no one would deny that an immoral play is dangerous, but no one would be mad enough to make such a statement for fear of setting at large the hydra-headed question behind it.

In discussing dangerous plays, it is better to consider only the self-respecting forms of drama, leaving the prodigals—vaudeville, pure melodrama, musical comedy, extravaganza, and closet drama—to their fatted calves. They are a menace if only because they, at their unrepentant worst, receive the greatest material rewards. Poetic drama, however, while it is an outcast, hardly deserves to be classed with the prodigals; it is really the family skeleton. *Requiescat!* The sooner it is safely interred in the closet the better, for it is not drama at all—it does not “stand the test of performance.”

A play that does not fill the house would undoubtedly be considered a dangerous play by managers and by actors, and the dramatists would probably be agreed with their natural enemies on this point, for if a play does not fill the house it is shelved, and that means the end of the playwright's artistic life, for plays, like music, are practically dead in manuscript.

Last spring Charles Frohman made this statement in print:

“Of all misleading statements in discussion of the drama, the saying, ‘What the Public Wants,’ is the worst offender. What is the Public? There is a public for Francis Wilson in farce, and within four blocks there is a public for Otis Skinner in romantic comedy. There is another public for musical comedy, and still another for such dramas as ‘The Faith Healer.’ Let us confess also that there have been publics for plays which decent men and women must deplore. There are as many publics as there are seats in a theatre. But from the point of view of the manager who accepts the responsibility which the influences of his productions put upon him, the public is that great body of healthful-minded men and women who make up the average of what Lincoln called the ‘plain people.’ What this public wants it may safely be trusted to have. Neither art nor morals will suffer.”

If managers recognize the fact that there is an infinite variety of audiences, why do most of them—and particularly managers of stock companies—cater to the less desirable publics? Why do they overlook the fact that while one kind of play will fill the house another would fill it to overflowing, because it would draw both the discriminating and the indiscriminate public. Why play to an East Lynne-Thelma audience, when it is possible to draw a “What-Every-Woman-Knows” house? When the public wants sweets, why not offer “Trelawney of the Wells” instead of the creaking “Bachelor's Romance”? Why not—for fun—sometimes give Wilde's inimitable “The Importance of Being Earnest,” which delights not only the critics but also the schoolgirls, who pronounce it “screamingly funny”? Why not give “Miss Hobbes” instead of “Girls” (which is merely a conglomeration of bits of business, frankly improbable in plot and unnecessarily coarse), when a modern version of “The Taming of the Shrew” is wanted? Or do stock companies prefer to play to audiences of vulgar women, gum-chewing clerks, and chocolate-devouring children—

audiences utterly unleavened by people of good taste and discrimination?

To return to the bone of contention! Is a dangerous play the play that makes people think, or the play that does not make them think? Powerful as he is, detestable stumbling block that he is to all but “paying” plays, the plight of the modern manager is almost pitiable. He has a feeling (a conviction, since the success of “The Witching Hour”) that the public wants plays of ideas. “But what ideas?” he puzzles. “Can it be that the public is tired of ‘the dear old triangle’? That the jack-in-the-box play has lost its charm? That people no longer care to see it, will no longer watch sympathetically for two or three hours the struggle of a lovely and faultlessly dressed lady to keep the lid down on an incorrigible past, that in spite of the most heroic efforts on her part to suppress it, will pop up and display a hideous visage to a fascinated and shuddering world?” His dilemma is likely to increase the number of imported plays: it is much safer to produce a play that has succeeded abroad than to make experiments at home.

New York City is already a dramatic “melting-pot,” and drama, always the most universal of the fine arts in the sense of being the most potent—having the widest appeal—and the earliest,—appearing in the dances of primitive races and in the games and mimicry of children,—shows a tendency to become as universal as human nature itself, and quite overstep, in one direction, the bounds of section and of nation: the brotherhood of the drama seems much more imminent than the brotherhood of man, and,

unlike the latter, a consummation undesired and unexpected.

The wholesale importation of plays may partly account for the fact that so far the American output is insignificant—insignificant not only in quantity but also in quality—though this is a country of theatre-goers of all sorts, from the most discriminating to the perfectly unsophisticated in the first flush of “natural ignorance,”—a happy but evanescent state, according to Lady Bracknell. You remember, in the first act of “The Importance of Being Earnest,” her—“I disapprove of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is a delicate, exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone.” How she must have condemned the theatre, whether we like it or not, one of the greatest discouragers of ignorance, natural or acquired, of all the social forces of the day.

Managers constantly complain that the American playwrights “have not made good.” It is true that we have few great playwrights. That is partly because while every man, woman, and child in this country is writing, has written, or is about to write a play, few write more than three plays—the risks are so great, the art so very long. Didn't it take Shakespeare ten years to learn it? And after he has mastered the technique of playwriting, a dramatist cannot hope to write more than one play a year (Ibsen thought two years to a play the better interval), and he cannot afford failures. The art is certainly long, and in most of us persistency is the unknown quantity. But worst of all, people seem to argue: a poet is a writer, a dramatist is a writer, therefore a poet is a dramatist; a novelist is a story teller, a playwright is a story teller, therefore a novelist is a playwright. A



White
MARY NASH
Who plays Wanda Kelly in “The Woman” at the Republic



White

Margaret Anglin

H. Reeves Smith

Act II. Col. J. N. Smith (H. Reeves Smith): "The Colonel wished you to have it to remember him by"

SCENE IN A. E. W. MASON'S COMEDY, "GREEN STOCKINGS," PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

canoeist would not undertake to sail a yacht because he was skillful with the paddle, a yachtsman would not consider himself capable of handling a battleship because he could manage a yacht, nor would a traveller take command of an ocean liner on the strength of his sea legs, his reputation of being "a good sailor," but anyone who can hold a pen feels therefore qualified to steer the difficult ship Drama to fame and fortune. It is a fairly obvious fact that learning to handle his craft, while it is more than half the struggle, is not enough to insure a playwright against the possibility of shipwreck in the practically uncharted channel between the writing table and success in the theatre. There are rocks to avoid—the commercialized manager, the conventionalized stage manager,—and dangerous, unsuspected reefs and shoals on which many a good ship has gone aground—the actors—to reckon with.

Next to ignorance of the A B C's of playwriting, nothing has been more pernicious than the superstition, that drama, like Wegg, ought to "drop into poetry" on important occasions, and the willingness of the Boffin public to pay extra for the favor. We are slowly becoming reconciled to the passing of the blank verse, iambic pentameter drama. We have seen, for one thing, that it does not necessarily mean the atrophy of the modern imagination, as people feared it would. Elaboration of scenery, while it has eliminated descriptive passages in plays, has not resulted in general obliviousness to nature. After all, like the little girls in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," we go to the theatre not to see nature but "Life," and in real life people do not rhapsodize at length about the scenery, or, indeed, about anything. We are not so very fluent at our shallowest, and, when stirred to our depths, we are apt to express ourselves in very rudimentary ways, if we express ourselves at all.

But what is the use of learning that drama need not necessarily be Shakespearian if we require it to be Ibsenian instead? Sometimes one sympathizes with Mr. Shaw's railings against "bardolatry." But there is no need of Ibsen's greatness having the withering effect on our generation of playwrights that Shakespeare's

had on those who followed him. Our critics (particularly Mr. George Pierce Baker, of Harvard University, the first to offer a course in playwriting in any college),—our critics have increasing understanding of the nature and function of the drama, and by illuminating analysis of the plays, and by keen appreciations and depreciations of the playwrights of the past and of those who are writing to-day, by pointing out the problems of our playwrights and the lessons the great masters of the drama have for the dramatist of any day, are at least training up an intelligent theatrical public, a most vital service if it is true, as most agree, that drama, like a democracy, can never rise much above the average public. The most universal of the fine arts is also the most democratic, and like a government of the people, by the people, for the people, rises or falls with the people: if they are low, it is corrupt.

To go back to "the last remark but one," the great dramatists of the past teach us first of all that the secret of their greatness lies in their non-conformity to tradition and in their conformity to their inevitable limitations—the theatre, the stage, of their own day, and the nature and need of their own public. Take Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, for instance. Jonson missed greatness because he slavishly followed the Aristotelian tradition. Aristotle phrased some rules that held good for his own day, some of which hold for the drama of any day, but all of which do not necessarily hold for all drama of every day, as Shakespeare proved by breaking all but one—not wantonly, but because the Globe Theatre was so radically different from the theatre of Dionysius, because London was not Athens, the sixteenth century Englishman not a Greek. It is only in the past thirty years that people have realized that Shakespeare did not write like Sophocles—or like Seneca, the idol of literary Elizabethans,—for the same reason that strawberries do not grow in marshes, or iris in sand. It would be tremendously interesting to know whether Shakespeare deliberately or instinctively rejected the classic formula for one indigenous to the Bankside. He certainly considered his soil. He had to do hack writing to give the public what it wanted, but he never truckled to it, he

A Memory of the Chorus

She stood at the end of a row of girls—
It's a good ten years ago—
And laughed as she sang some foolish song
In a long-dead Broadway show.

I singled her out from the rest that night
And I watched her flower-like face.
She brought me a thought of woodland nymphs
To that tawdry, tinsel place.

As fresh as the scent of a wild red rose
In a setting so uncouth.
She danced with the careless joy of life
And the innocence of youth.

The years that have gone since I saw her smile—
Did they bring her wealth and fame?
Or sweep her away in devious paths?
(Why, I never knew her name!)

I only recall that she crossed my way
And she set my heart aglow.
For Pippa passed by that night, my friends,
In a long-dead Broadway show!

ANNE PEACOCK.



Photos Bangs

As Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night"

In private dress

As Caliban in "The Tempest"

STUDIES IN "MAKE UP" AS PRESENTED BY SIDNEY GREENSTREET, SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN "SPEED"



Sir Herbert Tree as Macbeth

Macbeth's encounter with Macduff

Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Macduff

In *Macbeth*, says the *Illustrated London News*, Sir Herbert Tree has added a very notable figure to the long list of Shakespearian characters he has played. His conception of the brave yet fearful Scot is, to use his own words, "not that of the traditional bloodthirsty murderer, but as the man in whom is fought out the struggle between ambition and conscience. . . . Macbeth, at moments in his great introspection, with its suggestion of Hamlet philosophy, seems to be in the hands of a force beyond both his moral and mental strength. What manner of man he is becomes apparent as he passes through his fiery ordeal." The manner in which Sir Herbert Tree embodies this reading of Macbeth's character constitutes a remarkably powerful piece of acting.

SCENE IN BEERBOHM TREE'S SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON

gave it better plays than it demanded, better than anyone dreamed possible, at once gratifying and refining his audience, and won such dazzling success that even until late in the nineteenth century he was regarded by nearly everyone as "an alarming meteor" in the dramatic heavens. Thanks to Ibsen—and to Robertson—Shakespeare is no longer considered alarming or abnormal, but a "bright planet in our firmament," a north star to playwrights, as Mr. Baker has shown in his book, "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist."

Another significant lesson for our playwrights, from a comparison of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, is this—though both were realists (It is true that Shakespeare began as a romanticist, but he "swung the circle like the rest of humanity"), Jonson despised human nature and Shakespeare did not, and Jonson missed greatness. The great are never sordid nor, in the deepest sense, local.

Thirdly, Jonson economized in situation, the proteid of the

drama, and Shakespeare did not. He always gave the public a full meal, and one it could digest. Closet dramatists, noticeably Shelley, usually offer single mouthfuls—sometimes only a bit of Roquefort,—and wonder why the hungry public is not satisfied.

One reason why Ibsen will not hold the stage as Shakespeare has, is the unrelieved intensity of his work. For example, take "Rosmersholm," a play that is marvelously concentrated. Critics grow positively lyric over its technical excellence, but people do not particularly care for it, even with Mrs. Fiske as Rebecca West: they find it too unrelieved, and the exposition so condensed that it is difficult to follow it if one is unfamiliar with the printed play. "O the public! If it cannot appreciate Art, so much the worse for it!"—and for the artist.

Looking squarely at the risks, is it strange that our ablest men do not write for the theatre? For one thing, a play is seldom produced as it is written, sometimes fortunately for the author when he is not a man of the theatre, and is unable to make the

most effective use of his material, but oftener with results that are disheartening to the artist who sees his conception mutilated by a manager whose heart is in the box office.

All managers believe that there are certain bits of business and "safe" situations that will carry any play. The success of "Girls" would seem to justify this faith. Nothing but bits of business. It, of course, includes the favorite—to have the heroine do up her hair, a device that grew to be a habit with Clyde Fitch. He resorted to it twice in "Her Sister." Maugham used it in "Lady Frederick" not as mere stuffing, but legitimately, to produce his climax. Mr. Baker, in one of his lectures, traced this particular stage trick back to its innovator, Webster, and showed how he used it in "The Duchess of Malfi" in a masterly way to intensify the horror of the situation—the murder of the duchess—by showing her complete unconsciousness of her danger. "The scene is her bed chamber. She sits before a mirror brushing her hair and talking cheerfully to her waiting woman and with Antonio, to whom she has been clandestinely married. To tease her they steal away and leave her talking, as she thinks, to them. The audience, knowing from the previous act that her brother has heard of her lover, and has procured false keys to her apartment, intending to find out that very night what truth there was in the rumor of her lover, anticipates Ferdinand's entrance at this point, and the tragedy which follows." It is safe to assume that the scene is unfamiliar because Webster's plays, though they contain some beautiful and memorable lines, are so unpleasant that no one reads them unless he is obliged to.

The screen scene of "The School for Scandal"

is perhaps the favorite safe situation. We have had it, and more than fifty-seven varieties of it ever since 1777, and it has not yet palled. Barrie satirizes it irresistibly in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," when he sends Alice's daughter to the Lieutenant's rooms to "save" her mother.

With a stock of resources, trite but tried, why make innovations? Let all plays end happily, even though the happy ending has been the undoing of more than one otherwise praiseworthy modern play. Think of "Leah Kleshna"—melodrama, but significant in the hands of Mrs. Fiske, John Mason, and George Arliss!—"Leah Kleshna" could not have ended happily; everyone knew it did not; even the press agents had misgivings, and

spoke of the fifth act of the play as "the most important from a scenic standpoint, revealing a vista of lettuce fields steeped in sunshine, with the foreground shaded by a grove of apple trees." When the press agent finds nothing but the scenery to enthuse over, things are serious indeed. Not only from the critic's standpoint, but also from the moralists, and, sometimes, from the standpoint of the box office, it is dangerous to end every play happily. It really is too bad of him—not content with insisting on a happy ending to everything, the manager shields himself

behind his Eve, the Public, with the old, old Adam excuse. It really is too bad of him to insist on a happy ending to everything. In certain moods one extracts exquisite satisfaction from good, old-fashioned tragedy that comes to a real finish. Since the discovery of the poignancy of modern tragedy, we cannot hope to revert to the old ideal that ends like an Italian puppet show in "general carnage," but there is a delightful finality about the last act of "Hamlet," for instance, that one looks back to sometimes with regret in these unanswerable questioning days. As the curtain descends between the heaped-up slain and the spectator, he gropes for his hat, saddened but satisfied, feeling that the playwright has dealt openly with him, that nothing has been withheld, and he goes home unpuzzled by "what happened next." Or he used to, but since Belasco opened up new possibilities in the last act of "The Darling of the Gods," showing the lovers united at the brink of the first celestial heaven a thousand years after their deaths on earth, the pistol shot has lost some of its conclusiveness. It is a question whether this innovation was the result of fidelity on Mr. Belasco's



White LILA RHODES AND GEORGE M. COHAN IN MR. COHAN'S NEW PLAY, "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE"

part to an artistic inspiration, or whether it is merely evidence of the extremes to which the modern manager's belief in the happy ending will lead him.

Some critics declare that the most dangerous play of all is the play that charms the young girl, that the reason why America has produced no drama of ideas comparable to that of the continent is that our audiences are made up largely of young girls, that the American theatre exists for the *jeune fille*, and until she is disregarded we shall have no thoughtful drama; but, as a matter of fact, the young girl is not considered at all. She is allowed to see the most unhappy adaptations from the German and from the French, the most sickly, vulgar

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Scenes in Lew Field's Suffragette Play, "The Never Homes"



Photos Hall

Artie Hall

Vera Finlay

Grace Gilbert

Maude Gray

Nan Brennan

May Maloney

The Fire Captain (Miss Finlay) orders her dinner cooked



George Monroe as Patricia Flynn, the Chief of Police



Jess Dandy George W. Monroe
Herman dresses Patricia's hair

Chicago's Dramatic Season Opens with Éclat



White William Farnum Dustin Farnum
Lieut. Morrison (Dustin Farnum): "Go! My men are coming back"



Dustin Farnum Percy Haswell
Lieut. Morrison (Dustin Farnum): "I am sorry"

SCENES IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL," A DRAMA OF THE CIVIL WAR, BY EDWARD PEPLE

THE curtain has risen in Chicago with an unusually high percentage of "new productions." The works may be named, in the sequence of their production, as follows: "An Everyday Man," comedy, with Thomas W. Ross; "The Littlest Rebel," a "war-play," with Dustin and William Farnum; "Louisiana Lou," musical comedy, with Alexander Carr; "Uncle Sam," farce-comedy, with Thomas A. Wise and John Barrymore; "The Grain of Dust," a "book-play," with James K. Hackett, and "The Ladies' Lion," comic opera, with Jefferson De Angelis.

Of these, "The Littlest Rebel" takes precedence. It is a drama of the Civil War, by Edward Peple, developed from a short vaudeville sketch. The play makes no claim to literary distinction, but it gives the thrill in the spinal marrow and the choke in the throat that theatre-goers love. It is a blend of powder-smoke and honey—but it is palatable. A compound of theatric emotions—but it takes hold of the imagination like fire. Such is "The Littlest Rebel." And yet, with all its obviousness, here is that Fourth Dimension of the drama—a success without a love story! It has no concern with women or sweethearts. It is written about two great-hearted men impersonated with physical magnificence by Dustin and William Farnum; and an angel-child played with amazing skill by a lovely little prodigy named Mary Miles Minter. One man—William—is the harassed, pursued Confederate father; the other—Dustin—is the sword of the invaders' wrath. And of these enemies,



White MARY MILES MINTER
("The Littlest Rebel")

Virgie, the winsome girl, makes brothers.

To prevent a possible seduction of the plot into the conventional "heart interest," the pretty Southern wife, mother of Virgie, is quietly sent to a better world than this, after the close of the first act. That done, the play really begins. The second act, originally the vaudeville sketch, is potent with the grip of good melodrama when Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, U. S. A. (or Dustin Farnum), captures Captain Herbert Cary, C. S. A. (otherwise William Farnum), and is about to have him shot as a spy. Such were his orders, for Captain Cary's scouting activities had been a thorn in the Federal flesh. Then the pitiful plight of hungry, homeless, motherless, about-to-be fatherless Virgie moves the Union officer to a renunciation of his soldierly duty, and he writes a pass to "Virginia Cary and escort," which will insure their safe travel to Richmond.

The third act summons up the terrors of war, after a sentimental prelude again involving the two men and the child. A stretch of dusty road; a stone fence, and a fringe of white oaks. An affair between outposts is beginning, a company fight, a mere skirmish—not a battle of historic note. The Federals, led by the inevitable Morrison, trot by on the double-quick toward the sputter in the distant rifle-pits; dust darts up under

stray bullets, dangerously near Virgie and her father, who are innocent bystanders; an occasional shell whines overhead. The column of blue uniforms retreats, whipped, but with a sting in its tail. Suddenly the rebel yell is lifted, and the boys in gray,



White Bernard Granville Alexander Carr Sophie Tucker
SCENE IN "LOUISIANA LOU" AT THE LA SALLE OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO

with the stars and bars flying, leap out in a wicked charge. Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison is caught trying to bring off the colors of his troop, but the fugitive Cary fights against his own comrades to save him—and then a whirl of sword-thrusts and a blaze of hell-let-loose bring down the curtain.

The episode is brief, simple in its staging, and yet fiendishly eloquent of that fratricidal conflict which is still so close to us from inherited, if not first-hand, memories. It is, moreover, subservient to the play itself, and not a blatant Luna Park panorama like the battle-scene in "The Round-Up." Happily, also, it is not tagged by a lame last act; the best part of the drama follows. The scene is Union headquarters, with William B. Mack playing General Grant plausibly enough. The two heroes are both prisoners now, and both under sentence of death—Cary still as a spy, and Morrison for having violated orders in releasing him. Grant is for sending them both out to a firing squad—until little Virgie is cross-examined. As she tells how her father had come home but once in a Federal uniform, and then only because he had to enter the Union lines to bury her mother—well, Grant himself, the "war machine," becomes mellow with emotion, even as the play and its audiences.

The dialogue is written in a somewhat operatic style, with, now and then, an aria of sentimental appeal, an idyll of child-talk, or a recitative of warlike patriotism; but much of Mr. Peple's enraptured eloquence may be forgiven for the sake of the gripping situations which he has devised. In regard to the acting, no extended comment is needed. The illusion is well maintained; the Farnum brothers, earnest and virile, find their soldierly rôles well adapted to their personalities; and Miss Minter is a jewel of a child, who never becomes trying, although she is compelled to force the repertory of juvenile appeal to its ultimate prattle.

To turn from warfare to song-and-dance for a consideration of "Louisiana Lou." Here is the *dernier cri* of Chicago's talent in the manufacture of musical comedy for itself, and also the only strictly local production of the season thus far. This entertainment will be resident at its home theatre, the LaSalle, throughout the year, according to present omens; and it is listed in the shop-talk of the stage as a success which needs no prejudice of municipal pride in its favor. Indeed, it comes closer to Broadway standards of glitter and girls in musical comedy than anything that has worn the trademark of Chicago within recent memory. To this "smartness" of its enframing, "Louisiana Lou" adds the merit of a certain Western wholesomeness of sentiment and heartiness of mirth. Alexander Carr heads the cast in the rôle of a Jewish father, who has some moments of Warfieldian emotion, but who the rest of the time is a decidedly unusual character. Mr. Carr again proves himself a comedian

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Bernard Granville



Eva Fallon



Florence Nash



Thomas W. Ross



Mary Quive



Moffett

James K. Hackett

Frank Burbeck

SCENE IN "THE GRAIN OF DUST"

Scintillations of a Youthful Star

"I ENJOY life."

Douglas Fairbanks said this in extenuation, or in explanation, of his smile. I had told him that I encountered, as I made my way to the stage door, a woman acquaintance who said: "Ah! You are going to see the man with the smile?" The young star seemed not at all surprised at this characterization. How could he be when his smile has been his trade mark, the stamp upon his personality—that "personality" of which he is becoming weary, though his audiences are not? Sitting on his foot in characteristic boyish fashion before the desk in the star's dressing room at the Playhouse, his eyes shining like black brilliants, out of a strong-featured, sun-bronzed face, he told me that critics had heretofore talked about his personality.

"This time they've written about my acting," he said, the smile reappearing and remaining, "and I'm very much obliged to them."

We talked about the smile, and he gave the reason I have quoted. Then with one of the athletic, sweeping movements of his arm, that made me tremble for the frail, silver-mounted trinkets on the table, he grasped a photograph and handed it to me.

"My mother!" So he introduced the portrait of a stately woman with gentle yet firm features. "She's sixty-three. Doesn't look it, does she?" She didn't. Not within twenty years. He glanced at the telegram above the desk signed "Mother." "She has a smile that cheers up a fellow."

From smiles and enjoyment it was an easy stage to the subject of youth. The star with the strong youthful following makes no complaint, as I have heard many another starling do, of lack of years as a handicap.

"Youth is an asset, not only on the stage but everywhere else," he said. "People like to see young folks around wherever they are. At Watch Hill, in Connecticut, where we live during the summer, my companions are the young chaps about there in the first of the twenties. They seem to think I am as young as they are. As a matter of fact, I'm twenty-eight. I look older, especially at close range."

The casual observer might mistake him for thirty. That is, while he is silent. Everyone looks older when his features are in repose. But when the Fairbanks smile is turned on full power—the sudden, illuminating, sincere smile, which makes friends and keeps them,—and the black eyes sparkle with Fairbanks fun and enjoyment of living, the Fairbanks arms fling about in their vigorous fashion, the most casual might suppose him twenty-two. Youth is a dynamic state.

Individual impression swings, pendulum-like, from twenty-two back to thirty, when "A Gentleman of Leisure" looks at another large photograph on the desk. A young mother in a floating, lace-like gown is leaning over a sleeping child, looking at the

round, sleeping face, smiling with mother pride and mother love. These are the other members of the House of Fairbanks—Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., aged twenty months.

Mr. Fairbanks went on the stage when he was eighteen, ten years ago. His thoughts had been set stageward before he could remember by the presence in his father's house in Denver of certain distinguished guests, whom he learned were actors. One of these was a slight, dark man with longish hair, and a smile that was friendly but made the youngster want to cry. This was Edwin Booth. He had shared in his lawyer father's liking for Shakespeare, and had read all of the plays, and had, in amateur theatricals, played Romeo to Maud Fealey's Juliet. But the inclination to the stage did not crystallize until he met Frederick Warde on Broadway.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Mr. Warde.

"I came East with my mother on a visit," was the answer sufficient to the youth.

"Do you want to go on the stage?" was a question that first dazed, then delighted him.

"Yes," he said, "of course I do."

"Then join my company. I'll give you small parts as a beginning." In fifteen minutes Douglas Fairbanks was an accredited member of Frederick Warde's company. In a western company one of the members became derelict, and the young man was elevated to the rank of second male player.

"It was an excellent experience," said Mr. Fairbanks, looking thoughtful and thirty. "Mr. Warde was a scholarly man, and he let me go with him to the universities and the clubs where he gave lectures. I was receiving a liberal education."

Then followed engagements in "Fantana" and "All for a Girl," and "Two Little Sailor Boys." Grace George, happening to see one of these, told her husband of a promising juvenile whom he would do well to engage. Wm. A. Brady proved his conjugal confidence by sending for and engaging the young man without having seen him act. He assigned him to rôles in "The Pit" and "Clothes," in which plays he supported Miss George.

There was a year when he forsook the stage for Wall Street, spending a year in the feverish highway of finance. He went to Europe and on the Strand, met a manager who induced him to return to join the cast of "Frenzied Finance." His excursions in light shallows over, he went to the dramatic sea in the stouter craft, "The Man of the Hour" and "A Gentleman from Mississippi," in which latter he was co-star with Thomas Wise. Last season he played the title rôle of "The Cub." This year the critics tossed away the pencils worn blunt with writing phrases about his engaging self and attractive art. M. M.

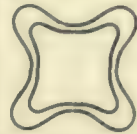


Douglas Fairbanks as Robert Pitt in "A Gentleman of Leisure"



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, October 7, 1911.

WHAT is to be the fashion this winter? One learns by dressing others, and the great dressmakers are learned psychologists. They are aware of the responsibilities which surround them, and observe their professional secrets as rigorously as does the priest, the physician or the lawyer. The mysteries of the temple of Isis were no better guarded than are those of the modern dressmaking establishment.

However, I have been able to slightly raise the curtain which hides the fashions of to-morrow by addressing some of the acknowledged leaders among the Paris dressmakers. As each one of these has a specialty, owing to the class of its clients, these dressmakers differ on various points. Yet all speak with the same enigmatic smile of woman's fantasies, and while deploring the reigning taste of the day, generally acknowledge that their personal influence has diminished.

Formerly, four or five models were suffi-

cient to create a fashion. The elegant women of the present day are far more exacting. They demand a great number from which to choose, and even then often suggest alterations in the models displayed by the dressmaker, who is thus no longer the undisputed arbiter, but a collaborator and a confidant.

One great house shows not less than two hundred and fifty models a season. Before such abundance it is impossible to indicate definitely the fashion of the coming winter. One can only try to get the general trend and the chief characteristics.

"We are at a standstill," they tell us. The costume is still narrow and fitted, despite the efforts of the principal dressmakers, who manifestly have broader ideas.

"Ah! there is the great danger," said one dressmaker, who is more than hostile to the narrow gown. "A fitted gown should be made for a perfect figure, one which will not deform the costume, a figure which will, indeed, be made more perfect by it. But most of our customers have illusions.

They do not estimate themselves aright. And you can quite understand that it is very difficult for us to insist upon the truth, no matter how evident it may be, without wounding the self esteem of our customers. So we become very reserved, and must often shut our eyes in order to let errors slip through. Our artistic feelings are thus put to a great trial. For, while we may not work solely for the love of art, it is, nevertheless, painful for us to have a toilette ordered despite our suggestions to the contrary."

We shall see much fur, much velvet and a great deal of lace. If one color may be said to dominate, that is certainly blue in all its shades. There is some hostility to grey, beige and chestnut. One dressmaker assures me that the Oriental influence will still be felt by Parisiennes. It will be most manifest in brilliant colors. But we have gotten beyond the eccentricities of the *jupe-culotte*.

At the moment it is the foreigners who throng the dressmaking salons, whose pro-



Photo H. Manuel

THREE CHARMING TOILETTES BY REDFERN, OF PARIS



Photo Boissonas et Taponier

MADAME PAQUIN

prietors await with impatience, and not without a little uneasiness, the return of the Parisiennes. Their models are ready. There have been shown in the flower-decked salons gowns christened Pervenche, Paquerette, Orchidée, Colette, Athnée, Sultane, Desenchantée, La Vallière, Montespán, Manon, and, of course, Joconde. The gowns are spoken of as real people.

But what is a pretty costume worth when worn with a bad hat? A witty woman once said: "An elegant woman is recognized by her hat and her shoes." Hats are exaggerated one way or the other, for they are either very large or very small, according to the character and the figure of the wearer. The toques and little hats are naturally most becoming to small women. But how many little women think to make themselves tall by wearing big hats! You can rest assured of the invasion of plumes and aigrettes. The ostrich and the bird of paradise will not suffice to fill the demand. Flowers are little used, which seems to chagrin the milliners of the old school. "It is really too bad if that is to continue," said one of the latter, "for the flower-makers will forget their trade." Some hats, however, take on the aspect of flower-pots without any other trimming. And there are also the period hats, and the Louis XVI style carries them.

The revolutions in matters of fashion are brusque and striking. They spring up all of a sudden at the theatre, at the race-course, or at a charity sale. It is sufficient that a pretty and audacious woman should wear something totally different, and there is a new fashion.

Before closing my account of the fashions, I would call your attention to the photographic reproductions shown by Madame Paquin at the Turin Exposition, in a lovely pavilion erected under the super-

vision of that woman of exquisite taste, who is an acknowledged authority in matters of dress. From its opening this pavilion was the rendezvous of the nobility of all countries, who came there to do honor to this temple of art. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Loetitia, was one of the most frequent visitors, taking with her many members of the reigning families.

I would have liked to entertain you with the theft of the famous "Joconde" of Leonardo da Vinci, but I fear to repeat the special cables sent to the American newspapers. That marvelous panel was secured from the Florentine master by Francois I when Leonardo was spending his declining days at the Chateau d'Amboise, in Touraine, that country so much loved by traveled Americans.

The theft recalls an incident of my own life, which occurred at a museum in the same province, in a town where Jeanne d'Arc is fêted each year with great ceremony. After having visited the museums of Pau, Bordeaux, Agen, and others of less interest, I was returning from Biarritz by motor, and one beautiful morning found myself near the museum in question, and thought to find the usual guardian of the treasures. However, it was the concierge, who happened to be busy with her children's toilets, and who, to my great stupefaction, confided to me the keys of the gallery of paintings, the which contained, according to the accounts of connoisseurs, canvases of untold value.

Never before had I known the pleasure



Photo Dal Rio, Turin

THE PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN EXPOSITION



Photo Dal Rio, Turin

THE PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN EXPOSITION

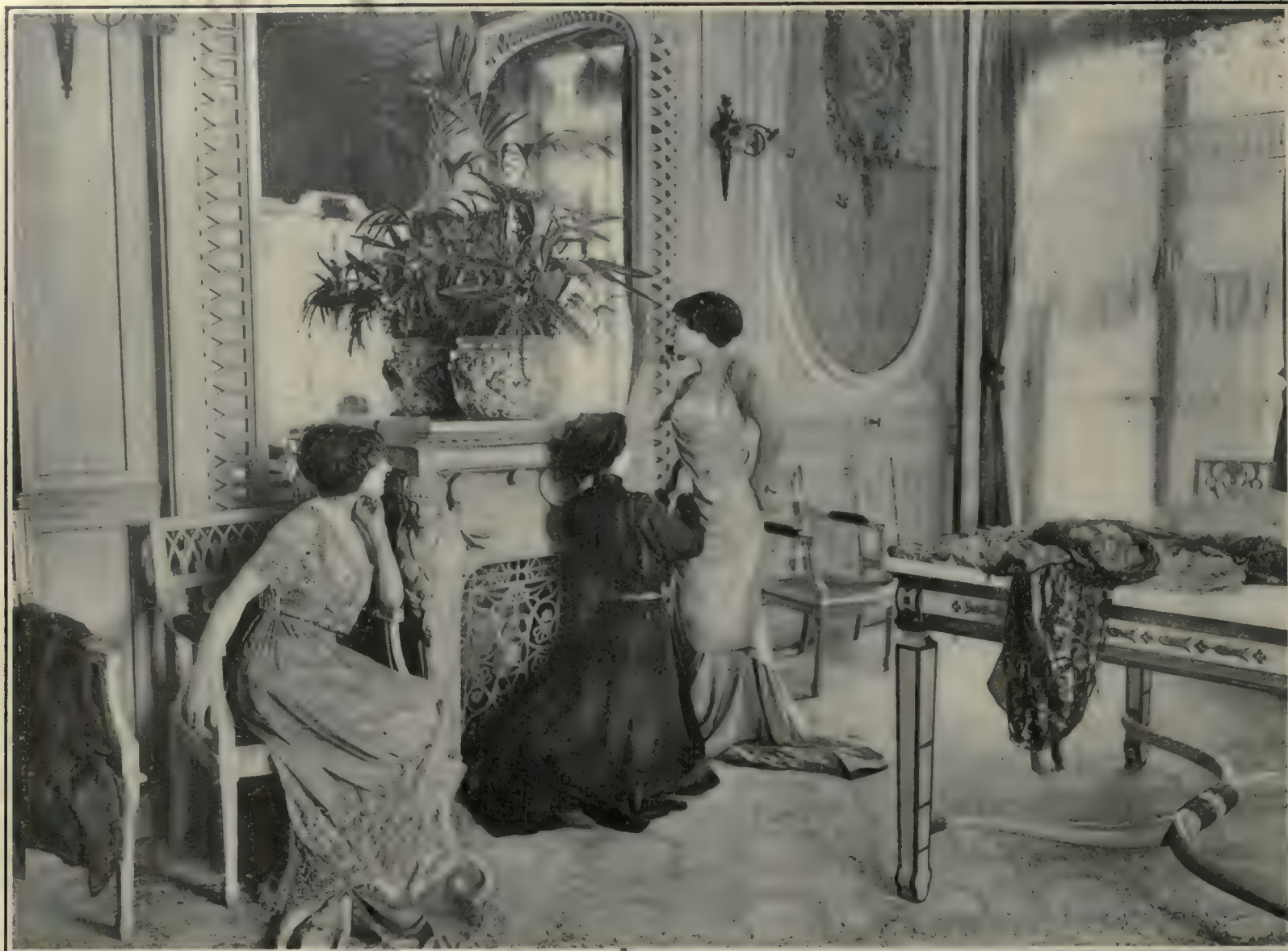


Photo Agie.

CORNER OF A SALON AT DOEUILLET'S

Eggimann, Publisher

of going unattended through a museum. Far from the crowds of the curious, who only visit museums in order to say that they have been there, and who keep step with the traditional guide, while the latter repeats in sing-song tone the discourse he has learned by rote, that visit was an untold delight. I have never dared to revisit that museum, for fear of learning that some daring visitor has abused the confidence of the *naïf* guardian by appropriating one of the canvases that form its glory.

I have seen once more the Camondo collection, which was bequeathed to the Louvre Museum. If I must once again deplore the fact that the law does not allow a museum to pick and choose the canvases from a collection willed to it, and so eliminate certain mistakes of the collector, I must acknowledge that in the present instance, with the exception of a few canvases, the paintings are superb. The examples of Watteau, a charming Fragonaud, Latours worthy of the St. Quentin, without forgetting Corot and Delacroix.

With these few exceptions, all the paintings in the Camondo collection belong to the half century just past. The most remarkable are the works of Degas. They form the major portion of the gift. It is they which give it its great and unique value. They will be a revelation to most visitors to the museum; for until now few people are acquainted with the work of this great painter, in my opinion the greatest of the present day. He was illustrious

and distant, glorious and secret. Appropriate to him was the saying inspired by another: "He never lacked admiration nor solitude." He never exhibited his work in the official or in private salons. He always worked in retirement, and as if for himself alone. Some of the foreign museums long ago accorded him the place which was rightfully his, but, excepting the museum at Pau, no French museum possesses one of his works. The amateurs, more far-sighted than the Government, bought some of his canvases, but such collections are open to few people. Thus Degas' work is almost unknown to the public. Also the way in which the critics, even those who recognize his talent, did much to mislead public opinion. Perhaps, because of the difficulty of understanding, an original and solitary artist, perhaps because of the inclination of most critics of our time to explain all art in "movements," and by collective influences they allied him to groups of artists with whom he had very little or nothing in common. Under the pretext that he was linked by friendship or admiration with Manet, Claude Monet and Renoir, the critics classed him with the impressionists; as his customary subjects were not academic ones, other critics ranged him with the realists; so that such false ticketing ended by confusing the public.

In truth, he was neither one nor the other, but a classic of a great race, and that the French race. Not one of those who make use of the traditional formulas, and to whom tradition means inertia, Degas was one of

those to whom tradition is an active and living force, and who was inspired by tradition to create new forms. The essence of his art was classic; his was not the art of reproduction and imitation, but the superior art of interpretation and composition. The French classic spirit in painting has never had finer expression than in the work of Degas. His clearness, vivacity, firmness, concision, his wonderful taste, his sombre force, his profoundness without obscurity, his grace without effeminacy, his love of the incisive accent, of exact language, brief and terse, all these come from the depth of his French nature, and only from it. In closing, I may say that, if the disappearance of the Joconde is an irreparable loss for France, the twenty-odd paintings by Degas, which will shortly, I hope, be a part of the Louvre inheritance, will be for all art lovers a supreme consolation.

PETRONIUS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The above article is one of a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine.

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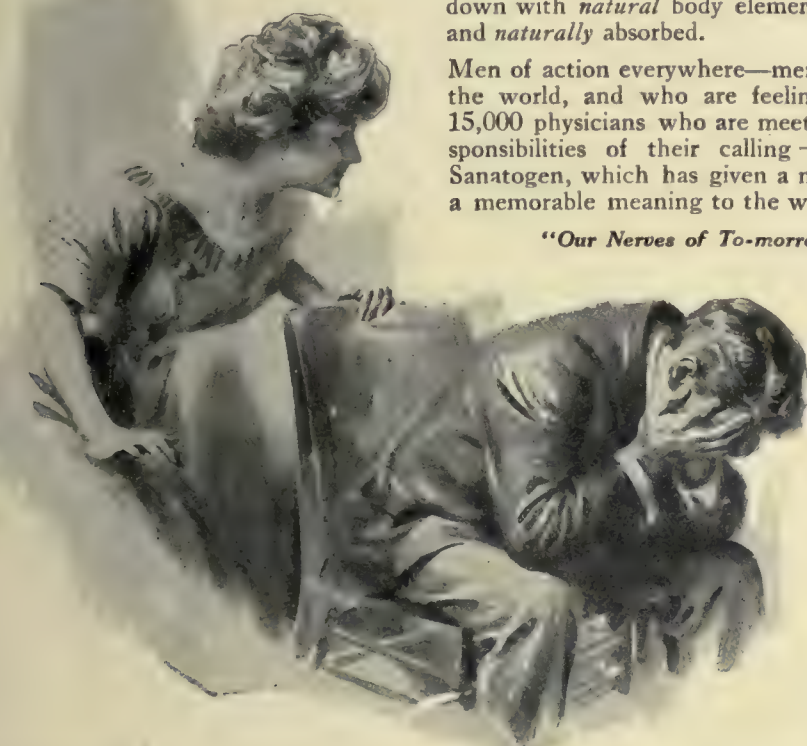
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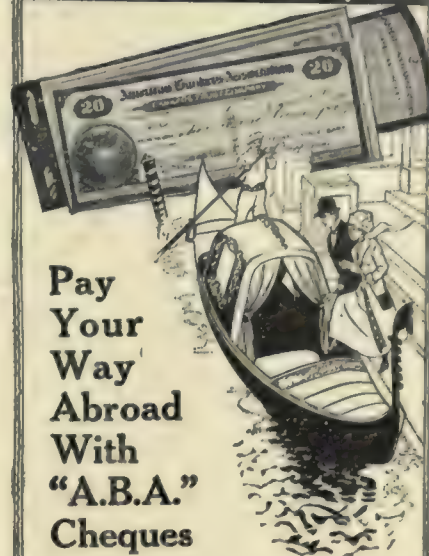
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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian Monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French courts to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

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DANGEROUS PLAYS

(Continued from page 174)

sentimental stuff the playwrights of any country have been capable of writing.

What Ruskin said of novels is true of plays: "It is not the badness of a novel that we should dread so much as its overwrought interest. The best romance becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting—increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. . . . What is chosen should be chosen not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good." "An Enemy of the People" could not hurt anyone, neither will "The Doll's House." The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, "The Blue Mouse," "A Fighting Hope," are worse than "Mrs. Warren's Profession," revolting as that is, for they sugar-coat vice or try to pass vulgarity off as raciness and charm.

The man who said that coarseness was the unpardonable sin was not far from the truth. To-day we turn from the eighteenth century plays—even from Congreve's, brilliant as they are—in disgust. To-morrow will turn from most of ours with the same feeling of emptiness and contempt. We do not like and we do not believe the realists who try to show us as we are, and we are right. The play that sends people from the theatre wishing themselves respectable dogs rather than human beings is not great, because it is not true. We are hungry for truth, we crave realism, we forgive those who prick our vanity and expose our self-deceptions, but we do not pardon insults to human nature. The great have always made us willing and glad to be human.

This is the day of surgery in literature, but the scalpel is dangerous in inexperienced or unscrupulous hands. We trust Ibsen to operate on our beautiful eyes, but we do not trust d'Annunzio, for he is a man of no convictions. Some say that a piece of art is not concerned with morality, that art and nature are essentially unmoral. Perhaps the one is no more so than the other, but we, being what we are, must of our nature reduce everything to right and wrong. The great plays have always been profoundly moral, and drama will grow not less moral, but more so as human standards become more defined and lofty—not necessarily more didactic, though it is astonishing how much of that sort of thing people will stand: witness melodrama.

"But people go to the theatre to be amused!" Why not? The unwillingness or the inability of the most ardent supporters and reformers of the theatre to recognize this great, vital function of the drama is the reason for most of their failures. The theatre, like women, must first of all charm before it can strengthen and uplift; without charm it is hospitality without heart. What would the earth be without light and color? It isn't the fact that people seek amusement at the theatre that is deplorable—it is what appeals to them as amusing. It has been well said that people manifest their stage of culture in nothing more than in what they laugh at. People speak scornfully of the drama that aims to please, but that is its legitimate end, and it may be the highest possible end; it all depends on the person it is designed to please. Let us not try to rob it of its great prerogative! Let us get over the superstition that only disagreeable things are good for us! Amusement, pleasure, is anabolic. In the last analysis, morality, health, sanity, are the results of a life of pleasure; immorality, disease, madness, of one of pain. Let us go to the theatre for pleasure! Let us never go to a play that does not give us pleasure! Let us go as the French do, with different standards for different kinds of plays and to different kinds of plays for different kinds of pleasure! Let us not go to problem plays when we have been working at our own problems for months!

We don't want to work all the time; we don't want to walk all the time. Sometimes, like Uncle William, we want to just "set and think, and sometimes to—"jest set." The "jest setting" is good for us; farce is as valuable and necessary, and may be as artistic, as any form of drama. Take "The Comedy of Errors," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "Arms and the Man," "The Importance of Being Earnest"—all with blemishes, all below the ideal—though perhaps no more so than the audiences for whom they were written—could we do as well without them? Are they dangerous plays? Some think so. A dangerous play? Every play is a dangerous play, particularly while it is in manuscript, but who would not "adventure for such merchandise?"

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Chicago's Dramatic Season

(Continued from page 177)

who adds a perfected histrionic technique to a dominating personality; and among the dialect-mongers of musical comedy there are very few of whom that may be said. He also raises his voice in song with most legitimate melody. Bernard Granville, a dancing "juvenile," who scored his first hit in "Marriage à la Carte," and was then acclaimed as a possible rival to Donald Brian, and Eva Fallon, in a dainty soubrette rôle, contribute materially to the gaiety of the piece, while Mary Quive, in the title rôle, gives promise that soon she will no longer be known merely as Grace Van Studdiford's sister. Sophie Tucker and William Riley Hatch are also prominent in the company.

The locale of "Louisiana Lou," it may be added, is New Orleans during the Mardi Gras carnival. The story refrains from the fantastic, and in its general outline resembles Labiche in his blunter moments of bourgeois comedy. The librettists in the cast are Addison Burkhardt and Frederick Donaghey; the composer is Ben M. Jerome. The staging and chorus groupings reveal the sanely artistic method of Frank Smithson.

James K. Hackett has again lifted his head as an actor-manager, this time in "The Grain of Dust," dramatized from the recently published novel by the late David Graham Phillips. The piece does not need, however, to depend upon the best-selling possibilities of its parent in fictional form. It is in itself a very passable play, which holds the interest in spite of a slowness of movement. As a "book-play," since lenience is usually extended to this form of drama, it verges on excellence, and there is every reason to believe that it will serve Mr. Hackett's purpose well.

The star is provided with one of those rugged "blood-and-iron" rôles of which he seems to be making a specialty; and when in the adamant mood, as the corporation lawyer who marries his stenographer and incurs a business feud thereby, he is as acceptable as he was in "John Glayde's Honor." As a lover, however, Mr. Hackett has ceased to be persuasively impassioned. His company is notable for its men, and undistinguished for its women. Among the former are E. M. Holland, Frank Burbeck, Frazer Coulter and Vaughan Trevor; among the latter, Mary Moran, Olive Harper, and Pauline Neff—whose waist is almost as slender as Poiraire's. The dramatization is by Louis Evan Shipman.

Thomas W. Ross finds a stellar vehicle in "An Everyday Man," which has been well received because of his ingratiating personality. The piece is by Owen Davis, who is endeavoring to break away from his extensive traffic in blood-and-thunder melodrama. His intentions in "An Everyday Man" were of the best, but he could not refrain from dragging a "wronged" girl and a vengeful father into his effort at genial comedy. Mr. Ross is better than his rôle and much better than the play.

Overballasted with a pair of stars, "Uncle Sam's" fate is problematical. It is too frail a vehicle for the heavy reputations of Thomas A. Wise and John Barrymore, and displays neither of them in their happiest manner. Mr. Wise plays a puffy old tourist from Nevada who hates the "mincing, marionette men" of Europe, and Mr. Barrymore, an American student at Heidelberg, who adopts purple vests, flounced trousers, a Chantecler hat, and perfume in order to disguise himself, for plot purposes, as a "mollycoddle." The piece may be labeled a farce-comedy of effeminacy, and the idea of man's feminization is played upon and travestied until the little mirth in it is worn threadbare. Ann Caldwell and James O'Dea are the authors.

Brief mention may be made of "The Ladies' Lion," in which Jefferson De Angelis tries to be a librettist as well as a comedian. "The Ladies' Lion" roars as gently as any sucking dove, and in an antique key. "The Mollusc" may also be named, in passing, for its cast is new. Sir Charles Wyndham's rôle, for the edification of Chicago and the far West, is in the hands of Kyrle Bellew; Jane Laurel is the ingénue; Isabel Irving, the molluscan lady, and Frank Goldsmith, the molluscan husband.

CHARLES W. COLLINS.

There will shortly be produced in London what is described as a wordless mystery drama. In the cast there will be no fewer than 2,000 persons. The author is Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, and the period of the play the end of the twelfth century. The leading female character is a nun. There is music by Humperdinck.

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Caruso in the character of Dick Johnson, in Puccini's Opera "The Girl of the Golden West"



Gabrielle of the Lilies

(Continued from page 156)

had suddenly taken semi-form, flashing back blue and pale yellow lights. There were others lying carelessly on the dressing table, innumerable necklaces of them, no two of the same size, and when she had draped them all about her slim shoulders, she looked as the idols in an Indian temple look in their glittering dress, though no idol of India ever showed above the gems so piquant and alluring a face. She owns six hundred of the milk-white decorations. Their aggregate in value, as nearly as she can remember, is \$400,000.

"I began to like pearls when I was a little girl. My first recollection is of mother giving me a bluish one to play with. I suppose it was an imitation one, but I held it up to the light and admired its many colors. I fell in love with pearls then, and have never since been out of love with them. To me pearls are refined. Diamonds seem to say for their owner: 'See how rich I am!' You know what diamonds cost. You do not know the cost of pearls."

From the present she whose name, translated, is Gabrielle of the Lilies, turns easily from her eighteen thousand dollars a month present to a future of what she considers infinite possibilities.

"I resemble no one, because there is no one like me in France," she said. "The artists of France are great, but they are no longer young. Youth is as great as genius. But work, too, is as great as genius. I looked about the French stage, and saw that one artist in the varieties could do one thing, perhaps sing. Another could dance. Another knew pantomime. I resolved to know and do all. I had a good voice, but it was strained while I was learning to sing. That was unfortunate. Still I can sing. I love the stage. I shall never leave it. A millionaire at my feet, begging me to marry him, would mean nothing to me but an annoyance. I should say to him, 'Go away; I am already wedded for life.' There will be for me none of your American divorces. My spouse is the stage. I shall never leave it until I die. If I have my way I shall die on the stage. That would be for me the happiest death."

I have never seen anyone to whom death seemed so far away, so unthinkable, as to Gaby Deslys. But she thinks of it often, she insisted.

Said she: "I am very devoted, you say? O, devout; that is it. I wear, you see, a medal of the Virgin." She showed it to me, shining in gold and studded with a diadem of tiny rubies, beneath her encompassing pearls. Beside it were a satyr's head in gold and four-leafed clover, enameled upon golden coin.

"I go every year to Lourdes," she said, "to pray. My patron saint is Anthony of Padua, who finds lost objects and grants prosperity."

A. P.

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Moving Theatre Fails

One of the most interesting theatrical experiments of late years, the Théâtre Ambulant Gémier, or the Gémier Traveling Theatre, is, says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, about to come to an end in its present form, and the company is going into liquidation. M. Gémier, the enterprising actor-manager of the concern, formerly of the Comédie Française, states that, although from the point of view of the receipts, averaging \$600 a day, the new venture has been a complete success, it is impossible to continue the present method of tugging the heavy theatre, scenery, properties, dressing room, caravans, lighting plant, etc., along the roads by means of a traction engine, which, when working properly, gets up a speed of three miles an hour, and, at other times, falls into ditches, dashes down hills into churchyards, and otherwise complicates matters. The founder, therefore, thought it best to go into voluntary liquidation; but he has not the smallest idea of giving up this portable theatre. He will still take it around the country, putting it up in town after town as he arrives; but henceforward all the vans will be transported by rail in a special train. This means that the transportation will be much more expensive as regards the actual freight, but the gain to the whole enterprise will be enormous, since the company very frequently was unable to keep engagements owing to delays, and this, of course, damaged the prestige of the concern. In fact, poor M. Gémier seems to have had nothing but trouble ever since he started. Another setback was that at a number of towns booked he was unable to give performances owing to the dear-food riots.

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THE IRISH PLAYERS

(Continued from page 158)

scend upon that house. Swiftly it comes. Hugh, the elder son, is the darling of the countryside, as well as of his mother's heart, but he is not the farm-plodder his brother Shane is, and the soured old father of the family, who has put the best of his life into the cultivation of his stony place, feels that Hugh, "the scholar," much better than Shane, the natural-born farmer, may be spared to sail "for America via Queenstown." This though he must wrest his birthright from the older son and incidentally break the heart in the little mother's breast. The note here is almost constantly that of tragedy, for in the end Hugh is murdered by the brother he has accused of "grabbing," and the curtain descends upon a ruined family.

As a delightful relief the company is then wont to play Lady Gregory's amusing skit about a youth so burdened by the "character" given him as a parting gift by his fond friends in the next county that he must needs steal a sheep and rob a church in order to prove himself human. This piece, like all which comes from the pen of Yeats' co-director in Dublin—for Lady Gregory is a director who directs, though she is incidentally a grandmother—overflows with the most delightful humor. Its author justifies the lightness of her touch by saying that, as all the young writers are intent on turning out tragedy, she, as the only one young enough to laugh, must keep on producing comedy. Her things are as funny as Bernard Shaw's, yet they never have in them the sting inherent in all his work. Shaw, by-the-by, is her close friend and ardent admirer. Not long ago he said in London, "If ever there was a person doomed from the cradle to write for the stage—nay, to invent and create a theatre if no theatre existed—that person is the author of 'Hyacinth Halvey,' of 'The Workhouse Ward,' and of 'The Rising of the Moon.' Her plays never fail to do the one thing which we all demand from a play, which is, not as stupid people say, to amuse us (though Lady Gregory's plays are extremely amusing), but to take us out of ourselves, out of London and out of the stuffy theatre, while we are listening to them."

To see the poet, Yeats, with his wide brow and dreamy eyes, hovering in the background of the auditorium, or to discover Lady Gregory, with her white hair and air of gentle distinction, looking on from a stage box at the playing of the company they two have practically created, is in itself a joy; for it prompts in one the hope that there may in time come to the front in our own newer country some man or woman to make a life-work of the promotion of American drama which shall be literature.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

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BROADWAY. "THE NEVER HOMES." Musical play in two acts. Words by Glen MacDonough. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Rhymes by E. Ray Goetz. Produced October 5th.

A Lew Fields burlesque can always be relied upon, if one seeks an evening of laughter. In "The Never Homes," Mr. Fields himself is conspicuous by his absence, but in his place are two other favorite comedians, George W. Monroe and Jess Dandy, and these two succeed amply in keeping the audience in good humor. The piece makes fun of the suffragette movement. In a small town, on the outskirts of Nowhere, the election is on. The women are strongly organized under the leadership of a comely amazon, and when the count is made the suffragettes have made a clean sweep. They proceed to reorganize the local administration to suit their own ideas. The men fire-fighters are all discharged, and the fire stations "manned" entirely by women, bossed by Patricia Flynn, who is really George W. Monroe in petticoats. The amusing complications are easily anticipated. While on duty at fire headquarters, an alarm of fire comes in. Patricia (the Chief) answers the telephone, and is told that a hotel is burning. "Isn't that too bad," answers Patricia. "'Tisn't my fault, is it?" she continues, peevishly. "Go and put it out? Really, we can't now. We're having a little tea party. If the fire isn't out to-morrow, we'll come around and attend to it," and so the fun goes on. Miss Vera Finlay as Pauline Panhard, made a stately suffragette. Al Leech was amusing as Daly Bunn, and Joseph Santley did some clever dancing.



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The Grand Opera Season

(Continued from page 155)

Young People, and the Chicago Orchestra, conducted by Frederick A. Stock, will visit New York for the first time in more than a dozen years. The Kneisel Quartet, the Olive Mead Quartet and the Flonzaley Quartet, all announce concerts for lovers of chamber music.

In choral affairs there are the concerts given by the Oratorio Society and the Musical Art Society, both conducted by Frank Damrosch; also the MacDowell Chorus, conducted by Kurt Schindler, and the People's Choral Union.

Of recitalists there is simply no end, and some appearing in this list are, of course, also to appear as soloist at orchestra concerts. Prominent among newcomers are Elena Gerhardt, a renowned German soprano, who is famous as a lieder singer; Zimbalist, a Russian violinist, whose fame has preceded him, and Wilhelm Bachaus, an eminent pianist, beloved chiefly in England and Germany.

Emma Eames, well-known American opera singer, returns for a concert tour with her recently wedded husband, Emilio de Gogorza, the latter a well-known baritone; Nordica is to be heard in concert; Vladimir de Pachmann, Russian pianist, has been in this country for months, and is to make a winter tour of recital giving; Schumann-Heink, distinguished contralto, German by birth and American by adoption, is to make a tour.

John McCormack, Irish tenor, who was heard with the Manhattan Opera Company, is to appear in recital; Clement, admired French tenor, is also to sing in concert; so are Geraldine Farrar, Alma Gluck and Johanna Gadschi; so are Mary Garden, Alice Nielsen, Riccardo Martin, Pasquale Amato, all of the Metropolitan. And so the list continues endlessly, until to pursue it would simply be to make a catalogue of famous names.

There are also some rumors, said to be well founded, that Arthur Nikisch, famous conductor, will come to this country for a brief tour at the head of an orchestra. This being the Liszt centenary, many concerts will be given, making a musical festival of the event; also will the name of Franz Liszt figure oftener and more prominently on the programmes of recital givers.

Columbia Records

Few announcements could cause more genuine pleasure and excite a more lively interest among record buyers everywhere than the fact that we have now ready and are issuing herewith a new series of Columbia Double-Disc records by Alice Nielsen.

The recently announced engagement of Miss Nielsen as leading lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House has brought her more than ever into the white light of public regard, and emphasized the salient features of a career which has had few parallels among those associated with the American stage. A review of Miss Nielsen's career would be superfluous and unnecessary here, but the public cannot forget, in her upward progress to the supremacy to which she has attained, her uncompromising fight for the highest ideals of art and her persistent refusal in the face of all difficulties to be satisfied with anything short of an absolute standard—any more than they can forget, having once heard it, the subtle mingling of heart quality, sincerity and temperament that speaks in every note of her voice.

The new records are altogether of unusual interest in all respects, not the least of which is the fact that they include recordings of the immortal old ballads—"Old Folks at Home" and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie." So seldom is it that there can be found English-speaking operatic singers to render these simple old numbers in really adequate fashion, that the chance should not be lost of securing these unique interpretations by one of the foremost singers of the world. This double record forms a splendid companion to that of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home Sweet Home," issued some time ago. In another combination is found a record of the famous Prayer from "The Sacrifice," the new Converse opera, produced at the Boston Opera House last season. Coupled with this is a new and popular number by Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose work in transcribing and developing the characteristic airs of the American Indians has been recognized as an endeavor of untold value to musical art. Two new numbers from Miss Nielsen's star rôle, Cio-Cio-San in "Madam Butterfly," form another double-disc, and the list closes with two of the most dramatic and effective of the many duets in "Rigoletto," sung with Ramon Blanchart, leading baritone of the Boston Opera House.

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B

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 151)

same case brought up—as it is only too frequently—in the Domestic Relations branch of the city courts.

A working girl of Irish-American parentage, brought up in the religious faith of the Roman Catholic Church, is married to a sodden drunkard, whom she has to support, and who steals the money from her pay envelope on Saturday night. She turns him out of the flat, but he sobers up long enough to plead for re-instatement in the marital relation—otherwise, he threatens, he will go back to the gutter, and the rebellious wife will be to blame. Her mother and the old priest unite in urging her to take back the man she has learned to loathe, and she yields. A baby is born, doomed by the father's taint, and it dies just as the hopeless inebriate, to whom the young mother is irrevocably bound by the "sacred" marriage tie, reels in, and falls in a drunken heap on the floor. That settles matters in the woman's mind, Church or no Church. Besides (a year or two has worn by), a man of the right sort, who has loved her all along, now holds out the hope of real happiness, for which her whole nature yearns. The absolute divorce to which she is legally entitled will clear away all obstacles. But, no! says the priest. Fifteen hundred years' dogma must not be defied, just because here and there an individual suffers—otherwise the Church will cast her off. "I am not afraid!" cries the woman, and rushes into her lover's arms. It is a right ending, and dramatically effective.

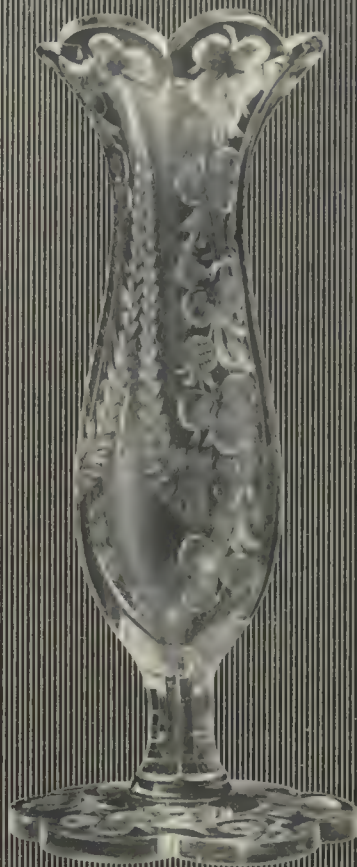
The piece is realistically staged and capably acted. Gertrude Elliott, as the rebellious wife, rises to her highest artistic level in expressing restrained emotion and womanly decision of character, though she portrays a type rather than an individual Georgia Connor.

BELASCO'S. "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM." Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced October 17 with this cast:

Peter Grimm, David Warfield; Frederick, John Sainpolis; James Hartman, Thomas Meighan; Andrew MacPherson, Joseph Brennan; Rev. Henry Batholomew, William Boag; Colonel Tom Lawton, John F. Webber; Willem, Percy Helton; Kathrien, Janet Dunbar; Mrs. Batholomew, Marie Bates; Marta, Marie Reichardt; The Clown, Tony Bevan.

To behold the return to earth of one near to us, "accoutered" as he was in life, would be, and is, a most extraordinary occurrence. By means of the delicate services of Mr. Belasco and the judicious artistry of David Warfield, we are enabled to see the possibilities in such a case. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is an achievement in many directions. Of course, a play can prove no theories about the future state of man. There is nothing phenomenal about the return of Peter, an admirable old Dutchman, except Mr. Belasco's treatment of his fable. It is impossible for the many to regard what takes place on the stage as dependent on the sub-conscious memories of the characters, or for the few to accept it as the embodiment of "The theory of the survival of persistent personal energy." Peter Grimm came back in this play, and further than that no theories can be pushed. It is very pleasing to say that Mr. Belasco manages the case so adroitly and so reverently that he does not undertake to go one step further, even though invited by theatrical opportunities to do so, than the theorists claim. Peter Grimm is powerless to convey any ideas or to express himself except indirectly through a child, who is sensitively mediumistic. To have a man suddenly come from Nowhere (or Somewhere), and order things at first hand, would be to upset the universe. It is not likely that Divinity has relegated its powers to individual Spirits. However, we need not discuss a subject that has filled many wards of lunatic asylums with inmates. The substantial fact is that "The Return of Peter Grimm" is a play with many tender moments in it. That its idea is always sustained with interest is according to the point of view; but physically and spiritually the play is a good one. Its effects are gained without those theatrical devices that might be expected. There are no spotlights, no mysterious and weird gleams, only old Peter back again at his home, anxious to avert evil from those he loves, and to right a wrong that he had unconsciously set in motion.

Peter was an old bachelor, a man of wealth. He had adopted a child, a girl, and wishes to perpetuate his family through her marriage with a nephew, an unworthy young man, who had gained his confidence. Peter's housekeeper had been unfortunate, and she lived with him together with her son, a pale-faced boy of seven, of whom the old man was fond. It is discov-



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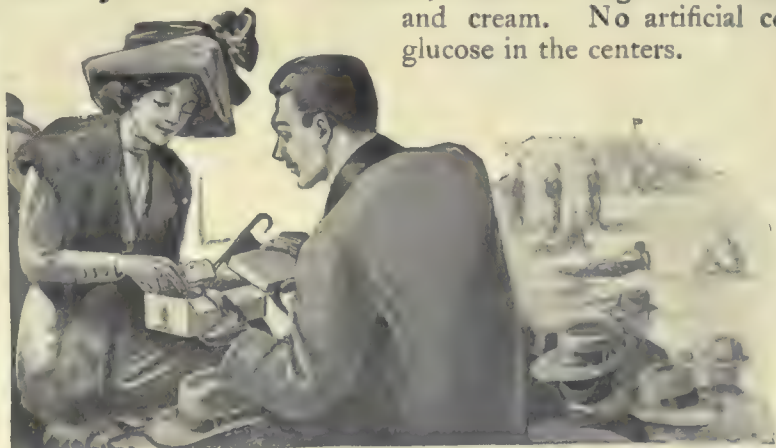
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Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naively, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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ered after Peter's death that the nephew was the father of this boy. Peter makes this known through his influence over the boy, who is nervous and in a high fever. The boy pieces together a picture of his mother, which had been sent in a letter, and thus makes the disclosure. This boy, covered up on the sofa, goes to sleep. The spiritual Peter raises him in his arms and takes him away with him to peace, to a home where he will not suffer the humiliations that would afflict him in life. When the sheet on the sofa is lifted, the boy is seen resting there. He is dead. This is a beautiful touch, a device that is above theatricalism. Peter's invisible presence in the room throughout this act is impressive. He hammers on the table, making no sound, as he strives to speak.

We have practically given the story, without going into details. It is in details that Mr. Belasco is particularly admirable and skillful, but the large idea of the play is commanding. Should we attempt to describe the details, we would have occasion to say much. It would be unfair, as much as it is a matter of curiosity to those who study Mr. Belasco's art, to dwell upon the many effective little things. Peter's little charge is all aglow with excitement about the circus which has come. He gets the money to buy tickets. Peter will go with him. The music of the band is heard. A clown jumps into the window and harangues the little household. It is a diverting and picturesque incident. Presently Peter dies as he sits in his chair holding his pipe. The little boy returns eager to go to the show. Mr. Belasco makes everything act, including knives and forks. There is an interesting scene at the table between Peter and his friend the doctor. Peter ridicules the idea of any return after death, but it is agreed between him and the philosophic and irate doctor that whoever died first should return first. There was a compact made, perhaps not exactly in those terms, that Peter, if he returned first, would apologize. We doubt if it is a true note when Peter does apologize later on to the unhearing doctor.

The charm of the piece is not in its philosophy, but in its simplicity and truth in the impossible circumstances that are made actual. Mr. David Warfield, wholly untheatric, as is his nature and art, has not what might be described as a great acting part. The novelty of the conditions goes very far toward making the part what it is. He plays it with perfect moderation, simplicity and sincerity. The nephew, Frederick, was in the hands of Mr. John Sainpolis. It is proper to remark about his impersonation, that he wore whiskers of a kind that prejudices one against him at first sight. "They like me not," is somewhere said in Shakespeare about whiskers of a similar forbidding appearance. This sartorial touch we regard as one of the most delicate bits of Mr. Belasco's craft.

The little boy, the Tiny Tim, who was carried away to peace by Peter, was most effectively acted by young Percy Helton. Mr. Thomas Meighan was a manly lover, Mr. Joseph Brennan, a bluff doctor, and Miss Janet Dunbar charming as the girl whose happiness was at stake. It is needless to say that the cast was otherwise excellent. The play is charmingly idyllic and novel, slow at times, but it "gets across," as Peter would say.

DALY'S. MME. SIMONE in "THE THIEF." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Adapted into English by Haddon Chambers. Produced October 16 with this cast:

Richard Voysin, Edwin Arden; Raymond Lagardes, Albert Gran; Fernand Lagardes, Charles Francis; M. Zambault, Sydney Herbert; Isabelle Lagardes, Grace Halsey Mills; Marie Louis Voysin, Mme. Simone.

If one swallow does not make a summer, it is equally certain that one hearing is not calculated to fix firmly the artistic status of a foreign performer, even if he or she comes to these parts with an established reputation. This is the situation affecting Mme. Simone's American debut. In Paris she is a pronounced popular actress, and hailed as an artist of high rank by the leading critics of the French capital. For her first appearance she elected to portray the rôle of Marie Louise in "The Thief," which she created when that interesting play was first produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Perhaps this was a mistake, as the local public was strongly attached to the very vigorous emotional, and withal sympathetic, rendering which Margaret Illington gave at the Lyceum of the wife who stole to make herself attractive and alluring to her husband. It is in no way necessary to compare these two actresses. Not only are their histrionic methods entirely dissimilar, but they radically differ in their respective no-

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tions of what this tremendously effective psychological study really means.

Mme. Simone is an artist with a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of the craft. Hers is not a big power, with the capacity to grasp a momentary situation and carry it to a supreme effect. It is her method to make intelligence and suggested vigor take the place of an emotional climax. Her by-play is always illuminative; but much of it is lost by the constant way in which she looks at the audience, as if to see that she had their approval. While, even allowing for the vivacity of the French, her gesticulation is frequently redundant, awkward and without significance.

Yet with it all the performance bears the stamp and finish of the Gallic school. There was agreeable lightness to her touch of comedy in the opening scene, restraint and contained power as the finger of suspicion gradually pointed to her, and varied resource, vocal and plastic in the great bedroom scene with the husband. But as she prefers to make Marie Louise extremely sophisticated and hard, the result is academically correct, but, of course, the impression left is void of all human sympathy. Mme. Simone's English is quite remarkable, fluent, refined and perfectly cadenced. Not an accent is misplaced.

The play ended as Bernstein wrote it, the curtain falling on the logical farewell between Marie Louise and the boy who would have sacrificed all for her. Edwin Arden was a spirited and dramatic husband. Albert Gran had some good moments as the harassed father, and Sydney Herbert repeated his finished portrayal of the detective. The settings were in excellent taste, and the stage management most adequately looked after by Ben Greet.

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WALLACK'S. "DISRAELI." Play in four acts by Louis N. Parker. Produced September 18th with this cast:

Duke of Glastonbury, Charles Carey; Duchess of Glastonbury, Leila Repton; Viscount Cudworth, J. R. Torrens; Lady Cudworth, Frances Reeve; Lord Brooke, Guy Cunningham; Lady Brooke, Marie R. Quinn; Lady Clarissa, Elsie Leslie; Viscount Deeford, Ian MacLaren; Benjamin Disraeli, George Arliss; Lady Beaconsfield, Marguerite St. John; Mrs. Noel Travers, Margaret Dale; Sir Michael, Herbert Standing; Mr. Hugh Meyers, Oscar Adye; Mr. Foljambe, Alexander Calvert; Butler, Harry Chessman; Footman, Rutherford Herman; Bascot, Douglas Ross; Potter, St. Clair Bayfield; Flooks, W. Mayne Lynton; A Clerk, Dudley Digges.

In reference to his new play, "Disraeli," the author, Louis N. Parker, takes the precaution to note on the program that "he has taken liberties with historical accuracy, but has tried to present the portrait of a great statesman, with a picture of his times, and the prejudice he conquered." No one will cavil at his historical anachronisms. They are not serious, and none but a person deeply interested will probably recognize them. The critical will merely insist that his play is a piece of conventional workmanship in which standard situations have been utilized, but turned out with a certain technical cleverness and literary veneer which make it pass for something better than it really is.

As is well known, Disraeli played a long and important part in the Victorian history of English politics, and from 1852, when he became a Chancellor of the Exchequer till the time of his death this aggressive imperialist, described as a Tory in politics and a Liberal in practice, shone conspicuously in the limelight of statesmanship, society and letters. It is difficult, however, to recognize the real man as his numerous biographers drew him, proud, imperious, pedantically eccentric, and caustically witty, with the very theatrical personage who struts the boards at Wallack's as Victoria's favorite premier.

As the above briefly describes, "Disraeli" is a comedy drama of political intrigue of which "Diplomacy" is one of the best examples. But its intrigue in ingenuity and suspense is not to be compared with the Sardou piece. In fact, it is rather childish; the effect of the play is really obtained by the picturesqueness of the *mise-en-scène*, the artificiality of the period and the theatrical, theatrical not real potentiality of the title role. The comedy drama is beautifully presented both as to scene and costume, and a large company supports the star, chief of whom deserving of praise are Marguerite St. John, for her very human and refined picture of Dizzy's devoted, if older, wife; Margaret Dale, for her vigorous assumption of the Russian spy, and Herbert Standing, for his business-like exposition of the head of the Bank of England. The juvenile hero and heroine, as acted by Ian MacLaren and Elsie Leslie, are even more colorful than the author drew them.

Mr. Arliss has received elsewhere a great deal of praise for his Prime Minister. But there are

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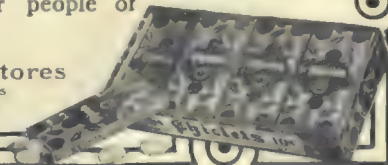
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those who will insist, in spite of a masterly
mask, that he has utterly missed the spirit of
the proud and powerful few, and has substituted
therefor the stage tricks and resources of a very
capable character actor. His staccato utterance
palls at times, and his mannerisms of gesture
and bearing lower the dignity of the rôle.

LYCEUM. "THE ARAB." Play in four acts
by Edgar Selwyn. Produced September 20 with
this cast:

Mahmout Azeer, Anthony Andre; Selim, Victor Benoit;
Kyamil Pasha, Edward R. Mawson; Sheikra, Thomas
Adams; A Barber, Joseph Kisber; A Peasant, Tom
Azoon; Robert Cruikshanks, Walter Wilson; Mary Hil-
bert, Virginia Hammond; Myrza, Ethel Von Waldron;
A Mendicant, Charles De Forrest; Dr. Hilbert, James
Seely; Hossein, Sam Russell; Jamil Abdullah Azam, Ed-
gar Selwyn; Abdullah, Joseph Unweley; Water Seller,
Abraham Seror; Ibrahim, Jules Unger; Drucis, Virginia
Rankin; Eena, Eileen Percy; Menka, Gerard Gardner;
Sayeh, Jack Percy; Minna, Dorothy Rankin; Jazeer,
Harry McCullom; Muezzin, George Atalla.

If Mr. Edgar Selwyn's play, in which he has
the part of "the best dragoman in the world,"
were as good as he is, we would have the
pleasure of recording the complete triumph of
"The Arab." The play might be described as a
picturesque melodrama, but that would hardly
cover the case, for its fierce characters, its Arabs
and Bedouins and Turks are melodramatic by
nature, and by the everyday circumstances of
their lives, and consequently are real in spite of
everything the stage can do to make them un-
real and theatric (although they are theatric
enough), and with all the horrors impending, it
is the comedy which gives serious interest to
the play. Here, again, we experience some diffi-
culty with terms. Only a part of the play can
be taken seriously. The love affair between the
Bedouin and the American girl is impossible;
and it is made more impossible by the intima-
tion or promise, in the very last line of the play,
that the girl will return from America, marry
the best dragoman in the world, and spend her
life coursing over the deserts with him on a
fleet Arabian steed. She does not put it in quite
this way, but that is the only logical inference,
something that reduces the play to an absurdity.
But Mr. Edgar Selwyn is neither an absurdity
personality nor is his "the best dragoman in the
world." Beneath his bronzed skin shines an
agreeable and intellectual personality, and in the
Arab we have the most delightful liar of many
stage decades. He is ready to be converted,
although his perplexities as to the Command-
ments of the new religion show that he hasn't
the slightest idea of what he is going to be con-
verted to. He is so charmingly naive, however,
so lithe, so attractive in person, so soulful in his
blazing eyes, and so sincere in the dangers that
he runs for the sake of the American maiden,
that she may well be pardoned for liking him
very much, but it isn't logical to have her go
away and leave him with the mere memory of a
promise.

GARRICK. "THE SIGN OF THE ROSE." Play
in four acts by George Beban. Produced Octo-
ber 11 with this cast:

Dorothy Griswold, Baby Wilson; Mary, Lillian Hatha-
way; A Floral Decorator, George Fredericks; Lillian
Griswold, Mary Pavey; Phillip Griswold, George Pro-
bert; Nora, Virginia Reynolds; Arthur Bronson, Phillip
Perry; "Tubby" Rutgers, A. S. Byron; William Gris-
wold, Franklin Ritchie; Percy Robbins, Carl Anthony;
Pietro Massena, Mr. Beban; Harriet Bullock, Estha
Banks; Lynch, Jas. A. Marcus; Rosa Massena, Edna
May Hamel; Coogan, Del de Louis; Mrs. Flanigan, Mary
Johnstone; The Concertina, Ignazio Biondi; Mud Majors,
Jack Conway; Antonio Capino, George L. Derr; Mrs.
Abrams, Anna Murdock; Marie Cassiglio, Beatrice Mable;
Emma Inman, Ittie Ash.

Vaudeville sketches are usually crude and fash-
ioned after an arbitrary manner that character-
izes the rude carpentry of those who know no
fineness, but who aim at "effects," for the most
part melodramatic. They rarely present new
aspects of life or introduce characters new to
the stage. Mr. George Beban has been appear-
ing, for a season or two, in vaudeville, in a
little play of his own making, entitled "The Sign
of the Rose." It was a novelty. The character
was sympathetic and from life.

The action takes place in an attractive scenic
arrangement, a fashionable flower shop. The
"Black hand" had stolen the child, and the ran-
som was to be paid there to a man who would
appear to receive it, and who was to be known
by the sign of the rose. A detective had taken
the place of the manager of the shop, and was
in waiting. A forlorn looking Italian, in the
appearance of a laboring man, stops at the win-
dow and presently enters. He asks the price of
a rose, and starts away ruefully when he is told
that it is \$10. The detective tells him that he
knows what he has come for, and puts \$10,000
in bills in his hands. The man is entirely inno-
cent, and is mystified. When the detective at-

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tempts his arrest, he is about to defend himself with the shears which he finds at hand, but he is subdued by a pistol pointed at his breast. He passionately explains to the mother of the stolen child why he had come to buy a rose. His own child had been run over by an automobile the evening before, and he wanted to buy this little token of his love. The story that he tells is pathetic and, with its simplicity and sincerity, smote every heart. His innocence is proved, and he departs, refusing compensation for the killing of his child. This little scene was worked out with much effective detail and with the few characters necessary for the action.

CASINO. "THE KISS WALTZ." Operetta in two acts. Music by C. M. Ziehrer. Lyrics by Matthew Woodward. Produced September 18 with this cast:

Count Wildenberg, William Pruette; Countess Wildenberg, Elsa Ryan; Baroness von Bernau, Flora Zabelle; Guido Spini, Robert Warwick; Leopold Fuhringer, Charles Bigelow; Kathi, Eva Davenport; Antschi, Adele Rowland; Paul von Gervais, Martin Brown; Marquis Roget, George Pauncefort; Brissard, Robert Milliken; Jacques, Oscar Schwarz; Lady Helene, Lillian Wiggins; Mlle. Florine, Olga Hempstone; Lady Henrietta, Mae Allen; Madame Ritz, Mildred Manners; An American Girl, Ethel Weir; Bertram, Robert Milliken.

There was one period, not so very remote, when it seemed as if the popular interest in comic opera and musical comedy was on the wane. Not so now. "The Merry Widow" started a renaissance, and if the exponents of the legitimate are not careful it will not be long before the majority of our metropolitan stages are given over to singing comedians, vocalizing soubrettes and pulchritudinous showgirls. In these particulars the present season has started off with a rush. The American, the British and the Viennese composers are all in violent demand, and the swish of skirts—tights long since disappeared—and the lilt of the intoxicating waltz may be heard throughout the length and breadth of Broadway.

Now at the Casino we have "The Kiss Waltz," from the land of Franz Josef. The production is characteristically Schubertian. That is to say, the costumes designed by Melville Ellis are handsome in texture and harmonious in color; the women who wear them are young and pretty; the players are capable and expert, and the backgrounds are appropriately decorative. The book is by the hard-working Edgar Smith. It is not a triumph of technical ingenuity, nor native wit, but it serves its purpose, and the interpolated specialties are varied and amusing.

ASTOR. "WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced September 20th.

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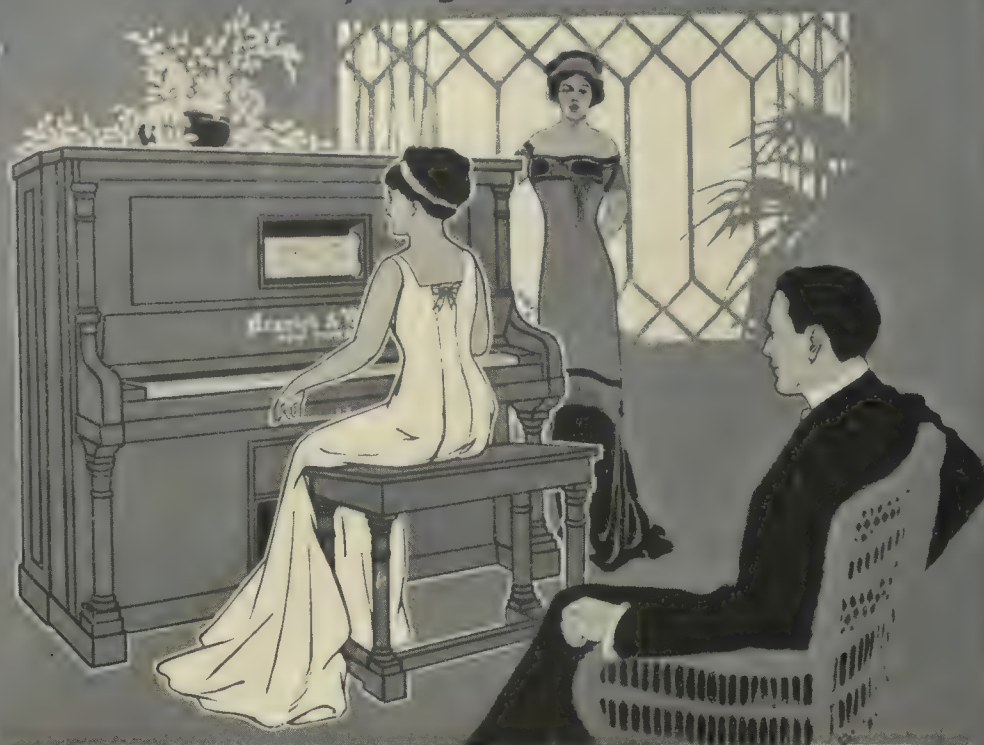
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make them subjects of mirth in a play. It depends upon the point of view and a variety of circumstances, if we find ourselves amused at a scene in which husband and wife vie with one another, at dinner, in throwing the plates out of the window. This is an incident that brought the curtain down on the first act of "What the Doctor Ordered." It would be unfair to say that the scene was entirely without comic effect. In another scene the husband moves across the way from a room which he had been occupying with his wife. His struggles with the bureau drawer, burdened with miscellaneous articles of his attire were, with the comic action of Mr. Fritz Williams, provocative of laughter. When husband and wife communicate with one another by means of messages written on their child's blackboard, he finally writing, "We strive to please," she replying, in chalk, with finality, "Go to —," the novelty and the spirit of it were not wholly depressing. The farcical intent did not altogether fail of effect. There was ingenuity in the scenes in which the wife's mother sympathized with her son-in-law, and when the son's mother sympathized with the daughter-in-law. Indeed, here and there, there were touches of naturalness and true comedy. And yet the play failed.

GEO. M. COHAN'S. "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE." Musical farce in three acts by Geo. M. Cohan. Produced September 25th.

One must concede that George M. Cohan has talent. He has nimble legs, and he writes neat jingles of a popular kind. He also knows how to sing his ditties in a way that sends his numerous followers into ecstasies of admiration. This granted, Mr. Cohan has received about all the credit coming to him. No—we forgot—he is also a specialist in the art of rolling up his eyes and talking through his nose, talents which have earned for him the title "Yankee-doodle Comedian" (whatever that may mean), a distinction shrewdly helped along by the adoption of the United States flag as the trade mark of this particular actor.

All these peculiarities and characteristics have endeared George M. Cohan to his special public. For there is a Cohan public just as there is a John Drew public and a Maude Adams public, only it is not quite so select. The Cohanites are not exacting in their demands. They'll applaud anything, accept anything, so long as it bears the Cohan stamp. Plenty of noise, wild waving of the stars and stripes, a slim comedian full of impudent self-assurance, his eyes half closed, hopping about the stage, and they'll yell themselves hoarse. Otherwise, how explain the vogue of "The Little Millionaire," which some enthusiastic scribes have declared the best thing George has ever done? It is not. If Cohan's reputation rested on this piece, he would never have come to own his own theatre on Broadway. It is the usual Cohan musical salad, only with a little less dressing than usual. To recount the plot were to waste the reader's time. It is hackneyed nonsense, with scenes thrown together in the crudest manner. The chorus is unattractive, and has little to do. Interest is lacking from the start, and the auditor yawns long before the end is reached. When the star himself holds the centre of the stage the piece moves along. A human dynamo of nervous energy, Cohan keeps things hustling in his own characteristic style, but what of it? What does all the fooling, the stereotyped scenes and commonplace dialogue amount to if the play has, so to speak, not a leg to stand upon? The best part in the piece, that of a fat man who stumbles into everybody's way, is capably acted by Tom Lewis, who has practically all the second act to himself. Lila Rhodes, a graceful and pleasing young lady, is Mr. Cohan's dancing partner.

THE PLAYHOUSE. "THE RACK." A play of social inquisition in four acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced September 15th.

This piece, which did not enjoy a long life on Broadway, contained nevertheless some strong, if melodramatic, situations. The principal scene showed a woman put through a grilling cross-examination in a court room. A husband, jealous of his wife, follows her to a restaurant, and finds her in company with a gay Lothario. Prior to the husband's arrival, there has been some passionate love-making. The wife repels the admirer's advances. Then comes a disturbance at the door. The man goes out, revolver in hand. There is a shot, and he staggers in mortally wounded. The wife goes home. The husband 'hinks she shot the man; she thinks he did it. As a matter of fact, it was a third party, a man whose wife had once been wronged by the same villain. The trial scene, with its attendant torture on the witness stand, follows. Katherine Grey did some good emotional work as the wife.

Peg Woffington

Augustin Daly's "Life of Peg Woffington," which he modestly designates as a tribute, is one of the most sincere and discriminating bits of biography ever written of an actress. It is complete as a record, and, in its rejection of unverified tattle, all its facts bear every impress of authenticity. Singularly enough, a worthy biography of her was lacking when Mr. Daly's interest in his subject and his sympathies with this most interesting figure of the stage prompted him to prepare his tribute. Mr. Daly was a famous collector, and, with the letters and portraits secured by him, supplemented by the collections of others, he was enabled to include in his volume prints and documents which are made public for the first time in a book. The subject had a fascination for him, and he builded well for his own memory in preparing this volume. He put his artistic sense into the preparation of it. It is exceedingly handsome in its typography and its illustrations, a large quarto, bound in morocco. Of Peg Woffington alone there are twelve portraits, from her earliest to her last. There is a complete list of parts acted by her. Mr. Daly's explanation of why her career has not been the subject of a volume worthy of her in the past is interesting. He says: "Perhaps it is because the triumphs of the heroines of comedy do not stimulate the efforts of serious biographies—for biographers are a serious lot." This does not imply that Mr. Daly was inclined to write lightly. He had a just appreciation of her character and of her achievements. His own productions were mainly of comedy, and he makes the observation that conscientious comedy acting exhausts the performer, taxing the resources of genius to the utmost—the art of concealing art being there necessarily required in perfection: "The tragic actor who fumes and frets and struts and bel-lows forth his passion has absolutely not exhausted himself half so much as the comedian, who, with ease and naturalness, has just charmed us, and whose art appears so simple and so light and facile." This is, indeed, illuminating as to the sincere appreciation of a practical manager, and this little tribute alone gives the tone to the volume. This is the second edition, and published in a form worthy in every way of Augustin Daly's cherished purpose.

New Victor Records

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the most gifted and remarkable pianist the world has ever known, has agreed to make records exclusively for the Victor during a long term of years; and the first two of the records produced under this agreement are now offered to the world. Two numbers which are always prime favorites at the Paderewski concerts have been chosen by him for his first representation in the Victor lists. The first is the graceful valse, which at his concerts always forms part of the eagerly awaited Chopin group, without which no recital is ever complete. The second is the familiar and beloved minuet, which the virtuoso does not usually include in his printed programmes. He is always obliged to play it, nevertheless, after the impetuous rush of excited femininity which always takes place at the close of the concerts; while the somber members of the audience sit quietly and expectantly in their seats, waiting for the extra numbers which the artist always good-naturedly plays. The Paderewski who plays to us in these records is the same Paderewski as of yore—with his wonderful delicacy of touch, his beautifully singing tone, his moods and eccentricities, and his power to stir the emotions and charm the senses of his hearers. He has merely become simpler and more dignified—his magnetism is as wonderful as of old. The Paderewski engagement is further evidence of the Victor's fixed policy—which is to secure for its patrons the greatest and best in every phase of music. Valse Brilliante, Op. 34, No. 1 (Chopin); Minuet in G, Op. 14, No. 1 (Paderewski). Another treat is a splendid presentation of Bizet's "Carmen," by Victor Light Opera Company.—Chorus, "Here They Are." Solo and chorus, "Habanera" (Love is Like a Bird). Duet, "Again He Sees His Village Home." Sextette, "Our Chosen Trade." Solo and chorus, "Toreador Song." Finale. An amazing number of the most popular bits of Bizet's masterpieces have been crowded into this attractively arranged potpourri, which shows both the skill of Mr. Rogers and the remarkable talent of the Opera Company. Only such an organization as that of the Victor, which stands absolutely alone among record-making bodies, could successfully cope with the difficulties of Bizet's score. The record is one of the most striking and brilliant of the series.

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Fashion's Favorites in Outline and Accessories

WHAT a whirl the last six weeks has been to the inditer of fashion news! It has been a rush here, a wild journey there, and a mad scramble in another direction, all in order not to miss some heralded display of veritable Paris models.

And, after all this endeavor, the results can be summed up in a few words. The fashionable silhouette is to remain much what we have been accustomed to during the past six months. Changes in fashion there are to be sure, but they consist mostly in details of ornamentation, in harmonious combinations of color, and last, but by no means least, in the new materials.

Laces and nets are used in greater profusion than for many a year. The finest of washable nets are used for guimpes and high stock collars, which are generally boned with the admirable Eve collar supports, for these guimpes are intended for frequent visits to the tub, and everything that goes into their make-up must be of the washable variety. The one exception to this rule is the thin flesh-colored silk lining, and, of course, when that is used frequent washings are not so essential. However, if China silk is selected for this lining, and it is, indeed, the favorite, it will stand the test of washing quite as well as do the good quality nets and the Eve collar supports.

At one of the best tailoring establishments on "the avenue," I recently overheard a customer questioning the rough woven cloth that was being recommended for her suit. "Of course," answered the well versed saleswoman, "this cloth will rough up a little, but I assure you, madam, that it is only the rough cloths that are being ordered by the smartest women for tailored suits and long coats." Needless to say the order was placed on the fashionable cloth. And why not? These new cloths are light in weight yet warm, and if they should rough up a bit that only adds to their smart appearance.

Some of the nattiest of the new cloths for motor coats are the new Priestley duffle fleece cloths. These are double-faced fabrics, and since they have been subjected to the cravenetting process are highly desirable for steamer use as well as for general wear. I was more than surprised the other day to come across a would-be tailor to the smart set, who did not know the Priestley fabrics by name, yet in his sample book I found plenty of them, including the English gabardines that are now so much used for riding habits. These, too, are cravenetted, so that the rider need have no fear of being caught out in a downpour of rain. For the cravenetting process makes any cloth impervious to rain and really damp-proof, yet at the same time light and warm. Cravenetted cloths are best

for all garments intended for rainy-day wear, since they do not induce rheumatism, which is so often the accompaniment of rubber garments, due to the fact that any garment made in part of rubber must, in the nature of things, be non-porous, and thus they make for an unnatural flow of perspiration.

I was pleased to see that in the Gimbel display of Paris model garments the natty riding habits were made of the cravenetted

English gabardines. These were in the Oxford mixtures that are near black and in gray mixed tweeds. With both were worn tan calf riding boots, and the new straight-rimmed derby hats. Personally, I should have preferred black boots with the dark cloths as being more elegant and more correct.

One of the most stunning models in this Gimbel collection of correct styles was from Calot Soeurs, and was a tailored suit in the extreme of the picturesque Louis XV style. It was eminently suited for afternoon visits when these are not to be made afoot, for the narrow skirt lay several inches on the ground. Of course, the skirt might be made shorter, but then that would take away somewhat from its grace and picturesqueness. For with the longer skirt the wearer must pick it up in front with the left hand extended, thus making a few lovely folds in the otherwise plain skirt. The jacket was of the cutaway type, and be it said cutaways never, for some unknown reason, are popular in readymade garments. That is probably why that the women to whom they are becoming always rejoice when fashion favors them.

This particular jacket was some thirty-six inches long in the back, and sloped up to nothing at the waistline in front. The side fronts of the coat skirts seemed to be made in triplicate, so that there were three pretty and graceful slopes

toward the back. Big revers of the rough gray cloth finished the front of the jacket. With this charming costume was worn a gray beaver hat trimmed with sweeping ostrich plumes of the same shade. A reversible evening coat was the height of luxury, being made of ermine, trimmed with sealskin, and lined with black and gold brocade.

Velvet continues to be one of the most fashionable materials. Plain velvets share favor with striped designs. In the latter, two-tone stripes are popular, and are particularly desirable for afternoon costumes and tailored suits. White corduroy promises to be one of the much favored materials for afternoon occasions. Indeed, it looks now as though white would be the most fashionable color for winter afternoons. White cloth, corduroy and satin are



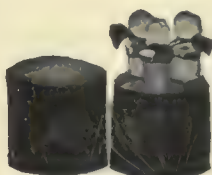
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MLLE. ROSNY

An evening wrap of ermine without tails



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MLLE. J. VIX

Lace and embroidery over white charmeuse. The bodice is embroidered with gold

the materials strongly indicated for afternoon occasions. An excellent substitute for satin or cloth would be the white silk warp Henrietta. The all white toilette will be correct, but even more fashionable will be the white costume trimmed with dark fur or velvet. A few French models are shown trimmed with chinchilla, but this fur does not seem to harmonize so well with white as do dark brown or black furs.

It is remarkable how the tailored street dress has gained in favor. This is a one-piece, button front dress, that takes on something of the air of a handsomely ornamented coat. It is seen daily on the avenue in velvet, rough cloth, satin and serge. It is strong testimony to the good sense of American women that they have so generally adopted this style of dress, for surely there is nothing more becoming and smart than one of these simple dresses when well made and cut. And be it said in passing that there is nothing shows up a poor cut and make more quickly. Faults of workmanship cannot be concealed in this type of costume.

Also, one must be well corsetted to wear these smart street dresses. To-day there is absolutely no excuse for the American woman who is not well corsetted. It may interest the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE to know that Franklin Simon's has recently opened a corset department, under the direction of an expert corsetiere, a woman who knows her trade from A to Z. You can find there corsets at almost any price, and many novelties that are not to be found elsewhere. For instance, there is the tricot corset; another with the upper part made entirely of elastic, and intended for singers, but which would surely be most comfortable for any woman of athletic proclivities. Another oddity, which appeals to me as one likely to find favor with slim women who desire to follow the extreme fashion tendency regarding the uncorsetted figure, is the abdominal belt made of tricot. This extends

from the waistline to well below the hips, so that there is perfect freedom for the body. However, despite the heralding of the uncorsetted figure as the fashionable one, the majority of corsets are quite as long below the waist as ever before, but they are generally made with the low bust, so that some form of brassiere is necessary for any but the very slim figures.

I do wish some women would learn to lace their corsets sufficiently tight about the lower edge that the bones would not show through their dresses. To do away with this fault it is well to begin the lacing process from the bottom up. No woman need expect to present a trim and natty appearance, or to have her corset retain its shape who does not unlace it before she takes it off, and lace it after she has adjusted it into position on her. The foundation of good dressing is a good corset, but even a good corset loses its qualities if it is not properly cared for.

To go from one extreme to the other, the new veils are most fascinating. The latest decree from Paris is the champagne-colored veil. The designs are at least the size of a half dollar, and often there is a slight tracery of black on the champagne ground. And, oh, the becomingness of these veils, particularly when worn with large hats.

Hats go from one extreme to the other. Either they are very large, or quite the smallest hats we have had yet. Many of the earlier models were ridiculous with their extremely high crowns, but these have been mostly relegated to the cheaper grades. For runabout hats velour is the accepted favorite. In a fine quality these hats are so soft and lovely that they can be dented to any desired shape. Women are gradually coming to realize that even when they wear shapes that are well pulled down over the head they must show some hair in order to soften the contours of the face. The hair is mostly pulled out after the hat is in position, and example, one hat may require the hair to be pulled out only at one side, or pulled out as to suit the outlines of both face and hat. For



Photo Feux

MLLE. NICOLE DE MOUNTJOYE

Gown of black taffeta, with large collar of ermine, outlined with skunk. The toque of ermine and skunk is decorated with a bouquet made of silk flowers

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side of the face, while another requires that it shall show at both sides. In other words, we are fast coming to realize that the hat is intended to set off the beauty of the face beneath. Never has there been such a vast range of shapes shown by the fashionable milliners. One cannot but wonder that the fertile imaginations which have conceived so many designs.

Ornaments for hats consist of ostrich plumes, aigrettes, birds of paradise, and tiny roses. Later on there will be a great use of fur, both for trimmings and for entire hats. Even now there are to be seen a number of handsome models trimmed with narrow fur bands. These bands edge the brim and surround the crown.

At a private view of some imported gowns the other day I noticed that the models wore Louis XV black satin pumps with cloth tailor-made suits. A lady near me gasped, and openly commented upon the solecism committed. However, fearing that I might be prejudiced, and a bit one-sided in my criticism, I sought the opinion of Mr. Slater, the recognized authority on correct styles in shoes, who said:

"Yes, there are many women who are wearing satin pumps for walking purposes, but you are quite right in believing that this is a fault. There is nothing handsomer than a satin shoe, slipper or pump. Satin holds the same place to the foot that diamonds do to the neck, ears and hair. There is nothing finer than diamond ornaments, so there is nothing finer than satin footwear, and both should only be worn for dress occasions. Satin and velvet pumps are appropriate for carriage and evening wear, and the well-dressed woman will never adopt them for the street."

For the street, Slater is showing smart styles in patent leather and black Russian calf boots with cloth uppers. For the woman who can have any number of boots there are dark gray and a soft peculiar shade of tan cloth tops. These are made in two styles, one with the leather foxing extending all around the boot, the other with only a half foxing, that is, the part around the heel is of cloth. This gives the effect of a cloth gaiter, but is much trimmer, and makes the foot look smaller than does a gaiter. These styles also come in all black, and are equally attractive.

Satin slippers and hose to match the gown will be correct for evening wear, as will also cloth of gold and silver slippers. In black patent leather slippers the novelty is the touch of color. This is shown in the colored heel and the matching color of velvet or silk showing in the centre of the small rhinestone buckle. The high military heel is correct for street wear, and the Louis XV heel for carriage and evening purposes. Changeable silk stockings are among the novelties adopted by well-dressed women. Clocks continue in favor, and are generally of the same color as the stockings. Two-tone striped stockings in Bedford cord effect are worn

with tailored suits of matching color. Two shades of blue, and two of tan are the greatest favorites in these novel hose.

White washable doeskin gloves are much worn with tailored suits for both morning and afternoon occasions. The one-button glove can be had in a good quality for one dollar and fifty cents. The elbow length gloves in white doeskin are two dollars and twenty-five cents a pair. My own experience is that when properly washed doeskin does not shrink, as it is not necessary to buy these gloves any larger than usual, but then, perhaps, I ought to add that for street wear I always wear a size larger than I do in dress gloves, as one uses one's hands more freely and requires more room.

Doeskin gloves should be washed on the hand with a pure soap, so a glove expert informed me. They should be rinsed in one or two tepid waters, and as much of the water wrung from the gloves as is possible, while they are still on the hands. After that they should be gently pulled off, and wrung out in a towel. Then blow into each glove, so as to puff them out, and carefully turn each finger inside out. This is done in order that the gloves may dry without streaking. With a little forethought any girl can thus always be provided with a fresh pair of white gloves.

For dress occasions pale gray and biscuit shades in suede are the most elegant. They are suitable with costumes of almost any color. Many women, however, prefer glacé gloves, and those are the greatest favorites in black and white. White glacé gloves have the advantage of cleaning well, which is not always the case with suede.

American dressmakers are more and more copying the manners and customs of the Parisians, and there is no establishment where this French atmosphere is better preserved than at Joseph's. In his costume department he has a miniature stage on which the models walk back and forth exhibiting the evening gowns under the most brilliant electric light. He may not have such a large collection of imported models as are shown elsewhere, but all are selected with rare good taste and

judgment that comes with long experience of catering to exacting American women. One of his gowns that I much admired, though it was really quite simple, was a little dinner or evening frock of chameleon lavender satin. It was made with a skirt which just touched the ground all round, and the semblance of fullness was given it by the dainty trimming of pinked taffeta ruchings. These were applied in rather an involved design to a heavy net of the same shade as the taffeta, so that at a short distance the effect was of the ruching sewed directly to the taffeta. But the use of the net gave a much softer and more artistic effect than would have been produced had the ruchings been applied directly to the silk.

Velvet three-piece suits shown here generally have the bodices made of a combination of chiffon and net, with sometimes a touch



Photo Felix

Mlle. Brunin

A wonderful wrap, with muff to match, of seal, trimmed with sable



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Photo Felix

MME. R. DU MINIL

Princess gown in Parma violet satin, with guimpe and undersleeves of ancient embroidery

of velvet to carry out the trimming scheme on the skirt. A black velvet evening gown of rich Lyons velvet had a side and back panel of heavy gold lace. Another in black crêpe meteore was handsomely ornamented with dull silver lace

There are all sorts of pretty conceits in jewelry that are both useful and decorative, and which are intended to be worn with tailored suits and little dresses. One of the newest is a lovely little enamel locket, from the size of a five-cent piece to that of a quarter, and the cost is only about five dollars. These are French novelties brought over by a jeweler who has a Paris establishment, and who always has the day after to-morrow fashions in jewelry. With the enamel of a color to harmonize with the hat trimmings, these lockets are just the thing to hang from a fine gold chain and to wear with the street frocks having thin net guimpes.

Then there are long, slender bar-pins for fastening the wide lace frills that everyone is now wearing on the lingerie blouses which accompany their plainer tailor-mades. I think it would be much more graceful to let these side frills droop a bit, but I notice that most of the girls are stretching them tight across the chest, and pinning them outside the left side of their coats. Both bar-pins and stick-pins are used to keep the frills in place. Speaking of frills, some of these dainty white blouses are finished with tight, narrow, buttoned cuffs, and lace ruffles which fall half way over the hands. That is, indeed, a pretty style, for it makes the hand appear both smaller and whiter.

Unique ideas in jewelry for day wear are more sought for than costly and elaborate ornaments. I had the good fortune to meet a woman jeweler the other day, a woman who is really an artist in her line, and does much of her own work. She showed me some stunning necklaces set with semi-precious stones, and her earrings

are delightful. There are small cabochon stones, and long, dangling earrings of reconstructed pearls that can be had for such modest sums as five or ten dollars. You can pick out your own unset stones, and she will set them while you wait. She also resets stones, and making her own designs produces individual jewelry that is truly lovely. One woman who went in to see her stated that she wanted earrings which would enable her to wear an all black hat. "Black above the face is no longer becoming to me, I need something to lighten up my face." At once the woman jeweler suggested pearls as being stones which could be worn both day and evening, or if the earrings were only for street wear, then she recommended an odd Russian stone, green in color, that looked something like a green turquoise. My friend was so pleased with the trying-on of both stones that she ordered a pair of each.

Another dainty fashion in useful jewelry is the wearing of the small gold or silver-rimmed lorgnettes hung around the neck by means of a narrow black moiré ribbon, which is just sufficiently long to permit of raising the glasses to the eyes. These glasses, with frames, are never more than five inches long, and some are scarcely three. Some of the more faddish of women wear only a single glass. The settings are generally of the style which obtained among the beaux of the time of Beau Brummel and Beau Nash, and with their wide lace shirt frills and wrist ruffles, and plain tailored suits, the women who adopt these styles really bear quite a resemblance to those coxcombs of the olden time, when the dress of all men was so much more artistic than it is to-day.

Wide ribbon and metal lace bands will continue to be worn in



Photo Felix

MLLE. PIERNETTE

Gown of grey charmeuse, with overdress of darker gray mousseline embroidered with beads



"I much prefer Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the complexion—it is so delightful to use—so pleasant in its action."

There is nothing to equal Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for keeping the skin soft and the complexion clear in cool weather.—Dry, rough, irritated skin responds immediately to its cooling, soothing influence.

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MEN WHO SHAVE find that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes the daily shave a real pleasure—soothes irritation and prevents dry skin—relieves cuts immediately.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere or mailed postpaid by us if not obtainable. Be sure to get the genuine Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—Do not accept a substitute.

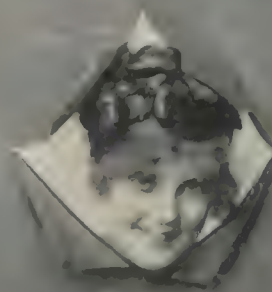
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MORE beauty, style and intrinsic value were never combined with economy than is developed in the new dress silk fabric "R & T DOLLAR PRINCESS." It is 36 inches wide and sells for \$1.00 the yard. It is made in 78 shades and is perfectly adapted for day or evening wear, and its shimmering brilliancy and beautiful draping quality give it the appearance of a silk of much higher cost. With "DOLLAR PRINCESS" an extra gown or two may be added to the wardrobe at little expense, yet with abundance of satisfaction.

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"Genuine R & T Silks"

are made in every variety of Silk demanded by fashion, and our brand on the selvage or wrapper of any Silk is your positive guarantee that you are getting the very best in point of style and value that your money can buy.



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"93" HAIR TONIC
Two Sizes, 50c and \$1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Dispensary in a place. Look for The Small Bottle. They are the standard for over 4000 salons and stores in the United States and Canada.

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EVERY skin that is not fresh and active—rough skin; sallowness; conspicuous pores; blackheads; pimples; dandruff—all have a definite cause, and, in almost every instance, this cause can be removed.

On the 12 page wrapper around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the reasons for all the common skin troubles are given, and the proper treatment to relieve them.

Woodbury's Facial Soap, used in conjunction with the treatment given on the wrapper, will bring permanent relief. The feeling that Woodbury's gives your skin the first time you use it, is a promise of what the steady use of it will do.

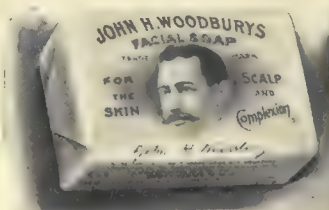
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For 1c, we send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp, with samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today. The Andrew Jorgensen Company, Dept. F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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PARIS



THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the savoury of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

LENTHÉRIC

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

the hair for evening. It is a trying style, unless the hair is arranged by an adept hair-dresser. The home-made headdress nine times out of ten makes the wearer look as though she was just ready to do the morning's sweeping. Another amusing style is the way the fancy feathers are posed on some hats. They are fastened to the left side, but in such a way as to be almost parallel to the hat, and stick out beyond it for several inches. I wonder why it is that so few women look at the sides and back of their heads when they are selecting a new hat. One cannot always have a hat of the same becomingness at the front, sides and back, so why not sacrifice the front once in a while, and give the sides a chance? Any good milliner knows how to take care of the back, or a different arrangement of the hair will take care of that. But why a good profile outline should be so frequently neglected passes understanding.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Women who are troubled with brittle nails and hangnails would do well to make use of two reliable preparations. Those whose nails break and split should never use the buffer. They should apply a liquid polish, which imparts only a delicate tint to the nails, strengthens them, and enhances the natural gloss. This polish is quickly applied by means of a small camel's-hair brush, and does not need to be renewed for two or three days. The other preparation is one which softens and removes dead cuticle, thus doing away to a great extent with the use of the cuticle knife or scissors. It also cleanses the nails and removes stains from both fingers and nails. It is readily applied by means of an orange stick.

So many women are addicted to the use of liquid toilet powder that it is well they should know that there has recently been prepared a liquid powder of the natural skin tint, which is certainly a great improvement on the dead white powder that has hitherto been the only color obtainable. This tinted powder is warranted pure by the maker, whose other preparations are used by many specialists throughout the country.

A new bath crystal, certain to be approved by all those whose psychic color is lavender, turns the water a lovely shade so soon as it is dissolved therein. These crystals are said to contain many of the efficient qualities contained in the waters of many of the world-famous spas, so that by using these crystals one can have at home the beneficial results that accrue from a sojourn at one of the European watering-places. They are said to be good for tired and inflamed nerves, and for an irritated skin. They are specially recommended to those who suffer from skin eruptions, for by their use water can be freely used upon the irritated skin.

Now that the majority of women are refurbishing their homes in preparation for the social season, or are cudjelling their brains in the effort to produce handsome, yet not over expensive Christmas gifts, the new Japanese gold and silk brocades are worthy of consideration. These are in lovely combinations of brown and gold, with a touch of black, are twenty-seven inches wide and cost only \$5 and \$5.50 a yard. They are used for hangings, couch pillows and piano covers. For sash curtains; for even the handsomest of drawing-rooms there is nothing more suitable than the Japanese gauze brocades. These are in a number of exquisite shades, and cost \$2 a yard. Less expensive sash curtains can be made of a new lattice edged with lace that may be had in fifty-two inch width for \$1 a yard. A fish net design in fifty-two inch



A New Perfume for Vantine

The J. & J. Slater Shoe

IS markedly distinctive—every model shown is the individual creation of craftsmen skilled in carrying out fashion's dictates.

Newest styles for every function—dancing, morning and evening wear, golfing, hunting, automobiling.



The J. & J. Slater custom-made department especially appeals to those who insist upon a "made-to-measure" shoe.

New illustrated price list, "A Package of Shoes," with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

J. & J. Slater

Broadway, at 25th Street

New York

London Plumes

These Five Ostrich Heads for \$18.75

This hat is trimmed with five Prince of Wales heads which are so thick and full that they make a wonderful showing. The body of the plumes is three-ply and the head five-ply of the finest quality of ostrich. They are from 15 to 16 inches long, but bent so that they are double. Women who have seen this hat could scarcely believe that the plumes cost only \$18.75. They make the hat look like a \$15 hat if bought in the regular way from a milliner. This effect can also be secured with two groups of three tips each at \$4.50 a bunch, making \$9 for six tips.

Money put into plumes is money well invested. Unlike all other hat trimmings, they can be used winter and summer, year after year. They are always fashionable.

London Plumes are sold at very much lower prices than you would think such a quality could be bought for. Our customers are astonished at the plumes they can get for \$3.75, \$5.75, \$6.75 and \$10.75. Women write us they have tried everywhere and have never seen plumes which in beauty and price in any way compare with London Plumes.

Use these Heads on Your Winter Hat

We will express these five heads (wired ready for trimming if requested) prepaid for any order enclosing \$13.75. Or six tips for \$9. If not more than satisfactory, return the feathers and your money will be refunded without question. Order today. Address all mail to Dept. L.

"Fashions in Feathers" mailed upon request

London Feather Company

London Feather Bldg., 21 W. 34th St., N. Y.
Dealers in Principal Cities



Cordova Hand Bag, Style No. 2, Renaissance Motif. Equip with Combined Card Case and Purse

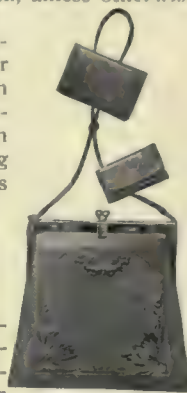
Cordova Hand Bags

are dainty, distinctive, artistic, different. The designs are all hand-worked. Your monogram may be modeled into the leather with wonderfully unique effect. Words fail to describe the exquisite soft color blendings. The process is a secret; the result a soft richness equal to a painter's masterpiece. Patena shades, i.e., skillfully blended bronze and green, unless otherwise ordered.

We make over 1,000 regular articles, and to order almost anything which may properly be executed in leather. Each piece is an enduring heirloom if it bears this imprint

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Buffalo

If your jeweler, stationer, art or other high-grade store cannot supply Cordova Leather Goods, write us for booklet and prices.



Cordova Russia Calf Bag, Wild Berry Motif, Style 487M-19

THE CORDOVA SHOPS

28 West Huron St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ON SALE
November Twenty-Eighth
The Theatre Magazine Christmas Number
(See page xvii for particulars)



THE appellation "Natural Loveliness" most fittingly describes the delicacy and velvety appearance of the complexions of those women who visit our salon for their beauty treatments. Some of the prettiest women of fashionable New York come irregularly at least once a week—that's why they keep pretty.

These women require the best beauty aids that money can buy. They have used our "Grecian Preparations" exclusively for years, which is the highest assurance that they have found them purer and more effective than they had ever dreamed that toilet helps could be made. Among the many favorite aids they use at home are:

GRECIAN DIANA CREAM

for giving graceful curves to the neck and plumpness to the shoulders and bust, removes wrinkles, lines, dark blotches, collar marks. Extraordinarily effective if used with Grecian Muscle Oil.

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restores strength to relaxed facial muscles, lifts out attenuated features, removes tiny age and habit lines; cleanses the pores; keeps the skin soft and velvety. Three sizes—50c., \$1.00, \$2.00.

Mail Orders Receive Immediate Attention

Madam, Write for These Samples: Cleansing Cream, Vaneta Cream, Velvet Cream, Rose Bloom (Liquid Rouge), Japonica Lotion (Liquid Beauty Powder), Daphne Skin Tonic (removes lines, enlarged pores), Creams in dainty jars, Tonics and Lotions in little vials, with de Luxe edition of our beautiful book, "Beauty, How Acquired and Retained"—all prepaid, 25c.

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Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap

will preserve a good complexion or improve a poor one.

It cleanses thoroughly without irritating a tender skin. It cools, soothes, refreshes. Daintily scented.

Made in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Roses
Buttermilk and Violets
Buttermilk and Glycerine
Buttermilk

You will find Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wherever good soaps are sold.

10 cents the cake 50 cents the box of 6

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

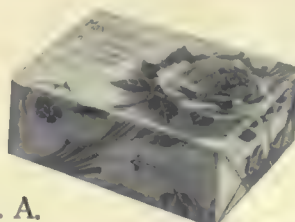




Photo Felix

Mlle. DANEREY

A beautifully draped evening gown in straw colored charmeuse. The choux of tulle on the bodice is held by a large gold and jeweled cabochon

goods is only sixty-five cents a yard, while a cotton material, warranted not to fade, and which is exceedingly artistic for both sash and long curtains, is ninety-five cents a yard for thirty-six inch goods. Materials suitable for long curtains and portières that are particularly attractive are reproductions of the India shawl designs at \$7.50 a yard, which are specially suitable for libraries. An all cotton material comes in a two-tone effect, the set design of which has been taken from an ancient East Indian curtain, and costs \$2.50.

More and more, both men and women, are becoming to realize that beauty lies not so much in the eye of the beholder, as said the poet of a past generation, but in physical perfection. It is sad to relate, yet none the less true, that more men go in for physical culture than women, yet undoubtedly more women require systematic physical exercise than men. A woman, who has lifted herself from a puny, insignificant morsel of humanity into the physical perfection that makes her the admiration of all beholders, has recently decided to give her method of exercise by a correspondence course. The lessons are fitted to the needs and requirements of the individual. Having acquired health, beauty and grace herself, so that she is often compared to the statues of the ancient Greek sculptors, this woman feels it her duty to place the secret within the reach of all womankind. Hysteria, insomnia, "the blues," indigestion and poor circulation, are a few of the ills to

which so many women are heirs, that soon succumb to this course of physical culture.

At this time of the year it is very rare that you do not meet some one who says, "I have such a cold in my head that I can hardly speak." It only happened to me last week, and a friend recommended a new preparation which gave me immediate relief and cured my cold in one day. It is not injurious, does not contain any cocaine, opium or other derivatives, it is handy to carry about, and is merely a snuff.

I am also told it is a great relief for asthma and catarrh, and about the cheapest remedy in the market.

The "Parfait" corsets are made by expert French corsetieres exclusively for Franklin Simon & Co.

The "Parfait" corsets are made in many styles. One suitable for slender and medium figures is extremely long on the hips and in the back, and has a medium high bust; the sizes in this style range from nineteen to twenty-eight inches. In white fine French coutil the price is \$7.50. Developed in white broché, in sizes nineteen to twenty-four inches, the price is \$16.50.

The same model developed in French coutil, but with a lower bust, can be had for \$7.50, in sizes nineteen to twenty-eight inches.



THE "PARFAIT" CORSET
Made by Franklin Simon Co.



No. 518. A chic gown in royal purple velvet. The panels are of cerise satin and écarle lace, veiled with purple chiffon. "L'Art de la Mode" pattern, \$3.00



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THE pure worsted used in
"MARINETTE" Knitted Coats
gives them "life" and springiness. They
don't get limp and "lumpy." They are
everlastingly shape-keeping.

Knit to shape—full-fashioned—elastic—
hand finished throughout—reinforced "block"
shoulders and reinforced necks—rip- and ravel-
proof buttonholes—"The Aristocrat of Knitted
Coats," with a "differentness" that spells
distinction.

Four hundred separate styles for men, women
and children retailing from \$3. to \$15. at all the
best shops. Silk Coats, \$20. to \$75. Send a
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for our charming book "D."

Marinette Knitting Mills
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"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

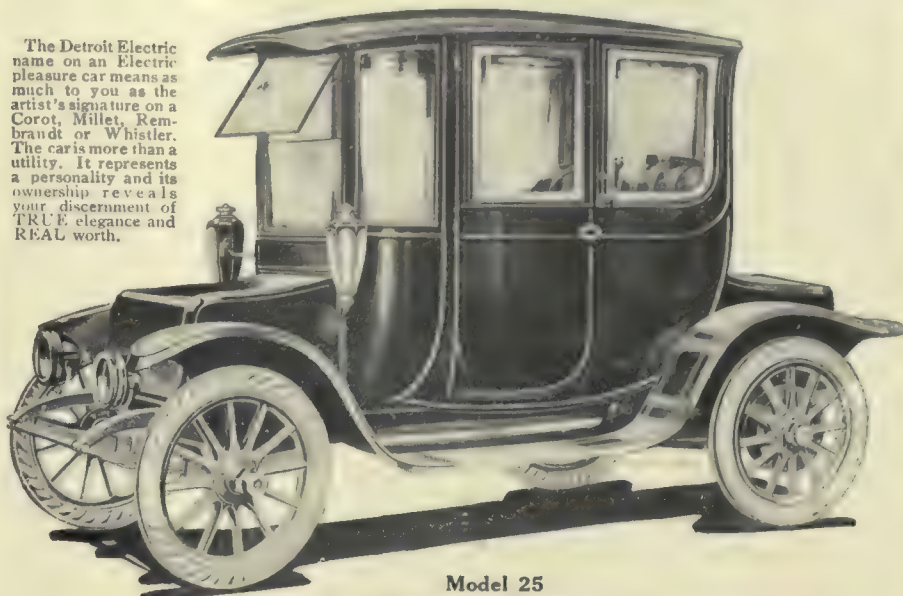
refines the complexion, makes it youthful—inviting.
ELCAYA keeps the skin soft, prevents roughness
or wrinkles, makes the face and neck fair, firm and
plump. The well-groomed American woman uses
ELCAYA also as a "Dressing-Cream"—with powder
it imparts that fetching appearance without an artificial
look. ELCAYA is a time-tried beauty aid that pleases
the woman who demands the best her money will buy.

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The Detroit Electric
name on an Electric
pleasure car means as
much to you as the
artist's signature on a
Corot, Millet, Rem-
brandt or Whistler.
The car is more than a
utility. It represents
a personality and its
ownership reveals
your discernment of
TRUE elegance and
REAL worth.



Model 25

One of Ten Beautiful Designs for 1912

THE turn of a key, your hand on the horizontal speed
controller which allows full seat room, and you are ready to quietly
"float" the miles away.

A slight movement of the hand—always in a natural, restful position on the horizontal
lever—and you have a choice of five speeds. Move it back of neutral position and you
apply the hub brakes, without even touching the foot pedals, or you can, also, bring the car
to an abrupt stop by one pressure of the foot, which acts on four powerful, rear wheel brakes
and at the same time instantly stops the flow of current,—a double safety device, patented.

The instant response of the car to your
slightest wish naturally creates an irresist-
ible desire to know about the unseen beauty
of its mechanism upon which all depends.
You wish to know about the storage of
electricity, how it is turned into mechanical
power by the motor and then carried to the
wheels without waste through the "Chain-
less" Shaft Drive—another patented feature.

Explanatory Note—The word "Chainless" does
not refer to the absence of side chains alone,
but applied to the shaft drive, means no chain
or gear reductions concealed at the motor, be-
neath the car. A "Chainless" Shaft Drive has
1130 fewer parts than a Shaft Drive constructed
with concealed chains, a self-evident advantage.

All battery cell are "get-at-able" by sim-
ply raising the piano-hinged hoods. an
absolute necessity for proper inspection and
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All body panels are of aluminum. They do not
check, crack or warp. That means long life, con-
tinued beauty of finish and easy repair.

Bodies are hung lower but not so extreme that
there is danger to vital machinery from insuffi-
cient clearance. Wonderful springs of improved
design smooth over any unevenness of the road.
Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering
remarkably easy.

For 1912 we build one chassis in four sizes—85
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Ten stunning body designs.

Tires—Pneumatic or Motz Cushion.

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Ironclad and Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at
additional cost.

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tate to write us
for any infor-
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SECOND EDITION

THE LIFE OF PEG WOFFINGTON

By AUGUSTIN DALY

Author's édition de luxe. Large quarto, bound in red Morocco, with gilt top and sides. Nineteen
full page plates in photogravure, portraits, playbills, etc. Rich, heavy coated paper and wide margins

A SUMPTUOUS VOLUME, HANDSOME BOTH IN TYPOGRAPHY AND BINDING, AND WORTHY IN EVERY
WAY OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S CHERISHED PURPOSE

This biography of one of the most remarkable and picturesque figures of the English stage is one of the most sincere and dis-
criminating tributes ever paid to an actress. Singularly enough, a worthy biography of the Woffington was lacking when Mr. Daly's
interest in this most interesting woman prompted him to gather together material for a life. Himself a famous collector, and with
the letters and portraits secured by him, supplemented by the collections of others, the distinguished theatre manager was enabled to
include in his volume prints and documents of great interest and value, which are made public for the first time in this book. Of Peg
Woffington alone there are twelve photogravure portraits, from her earliest to her last. There is also a complete list of the parts acted
by her, facsimiles of playbills, etc., etc.

This handsome volume was formerly sold at fifty dollars net. To close out the limited number left on hand we have reduced the price to \$15.00

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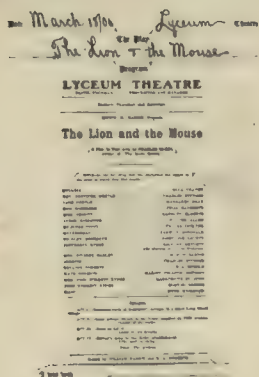
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE



Specimen Pages



THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

PLAY DIARY

A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10 x 14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. Postpaid, Price, \$3.00

Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the play, and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.



Specimen Pages



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



Year. THE MAGAZINE OF PLAYGOERS. Vol. No. 130

THE THEATRE

Photo
Matrone
Chica



"Onyx" Hosiery Santa's Choice

*To youth the sight of "Onyx" hose
Brings joys beyond the telling
When seen on Christmas morning
With Santa's bounties swelling.*

*Likewise to more discerning minds,
The sight is quite as thrilling
When we catch a glimpse of "Onyx"
With... another kind of filling.*

An "Onyx" Gift Box
makes a welcome
Present

At all the best Shops.

Lord & Taylor
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Maillard's

The Festive Season

PARIS again sends us a most bewildering array of Holiday novelties,—unique, exclusive and peculiarly seasonable. Designed and made expressly for **Maillard's Chocolates** and **Bon Bons**, these rare *objets d'art* reflect the motif and caprice of the present trend of decorative thought and effort. A mere hint must suffice.

Fashionably Dressed Dolls and Bouquets of Flowers,
to be filled with candy.

Auto Hats for Candy (for practical use afterwards).

Newest Parisian designs in Opera Bags and Handbags
de Luxe.

Cushions, Lamp Shades and Electric Lamps, with
Novelties for Boudoir use.

Coffrets in Sèvres, Dresden and Antique Gold.

Baskets trimmed with Flowers, in many new designs.

Real Lace and Satin Sachets, hand-made.

Large variety in Leather Goods, Glove and Handker-
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White

Charlotte Granville as Philaminte

Donald Robertson as Chrisale

Act II. Chrisale: "What! Do you dare resist my will?"

SCENE IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY, "THE LEARNED LADIES," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



SCENE IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY, "THE LEARNED LADIES," PRESENTED BY THE DRAMA PLAYERS

CENTURY. "THE GARDEN OF AL-LAH." Dramatization in four acts by Robert Hichens and Mary Anderson. Produced October 21 with this cast:

Domini Enfielden..Mary Mannering
SuzanneAlexander Salvini
Count Antoni.....Eben Plympton
Father Roubier.....Arthur Lewis
Capt. De Trevignac—Edwin Brandt
HadjRoy Merrill
OuardiFranklyn Hurleigh
LarbiDikran Seropyan
The Sand Diviner Charles Hayne
SheikKeill Ayob
MueddinSalum Ayob

BatouchJose Ruben
GarconAlphonse Fabre
IrenaFaddma
TamoudaAsmasa
SelimaForcin
Boris Androvsky.....Lewis Waller

At the Playhouse

and the passions of the men who love and live, breaks his vow, escapes to the desert, meets the woman who can fill every desire of his soul, marries her, and on the discovery by her of his identity, at her command, relinquishes her and returns to his monastic cell to atone for his dereliction.

"The Garden of Al-lah" stands alone among recent plays in its spiritual elevation. The book from which it was taken produced a profound impression. The present production by the Messrs. Liebler is beautiful to behold. The spirit of the desert, and all the external manifestation of the infinite solitude of waste places, as well as the beauty of the garden spot which serves as a lovely retreat from the barren surroundings, are reproduced in a manner that perhaps cannot be excelled on the stage.

That Mr. Hichens, the author of the novel, and Mary Anderson, beloved by us all in the memory of her public life as an actress as well as of the beneficent lesson of her present private life, are not professionally expert as playwrights, does not take away one whit from the applause due the intent. The play has soul, but it is crude. It is a highly religious play. A monk, tiring of the solitude and restraint of his cell, possessing the vigor

A Christmas Invocation

Into their lives, where e'er Thy spirit walks,
Into their thoughts, where sacred is Thy name,
Into their homes, where oft starvation stalks,
Into their souls, lit by Thy lofty flame,
Oh Lord, our God, all blessings we invoke,
And Christmas cheer, unto the Player Folk.

Full many parts, other than those they act,
Full many scenes, writ by no playwright's pen,
With aching hearts, by pain and sorrows racked,
They daily play, mere women and mere men.
And Thou, O Lord, so good and just alway,
Forget them not upon this Christmas day.

The "star," world known, who's won the bubble fame,
The chorister, whose humbler toil means wage,
The aspirant, who dreams, with unwon name,
Yea! all who nightly grace the program page,
Upon them all, O Lord, Thy cheer bestow,
And give Thy love, from whence all blessings flow.

In ev'ry clime, where tears and laughter reign,
From furthest East, to where the sun last sets,
Wherever hearts trudge down life's weary lane,
And their illusions lighten cares and frets,
These players take, O Lord, into Thy hands,
And pray, forget Thou not the one-night stands.

The last faint star hangs dimly in the West,
The East is gleaming golden with the morn,
And dawning is the day of all most blest,
When Christ, Thine only Son, O Lord, was born.
So, on this Christmas, day of days most dear,
Pray send, unto the Player Folk, Good Cheer.

BERTRAM MARBURGH.

Probably because of the obviousness of the idea the two collaborators lost sight of the proper form for the play in certain structural details. The play, as first produced, began with a caravan of camels crossing the desert, not a word being spoken. The illusion was perfect; but that was not the proper starting point. The play has to do with a conflict of souls. The desert is but a medium, an irresistible influence, but passive, exercising its attraction upon all alike. The drama should begin with the discontent, rebellion and flight of the monk, Boris Androvsky. A scene of the kind was interpolated after the first performance. It followed the first scene of the caravan, entitled "The Spirit of the Desert." The monk visits his brother, a doctor, in his study, and is provided with means for his flight. It would seem that the Trappist monastery to which Boris returns should have been seen in the beginning of the play. This should be the first scene. Sequence

and compactness would be served if Androvsky were seen first escaping from the monastery and then in the caravan on his way to the Garden of Allah. We would then have been expecting his arrival at the hotel, where he meets Domini. The action would have been established from the beginning. In the first performance it was all story, understandable, in a dramatic sense, only by those who had read the book. Picturesque scene followed picturesque scene, tame as to action, and without the large purpose of the play being in view at all. It was only in the second act that the passion of the play was kindled. There in the garden of Count Anteoni, a beautiful spot, with its slender palms, its fresh foliage, and with every lavish gift of beautiful vegetation, with whispering winds and singing brooks, Boris declares his love for Domini.

Mr. Lewis Waller, as Boris, in this scene, aroused the utmost enthusiasm of the audience that welcomed the newcomer in his first triumph. There was in his acting an entire absence of all romanticism. Here was a monk, unused to love, overcome by it, and throwing away all the previous restraints on his manhood. In naturalness and in fervor of passion it was an exquisite expression, free from every tendency of theatricalism. When he flung himself to the ground, after his avowal, he had won life for the play, and had established his personal fortunes on our stage. In point of fact, Mr. Lewis Waller is largely the play. Not all the scenes in which he figures are in themselves particularly dramatic, but always the monk held your sympathies and excited your interest in his every thought expressed in his face and manner, according to the infinite changes of spiritual feeling. Thus, the scene in a dancing house, picturesque as it was, had no great interest in itself. There were dancing women, real Arabs, who performed their sinuous and voluptuous movements before him, but it was the shrinking Boris, with aversion in every feature, that held our attention. Miss Mary Mannering had one or two scenes that insured a certain sympathy for the character of Domini, but in the tent scene with the monk she was a distinct disappointment.

Mr. Eben Plympton has not been seen of late years on our stage as often as his capacities deserve; his Count Anteoni was excellent.

There were many figures in the play—Arabs, priests, people of the desert and various types of the locality. The stage management of the piece was of the very first order. One of the effects was a sandstorm on the desert, a bit of realism not easy to surpass.

LYRIC. "THE LEARNED LADIES." Comedy in five acts by Molière. Translation by Curtis Hidden Page. Produced on November 10 last with the following cast:

Chrisale	Donald Robertson	Clitandre	Frederick Eric
Philaminte	Charlotte Granville	Trissotin	Edward Emery
Armande	Effie Shannon	Vadius	Sheldon Lewis
Henriette	Renee Kelley	Martine	Alice Coburn
Ariste	Herbert Kelcey	Lepine	Frank Hardin
Belise	Mrs. Eugenie Woodward	Julien	A. Hylton Allen

In spite of the high rank he holds in the world of dramatic literature, it is surprising how few of the works of Molière have found a place in the programs of the professional stage during the last three decades. Bronson Howard made free use of two of the comedies of the great Frenchman, which Augustin Daly produced under the title of "Wives"; Coquelin gave us his inimitable Mascarille and Tartufe; Possart essayed Chrisale not many years ago at the Irving Place Theatre, and Richard Mansfield produced "The Misanthrope." Franklin Sargent has several times made use of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" to exploit the



Mishkin

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

Will be seen at the Lyceum Theatre, December 5, in a new play by Pierre Wolff, entitled "The Marionettes"

histrionic skill of his numerous pupils, but this is a small output when it is considered that no less an authority than Brander Matthews writes articles comparing Jean-Baptiste Poquelin with William Shakespeare.

It is not at this day or in this place to argue the intrinsic merits of Molière's comedies. They were written at a time when artificiality was at its zenith; the theatre itself was as artificial as the court, to which it owed its

being, and while the indomitable Frenchman by his wit, skill and satire punctured many of the foibles of the times, it must be admitted that as drama of potential acting value, as studies of character calculated to impress, stir and move, they have lost their power. In the playhouse they must always charm, tickle the fancy and stimulate the wit; they will always be valuable to exploit technical training, but will they accomplish much more?

For their second offering the Drama Players presented "Les Femmes Savantes," translated and arranged by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, under the title of "The Learned Ladies," and a very meritorious, albeit uneven, representation it was. Actors of to-day, brought up and schooled in the most practical phase of being the world has ever known, must be lacking in those artificial airs and graces so needed to properly bring out the spirit and intent of the Molière period. This is where Donald Robertson and his associates lay themselves open to criticism. Mr. Robertson himself is admirable as the hen-pecked husband, who avoids asserting his position that he may enjoy peace and quiet. As his *fille précieuse*, Effie Shannon is quite in the historical picture. Her practical sister is sweetly and ingenuously played by Renee Kelly, and there is spirit and life to Alice Cobourn's Marline. Charlotte Granville is an imposing Philaminte, capably sustains her scenes, but is too modern, both in dress and speech. Herbert Kelcey errs in the same directions, though his sound training is a valuable adjunct in the effect, and there is broad comedy value to the work of Eugenie Woodward as Belise. The minor rôles are neatly played, and though Fred Eric is naively *gauche* as Clitandre, he is earnest and reads well, but what Edward Emery's conception of Trissotin is—the epitome of everything egotistically artificial—it is difficult for anyone to imagine. Oh! for the grand airs of yester year!

LYRIC. "THE LADY FROM THE SEA." Drama in five acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on November 6 last with the following cast:

Doctor Wangel.....Donald Robertson	Arnholm.....Lionel Belmore
Ellida Wangel.....Hedwig Reicher	Lyngstrand.....Hylton Allen
Boletta.....Barbara Hall	Ballested.....Edward Emery
Hilda.....Renee Kelly	A Stranger.....Sheldon Lewis

The Drama Players put forward a clumsy foot with Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea." Hedwig Reicher, as Ellida, was entirely capable, and her performance alone was interesting because it was sincere and seemed to be worked out on a consistent plan. As preposterous as is the character, and as exasperating as is her perversity in the circumstances that make up the action concerning her, there is a consistency in it all that makes her a substantial, although fantastic, character. The other characters, as played, are too parenthetical to be interesting. Mr. Donald Robertson, as Dr.

Wangel, gave some effective passages of acting, but the character is too passive to amount to anything. We had as well put the acting out of consideration, for any acting in this play is hopeless. The play will never get a foothold on the English stage. In the reading it has a fascination perhaps to the true Ibsenite, for he can discern in it the philosophy of the freedom of the will. That philosophy may mean something or nothing or anything. If applied to all the circumstances of life, it means anarchy. On the other hand, if you care to believe so, it means the redemption of the human race from its present social fetters. No one who sits through a performance of this play can deny that it is a bore. The conditions of the story, as they may be found here and there in the reading, are interesting and significant enough. Why, then, does the play fail in performance? We are inclined to believe that it is not well written. It takes dreary moments for us to discover anything definite about which the play may be. The play begins to be dramatic only on the appearance of the sailor to whom Ellida was betrothed in her girlhood, in having cast into the sea rings tied together. Physically, it now turns to old-fashioned melodrama. That there is a symbolical meaning there may be conceded, but it is impossible for anybody with common sense to figure out wherein Ellida's will has not always been free. The sailor to whom she was betrothed was a disreputable drunken murderer. Dr. Wangel, the husband, threatens him with arrest, and has it in his power to get rid of him, and yet Ellida persists in talking about the necessity of her will being free. Dr. Wangel releases his wife, and she suddenly discovers that she loves her husband, and that the power of the sailor over her is gone. Whatever the meaning of this fascination for her of this sailor, whether it be the love of worldly pleasure, or whether it means that content should be found in the life one must live and cannot be had in vain desires for the impossible, whatever the meaning may be, it is too symbolic and too remote from common sense to be of any use in a play. Ibsen's philosophy and intent may be valid in the written page, but in performance the play loses all effectiveness.

DALY'S. MME. SIMONE IN "THE WHIRLWIND." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. English version by George Egerton. Produced on November 3 last with the following cast:

Baron Lebourg.....Emmett Corrigan	Monsieur Veillarde.....S. Louden
Robert de Chacroy.....Edwin Arden	Francois.....Percival Vivian
Henri Lebourg.....Charles Francis	Servant at Lebourg's.....G. E. Weller
Comte de Brechebel.....Wilfred Forster	Helene de Brechebel.....Mme. Simone
General Brial.....Ben Greet	Baronne Lebourg.....Louise Rial
Bragelin.....Sydney Herbert	Marquise Doullence.....Helen Weathersby

"The Whirlwind," as a play, was reviewed in these columns at the time Mme. Olly appeared in it. Mr. Bernstein's meretricious



White

Act I. Harry Clarke, Gertrude Vanderbilt and chorus singing: "We Will Go, Go All Aglow, to Gogo"

SCENE IN CHANNING POLLOCK'S AND RENNOLD WOLF'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE RED WIDOW," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE



Hall

Edith Decker

Emma Carus

Gladys Moore

Act II. The Première Danseuse (Gladys Moore) dances at the Wave Crest
SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE WIFE HUNTERS," NOW AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

ous work has been disposed of by the American public. We will not have it or any part of it. The present version modifies some of the features of the story, but the belated precaution only emphasizes the undesirable nature of the play. In the version in which Mme. Simone chooses as the second vehicle for the display of her qualities before American audiences, Helène de Brechebel, the unsavory heroine of this unsavory piece, does not sell herself to her reprobate of a rich cousin in order to procure the large sum necessary to relieve her disreputable lover from ruin under a threatened criminal prosecution. Every other feature of the play is retained. The daughter of an ambitious and rich vulgarian, who is ready to sacrifice everything for social distinction and aristocratic connection, has married an aristocratic imbecile whom she cannot love. She has sacrificed herself to her father's ambitions. For three years she has held close relations with a well-born but dissolute gambler, who is untrustworthy in every position he holds, and now finds himself facing a criminal prosecution because he cannot replace six hundred thousand francs which he has gambled away. She tries to obtain the money by pawning her diamonds, but fails. The big scene in the play is in the second act, when she attempts to persuade her father to advance her the necessary sum without having to confess to him the purpose for which she needs it. He becomes suspicious, and in order to get at the truth he secures the facts and the name of her lover. A father need not be a vulgarian in being horrified at such a revelation. He naturally refuses to advance the sum. Of course, there is infinite variety and gradation and emotion and moments of intensity in this scene. It occupies nearly the whole of the second act. It is very fine in a purely technical sense. It offers opportunities for a very wide range of acting; but all acting in it, by whomever it may be done, is necessarily absolutely futile before American audiences.

Mme. Simone is a good actress, not a great one, but a very accomplished one, and in plays of the proper kind she would soon place herself in the very front rank on our stage. She has temperament. She has a vibrant voice, of no great fulness, but with musical notes and capable of expressing tenderness, deep emotion and a great variety of feeling. Her manners are those of the well-

bred woman familiar with the usages of society. She has that quick intelligence without which real distinction cannot be gained. Her methods of expression are strongly marked with their French origin, but usually they are of the universal kind. She has great delicacy. She has no beauty, but she has charm. She is graceful. Her facial expression is facile and responsive. She has a distinct individuality of her own. In no great while, if she remains with us and appears in the range of plays suitable to her, she will undoubtedly become a great favorite. Mme. Simone is the very opposite of Bernhardt in her methods. She is never explosive and does not visibly work up to climaxes of physical force. She is not as quiet as Duse, and yet she plays with remarkable suppression and very effectively. She is thoroughly artistic, a trifle academic, but she is Simone always. If Mme. Simone mastered the English language for the purpose of her professional visit to America, she is a wonder. There is in her speech not a trace of foreign accent or ignorance of the value of a single syllable. For this alone she should be welcomed to our stage as a most remarkable woman. Not within memory of living man, perhaps, has a foreign actress come to us with all the seeming in her speech of being one of us. Her career in America depends entirely upon a different choice of plays.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE. "THE MILLION." Farce in four acts from the French of Messrs. Ber and Guillemant. Produced October 23 with the following cast:

Ramon Andrade.....	Eugene O'Brien	Flaherty	Geo. Bates
Lorimer Walsh.....	Taylor Holmes	Smith	William J. Mahoney
Charles Burt.....	John A. Butler	Tom Ryan.....	Fred Osborn
Frederico Donatelli.....	Paul Ker	Maurice	John Needham
Frank Porter.....	William Burruss	Piano Player.....	Bert Grant
McKorkel.....	Robt. Webb Lawrence	Beatrice Lind.....	Irene Fenwick
McGuinness.....	Chas. McCarthy	Francesca Roversi.....	Eulalie Jensen
Schultz	Gustave Hartzheim	Pearl	Kenyon Bishop
Flynn	Fred Sears	Mother Sharin.....	Jennie Wethersby

This amusing piece, which at moments develops into roaring farce, is one of the best laughter provokers that our stage has seen in many a day. If the French original contained situations considered too *risqué* for local consumption, they have been skillfully eliminated without detriment either to the fun or interest of the story. The play, as given here, is one succession of convulsive bursts of merriment from

(Continued on page x



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MME. EMMY DESTINN AS AIDA

THE OPERA

WITH the melodious, martial tread of Egypt's warriors, with the chanting of high priests and with the ecstatic crooning of lovers on the moonlit banks of the Nile—in other words, with Verdi's brilliant "Aïda"—the Metropolitan opera season of 1911-12 began. It was an ideal, although not a novel, choice for this occasion. The first night of the opera season is always one of brilliant social show—it is like a living illustration to a volume of "Who's Who in Society."

No architectural or decorative innovation greeted and rewarded the searching eyes of busy operatic first nighters. But a vast improvement in one detail was remarked upon, and met general approval, namely, the new programmes. Bound in a cover of attractive neutral tint, its contents artistically displayed and well arranged, the Metropolitan programme, for the first time, proved to be more than a catalogue of singers and a record of opera—it became a souvenir of the evening. And the fair sex had still another hymn of praise to sing, for the printer's ink remained where it was intended, and did not smudge white gloves.

There were two features of more than usual interest in the performance itself in that it marked the American début of Margarete Matzenauer, a new contralto, Hungarian by birth and German by reputation, who, on this occasion, filled the rôle of Amneris. The other item of significance was that it was the first time since last February that Enrico Caruso has sung here after his recovery from last winter's dire attack of grippe.

The performance of "Aïda" gave the season an artistic impetus that is going to carry it far, and in the same breath let it be conceded that it also set a pace that will be difficult to live up to. It was practically an ideal performance.

Of course, everybody was agog to hear Caruso; interest was chiefly centred on him, for he has been out of the Metropolitan casts since last February, when an attack of grippe played havoc with his voice. All that is now a thing of the past, for as Radames he sang with as heavenly a voice as he has poured out at and over his listeners for many a year. Here again was that wealth of golden tone, shored by a masculine quality all too often absent in tenors. His "Celeste Aïda" was a trifle nervous at first, but he soon regained composure, and by the end of the aria his high notes were ringing out with all former brilliancy. And during the entire evening he proved that all fears for his health and voice were groundless.

He shared interest with the newcomer, Margarete Matzenauer, who, although Hungarian, has won her fame chiefly in Germany. She possesses a remarkable contralto voice, unusually even in quality from top to bottom, and she is a temperamental, dramatic singer, who also has the artistic gift of singing *piano* passages with amazing beauty of tone and clear enunciation. Her Amneris was really a triumph for a new singer.

As Aïda, Emmy Destinn was simply in superb voice. Never has she sung better here than in this performance, and Amato covered himself with vocal and histrionic

honors in the rôle of Amonasro. Mr. William Hinshaw sang the King excellently, and Mr. Didur as High Priest was very good. Mr. Toscanini simply outdid himself in holding together his forces, and he made absolute slaves of them all, for they followed his every artistic whim conscientiously. Chorus sang

admirably, orchestra played well, and even the ballet was acceptable. In other words, it was the kind of an "Aïda" performance that is worth going miles to hear and worth remembering for years.

The opera season's first novelty came in the first week, a commendable bit of artistic activity on the part of the management, when Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz" had its first performance in America on November 18th. As a matter of record the full cast is given herewith:

Lobetanz, Hermann Jadlowker; The Princess, Johanna Gadske; The King, William Hinshaw; First Dark Girl, Lenora Sparkes; First Fair Girl, Anna Case; The Forster, Basil Ruysdael; The Hangman, Oscar Sannce; The Judge, Herbert Witherspoon; First Prisoner, Basil Ruysdael; Second Prisoner, Julius Bayer; Third Prisoner, Paolo Ananian; An Old Prisoner, Stefen Buckreus; A Youth, Lambert Murphy; Girls, Halberdiers, Musicians, Prisoners, Two Herald.

The work has rather a curious history, as it was first written with spoken dialogue, and enjoyed quite a success in various German opera houses. Then it died, save for occasional revivals, but now it is flashed upon the opera-loving public as a complete novelty. Its original form is much improved, since the composer's son-in-law, Curvoisier, composed the recitatives, giving it the necessary musical dignity for grand opera.

Even a single hearing of "Lobetanz" raises the query: Why was this work ever neglected? It is charged to its length with poetic ideas, is alive in action and abounds in contrasts. The libretto is by Otto Julius Bierbaum, a well-known German dramatist, and he tells an appealing tale of a strolling player who falls in love with a languishing princess. The spell of love he



MME. MARGARETE MATZENAUER

Distinguished Hungarian contralto who recently made her début at the Metropolitan

casts over her, and which she reciprocates, is misinterpreted as a spell of magic. The wandering minstrel is imprisoned and is sentenced to death. Meanwhile the princess lies unconscious. At the gibbet he pleads for a last word, draws a bow across the strings of his violin and sings a song of love and springtime. The princess hears and comes to life. Her father, the king, welcomes the minstrel as son-in-law, the music bursts forth into a brilliant and merry waltz, gloom vanishes, and everybody—including jailers and hangmen—dances.

Thuille has caught the spirit of this tale wonderfully. The first act, the king's garden, all a-bloom and inhabited by merry making, light-hearted girls, is marvelously beautiful in its delicate musical atmosphere. Then is sounded the pompous note upon the arrival of royalty, followed by a sarcastic touch, cleverly expressed, when the minstrels all sing to cheer the languishing princess. Finally comes the incident of love that springs up between Lobetanz—the name of the strolling player, which has been translated as Merrydance—and the princess. The second act

is all love and the forest, as the two lovers sit up on a high platform among the tree branches and sing of their ecstasy. This is interrupted by the brutal dramatic note, as Lobetanz is discovered by the king and his huntsmen, and is arrested. The beginning of the last act is the prison scene, dismal gloom and squalor, succeeded by the ironic song of death. Then comes the gibbet scene, the arrival of the condemned Lobetanz, the bringing on of the princess on a bier. Here the hardened opera-goer sniffs the usual dire grand opera ending. But when Lobetanz plays and sings, and brings the princess to life, and sets everybody a-dancing his waltz melody, then all the world changes hue, and the pretty music wins the day.

There is no gain-saying the fact that Thuille knew his Wagner, his "Tristan," "Siegfried" and "Parsifal." But no matter, since he knew them to advantage,



SCENE IN ACT I OF LUDWIG THUILLE'S OPERA, "LOBETANZ"



Mishkin
THEODORA ORRIDGE
New English mezzo-soprano at the
Metropolitan

and used them with the cunning of an excellent musician. The work is beautifully orchestrated, the singing voices are most gratefully treated, and the employment of climaxes is well and artistically planned.

And the Metropolitan production is simply wonderful for its beauty. The first act setting is one of the prettiest ever seen on a grand opera



Mishkin
HEINRICH HENSEL
Tenor at the Metropolitan

its pleasing moments, too, but is scarcely a composition that will live and thrive in the attention of the serious music-loving public. At a later recital Zimbalist played a varied program, containing a Bach number that really proclaimed him a great violinist.

This selfsame Philharmonic concert also introduced a conductor new to America, Josef Stransky, a Bo-



Mishkin
HERMAN WEIL
New baritone at the Metropolitan

stage; the second act, the forest scene, is simply presented, and the final act, with its two scenes, afford fine artistic contrast.

Jadlowker, as the strolling player Lobetanz, has the best rôle that ever has fallen to his lot here, and he sings it exquisitely. Gadski, as the Princess, lends her lovely voice sympathetically to this grateful rôle. Mr. Hinshaw as the King is acceptable, and the rôles of two of the girls are charmingly sung by Anna Case and Leonora Sparkes. Witherspoon and Ruysdael fill smaller parts well, and Lambert Murphy, a newcomer, sang a small tenor song with really fine artistic feeling.

A great deal of the credit goes to Alfred Hertz, who conducted the work with painstaking, artistic care, and brought to fullest hearing all the dramatic intensity of this music, and probably most of the poetic side.

The costumes are simply gorgeous, both in general scheme and detail. In fact, it looks as though "Lobetanz" would score a big success among the season's novelties.

Nor has opera consumed all the time of music lovers. On the contrary, the beginning of the season of concerts and recitals has been one of unusual interest.

First of all, there was the American début of Efrem Zimbalist, a Russian violinist who had won his spurs abroad. Yet the rumors of his prowess, that preceded Zimbalist's coming, were in no comparison to his greatness as an artist. He is an amazing violinist. He draws from his G string a tone that is almost the volume of a 'cello tone, and just as round and mellow. His intonation is like Cæsar's wife—beyond reproach, and his technical equipment is startling. All these virtues are carried unostentatiously by a lad of twenty-two, who seems to take life seriously, but who is as free of pose as if he were an insignificant mortal. On the concert platform he does not sway, nor does he throw his locks into the winds of public approval; in fact, he wears his hair closely cropped, and stands quite rigid while playing. Unlike some other young violinists who have visited these shores during the past few years, Zimbalist does not simply impress his hearers with his tremendous technical powers, but he displays a

hemian by birth, but until recently active in Berlin. He came as successor to Gustav Mahler, late conductor of the Philharmonic Society, who died last spring. Stransky is not the master that Mahler was, nor has any over ambitious press agent tried to magnify his fame into anything resembling Mahler's renown. But Stransky is a young man, a good musician, earnest, and sure of himself. Whether or not it was a case of a new broom sweeping clean, Stransky at least made the Philharmonic Orchestra play in surprising precision and in subjugation to his wishes. Naturally he selected his concert "battle horses" for his first concert, so it remains for later appearances to prove his lasting worth. He conducted a performance of Liszt's "Tasso" that was stirring, and in the Wagner "Meistersinger" Prelude he built big and rousing climaxes. This side of the man, rather than a poetic trend, came to hearing at his début.

In contrast were the two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Max Fiedler, who began his final season as leader of this famous orchestra. The sound of these strings, and the exquisite coloring of the orchestra's woodwind, always cause battalions of little thrills to go prancing up and down the spines of even the most hardened music critics. They played a novelty, "A Comedy Overture," by Max Reger, who, with Richard Strauss, disputes the position of most modern and ultra complex musicians in Germany, alive and composing to-day. "A Comedy Overture" is a clever, disappointing writing. Its themes are all brief; and while its mood is well sustained in the jubilant, humorous spirit, yet it lacks sweep and consistency. It is a fearfully difficult work, but the brave men from Boston Town played it as though it were a Haydn allegro. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" was also wonderfully performed and so, at the second concert, was Debussy's exotic "Afternoon of a Faun" exquisitely given. Schumann-Heink was the soloist, and she was in remarkably good voice, excelling in dramatic numbers.

There have been recitals galore. Gadski gave a big song recital at Carnegie Hall, her first appearance here after a serious operation last summer, and she sounded vocally rejuvenated and looked

deeper insight into the works that come under his fingers and bow, an insight that reminds one of the more mature players, such as Fritz Kreisler, for instance. He chose to make his initial bow at the season's first Philharmonic concert, with the Glazounow Concerto, a writing that even at best sounds pretty empty. It has

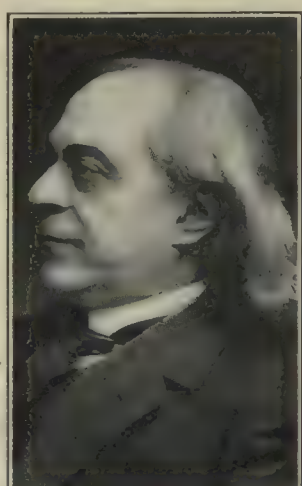


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EFREM ZIMBALIST
Russian violinist



JOSEF STRANSKY
Conductor of the Philharmonic

more fit than ever. Alma Gluck, a young soprano, ventured a Metropolitan Opera most interesting recital, with a programme that was miles removed from the hackneyed. She sang with a most beautiful, light, floating voice and earned for herself a position of serious consideration in the esteem of all enthusiastic recital devotees.



Elliott & Fry
VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN
Pianist



THREE DIFFERENT VIEWS OF MARY GARDEN'S IMPERSONATION OF CARMEN RECENTLY SEEN AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPERA HOUSE

THERE was once a woman who declined to ad- **Mary Garden Triumphs as Carmen**

when it is given to a soulless brute of a bull fighter, it has power

mire the interior of the Vatican. Asked why, she said that "to her, it lacked the touch of a woman's hand."

She had the modern spirit, that lady. We are all critics, professional or not, and we all analyze everything, from the arrangements of the Vatican to an operatic performance. But once in a while, one finds a piece of work which is so big, so strong, so subtly-planned, and withal dashed at with such vigor and earnestness that it is carried clear past caviling, on to greatness. Such was Mary Garden's work at her first performance of "Carmen" and it left the majority of her audience too breathless for criticism. Once more, she and her fellow-artist,—for Mr. Dalmore's Don José is equally remarkable in its way,—have given us a picture worthy to hang in the Salon Carré of operatic achievements.

There have been many Carmens, from Galli-Marié to Marguerite Sylva, with Calvé touching the high-water mark; and they have been represented in every variety of way, from the almost harmless coquette to the Andalusian animal, pure and simple. Always the part has presented those difficulties which make the joy of the real artist, and many singers have passed those outposts, so to speak, far enough to give an excellent surface rendering, while yet quite missing any deeper meaning.

Miss Garden has cheerfully defied tradition where she wished, and accepted it where it pleased her. Every detail of her Carmen has been studied out; not a minute is wasted; not a look left to chance—the result being the cleverest, most subtly-done Carmen that has ever been presented. It is quite possible it may have been sung better; it may have been made more "pretty,"—but it has never represented more brains; and never has the abandon the part calls for been held in with better taste.

It is a study of the primitive woman. Without law save of love, her Carmen is without pity when that love fails her; she is vain to a degree, scruples exist for her only to be broken down; opposition but fires her longing to conquer. But—

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
 Are sisters under their skins—"

and so, being woman, she lives by her love, such as it is. Even

to bring out the only virtue her life has left her,—truthfulness.

The woman primitive is not always a pretty picture, any more than the man is, and Miss Garden has given us no "Gibson-girl" sketch of Carmen. Rather, it is a Rembrandt—and it bites into the memory like one. Her Carmen is roughed in at times strongly, but she is not drawn as a vile woman, and there are even lovable touches. Hence the portrayal is absolutely free from revoltingness. The great artist who kept her Sappho and her Thais clear of offense has been equally successful here.

When Mary Garden first enters as Carmen, with half a dozen men crowding around her, she is simply a rollicking girl of the people. She bursts into the *Habanera* with a robustness of tone that becomes the part, though there are bits of beautiful shading. All the "Carmen" music, by the way, seems well adapted to Miss Garden's vocalism; her voice takes on well the deeper coloring, while its clarity of pitch remains undisturbed. The provocation of Don José, like the alluring of the officer, or the quarrel with the other cigarette-girl, all appear to rise naturally from a robust temperament. It is her nature to begin things. Where they end, she cares little. But a love-affair that has begun as an outbreak of mischief deepens into something much stronger. The *Seguidilla* song is given with more gayety of anticipation than passion, while the wonderfully graceful dance of luring in the next act impresses one more as an outbreak of sheer delight than as a deliberate desire to seduce. In fact, all the love-scenes with Don José are more womanly-tender than they are coldly seductive. Even her intense outbreak of rage against his hesitation, violent as it is, is very femininely done. Carmen is much less the Spanish virago as Miss Garden shows her here, than she is the unreasonable woman, arguing that scruples about her love mean a lack of love. The primitive woman apparently has "no use for" conscientiousness in the male, when it affects her relations with him.

It is sometimes suggested that Don José palls on the gypsy as much through his vacillation as through mere satiety. Miss Garden's interpretation certainly suggests contempt for a feeble character as well as personal loathing, and Mr. Dalmore's marvelous work gives her every

(Continued on page viii)

MRS. FISKE IN A NEW PLAY SATIRIZING MARRIAGE



At the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on October 30 last, Mrs. Fiske appeared

for the first time in a comedy of conjugal discontent, entitled "The New Marriage." The author is Langdon Mitchell, who has already supplied this actress with two substantial successes, "Becky Sharp," and "The New York Idea."

The new play, being fecund of epigram, is provocative of definitions as pungent, if possible, as its own dialogue. So it may be set down as not so much a play as a catechism of matrimony. Mrs. Fiske's chief function throughout the action is putting the question: "How can people be happy though married?"

It may also be characterized as a revival of the lost art of conversation. Mr. Mitchell's characters do not talk, as that word is understood in this laconic age; they converse with lingual abandon and polysyllabic dexterity. They chatter like a group of acclaimed "conversationalists" in salon assembled, all bent upon displaying virtuosity. Each has his or her individual *panache* of wit, and is determined to let that white plume wave boldly amid the gusts of chatter. So much talk, and such clever talk, it would be safe to assert, has never been heard on the American stage, except in the plays of Bernard Shaw. It may be added, in making the comparison which Shaw's "Getting Married" renders inevitable, that Mr. Mitchell's dialogue seems more graceful and less self-consciously impertinent.

"The New Marriage" has no pretense at a thesis. Its spatter of minor ideas, expressed in epigram and ranging from the earnest to the ironic, has a slight tendency, however, to obscure that fact, and the seeker for intellectual pabulum who is thus deluded will often have occasion to demand, with knitted brows, what on earth Mr. Mitchell is driving at. But in essence the play is merely sport and banter—light satire with a farcical tendency. There is little advancement of the story from act to act. The central characters seem to remain *in statu quo*, eternally repeating the question: "We are married and unhappy. Why?"—and getting every possible kind of inconclusive answer. Mrs. Fiske, as the perturbed wife, conducts a cross-examination of many competent and incompetent witnesses on this subject. She pumps her husband, her mother, her best friend, the Japanese butler, the Italian maid, and the trained nurse. The points of view thus disclosed are always amusing and sometimes instructive; but they fail to solve this particular wife's particular problem. So she becomes more and more vexed, hysterical and anti-monogamous, until she stumbles over the answer by accident.

Wilmer and Agnes Bromley, a nearly middle-aged couple of average position in New York society, are getting on one another's nerves. The wife is high-strung; the husband is hypochondriacal. They love one another—verbally; and they have



MRS. FISKE IN LANGDON MITCHELL'S PLAY, "THE NEW MARRIAGE"

children, in boarding school. The man is labelled "a scientific pachyderm browsing among hypotheses"; and, to distribute the blame fairly, despite the playwright's chivalry toward the stellar rôle, the woman is as annoying, whether in moods of caresses or complaints, as a highly intelligent gadfly. Wilmer is better fortified against the "dull, unceasing monogamy of daily existence"—one of Mr. Mitchell's best phrases—than Agnes. He has his work and his club, and a pretty trained nurse at home to coddle him. Agnes has merely the irritating round of social duties, so in their evenings together her husband's domestic apathy stirs her into alternate fits of kissing and nagging, neither of which are to his satisfaction. Their existence is complicated by a couple of "professional flirts"—Mr. and Mrs. Byethorne, the husband an amiable young philosopher who wants to console Mrs. Bromley, the wife a fascinating siren who is trying to entangle Mr. Bromley. The latter is beginning to yield to the fair

Leona Byethorne's apparently platonic seductions, though his polygamous admiration also includes Miss Gunn, the trained nurse, and Agnes Bromley is well justified in her sarcasm, "There's a great deal of propinquity going on around here." So she resists the *débonair* Horace Byethorne's wooing with less and less resentment. "There's always another man in the case," she observes. "After a quarrel he always appears, like little toads after a rain."

This unrest in the Bromley household has a counterpart in the kitchen. The family servants, an ill-mannered pack, are involved in a triangular skirmish; the French chef has become embroiled with his Italian mate over the trespassing of the Japanese butler. Their quarrels are permitted to invade the drawing room, and thus add another taint of farce to Mr. Mitchell's high-comedy purpose.

At the end of the second act the affair between the Bromleys and the Byethornes reaches an amusing dilemma. After dinner, Wilmer and Agnes, failing to agree whether they shall have the incandescent lights or the parlor-lamp, sit glumly in the dark. They are joined by the voluptuous Leona, who borrows Mrs. Bromley's shawl because there is a draught, and then the wanton Horace, entering, finds the darkness apt for his purpose. He slips up behind the shoulders which are draped with Mrs. Bromley's shawl and presses an ardent kiss upon the lips which he believes are Mr. Bromley's private preserves, but which are really his own. The fair Leona yields to the caress, because of its amorous, not its husbandly quality, and coos dulcantly: "Oh, Wilmer!" Then jealousy ceases to lurk behind the social conventions, and stalks out into the open from all four corners of the situation.

Then Mrs. Bromley elopes with

(Continued on page xi)

The Player's Christmas Dream

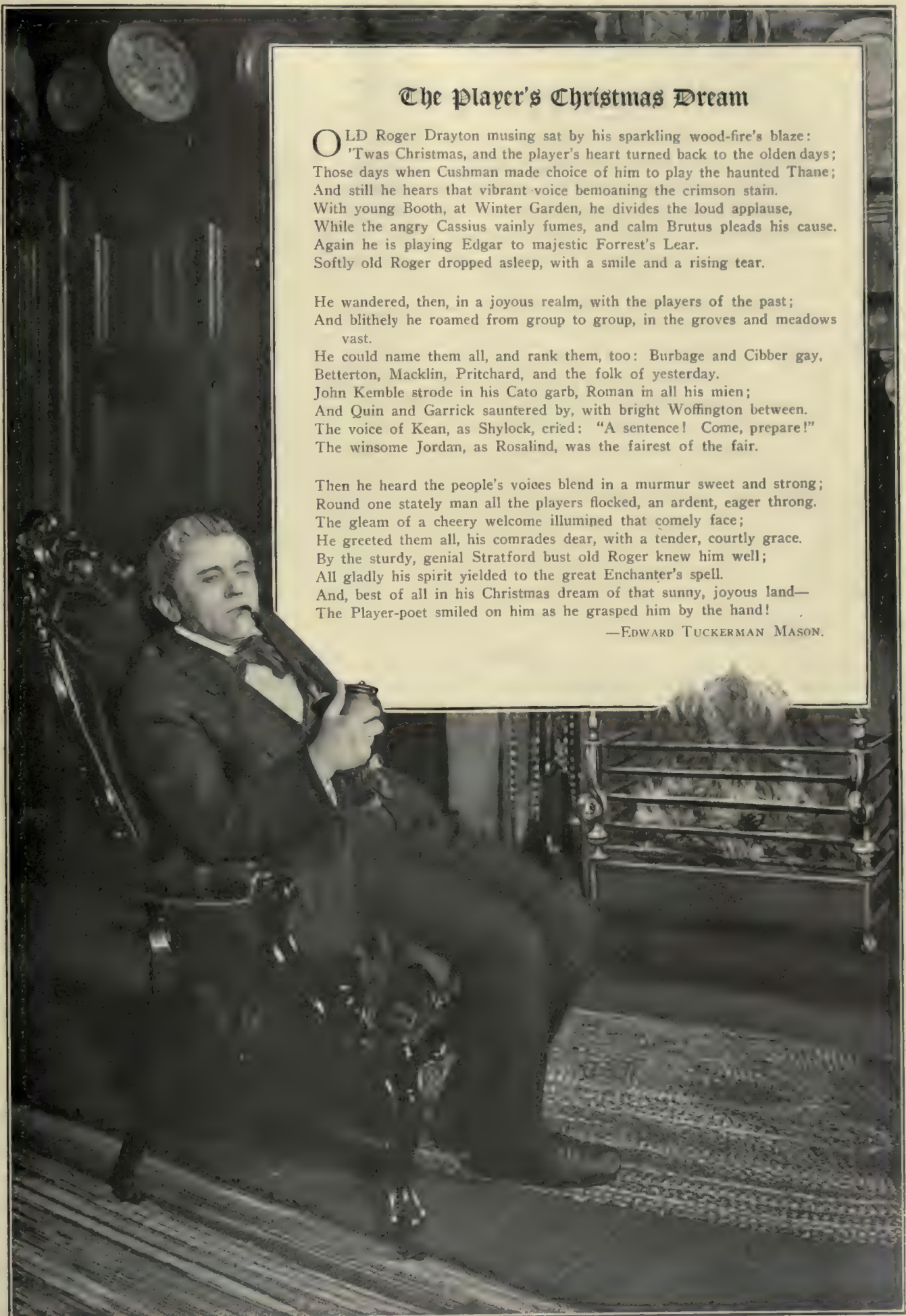
OLD Roger Drayton musing sat by his sparkling wood-fire's blaze:
'Twas Christmas, and the player's heart turned back to the olden days;
Those days when Cushman made choice of him to play the haunted Thane;
And still he hears that vibrant voice bemoaning the crimson stain.
With young Booth, at Winter Garden, he divides the loud applause,
While the angry Cassius vainly fumes, and calm Brutus pleads his cause.
Again he is playing Edgar to majestic Forrest's Lear.
Softly old Roger dropped asleep, with a smile and a rising tear.

He wandered, then, in a joyous realm, with the players of the past;
And blithely he roamed from group to group, in the groves and meadows vast.

He could name them all, and rank them, too: Burbage and Cibber gay,
Betterton, Macklin, Pritchard, and the folk of yesterday.
John Kemble strode in his Cato garb, Roman in all his mien;
And Quin and Garrick sauntered by, with bright Woffington between.
The voice of Kean, as Shylock, cried: "A sentence! Come, prepare!"
The winsome Jordan, as Rosalind, was the fairest of the fair.

Then he heard the people's voices blend in a murmur sweet and strong;
Round one stately man all the players flocked, an ardent, eager throng.
The gleam of a cheery welcome illumined that comely face;
He greeted them all, his comrades dear, with a tender, courtly grace.
By the sturdy, genial Stratford bust old Roger knew him well;
All gladly his spirit yielded to the great Enchanter's spell.
And, best of all in his Christmas dream of that sunny, joyous land—
The Player-poet smiled on him as he grasped him by the hand!

—EDWARD TUCKERMAN MASON.



Byron, N. Y.

DAVID WARFIELD IN DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PLAY, "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"

Mary Anderson--Yesterday and To-day

MARY ANDERSON, in the years that intervened between 1875 and 1889, was the loveliest of Parthenias, the most terrible of Meg Merriles, the most exquisite Perdita and Hermione, the most beautiful and statuesque Galatea of her time. Stored away in heads not yet white with the snows of age are memories of her Juliet, her Rosalind, her Lady Macbeth, her Bianca in "Fazio," her Julia in "The Hunchback," her Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," her Evadne, her Clarice in "Tragedy and Comedy." These recall also her Ion in the tragedy of that name, her Duchess of Torrenueva in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and her one appearance in "Othello" as Desdemona.

Emerging from Louisville, the step-daughter of a physician, Dr. Griffin, of the southwestern city, she made her debut as Juliet. Following the advice of one of her stage sponsors, Charlotte Cushman,—John B. McCullough was the other,—she never played any but leading parts. This audacity, unparalleled in their memories, stirred fellow actors and critics to severe examination of her performances. But the fault they found with the crudeness of her art was overbalanced by their admiration of her goddess-like beauty. She came East, bringing her youth and beauty and devout earnestness, and won recognition as a figure unique on the American stage. She visited the Pacific Coast, and with their quicker impulses and warmer praise the Pacific Coasters acclaimed the young actress, "Our Mary."

She paid a professional visit to England and, appearing first in "Ingomar," won the slow-pulsed British capital by her Parthenia. And when she had not quite rounded out her fourteenth year on the stage, when she was twenty-nine, and in the first blush of her fullest bloom, she amazed the theatre-going public by bidding it farewell. The last part she played was Hermione in "The Winter's Tale." That was in Washington in the spring of 1889. Her explanation was simple, though not at first comprehensible to her hundred thousand admirers, so near to and yet so far from the actress, her public. She had gone on the stage when she was sixteen and stage-struck. She was leaving it now at twenty-nine, weary of its hardships and clear-eyed as to its illusions. She had no plans for the future. She wanted rest and a quiet life. She did not know where she would find it, but God would help her. To those who knew how profoundly devout was this young woman's faith in Divinity, it was clear that this was a sufficient plan for Mary Anderson.

Thus passed from the American stage the most classically beautiful woman who ever trod its boards. Like-

wise was she the most phenomenally successful. Undesignedly, yet with the effect of a studied exit, she withdrew behind the falling curtain of her career. She retired in the freshness of her young womanhood, in the splendor of her imperial beauty, and while the bloom lay, delicately intact, upon her art. So much for Mary Anderson's yesterdays.

Late last month she returned to her native land, and gave us a glimpse of her to-day. She came as Robert Hichens' collaborator in his dramatization of his novel of the Sahara, "The Garden of Allah." She came, not as Mary Anderson, but as Mrs. Antonio de Navarro. A year after her retirement from the stage she had married a man of scholarly tastes, of comfortable fortune, and of the same faith as herself. He is one of the Cameira of Pope Pius, and in that capacity spends part of every year in Rome. The rest of the year they spend at their home in the village of Broadway in Worcestershire, England. The former Mary Anderson's Broadway is as far from London as is our highway of amusements, cutting New York diagonally in twain, from Philadelphia. Thus "Our Mary" explained the fact that she lived remote from interest in the stage. She seldom goes to a playhouse. For twenty-two years she has never walked upon a stage except when she read and sang twice for local charities in which she was deeply interested. The life of the country gentry in England has few points of contact with



Sarony

MARY ANDERSON AS PARTHENIA

the stage, and for this reason is the more to the taste of the woman who prefers twilight to the turning on of the footlights, country silences to the chords of orchestral music, the stars in the wide spaces of a country sky to the flash of her own name in electric lights above a playhouse, the tender voices of her household at the late dinner to the "Fifteen minutes" cry of the call-boy.

Mrs. Antonio Navarro is an object lesson to the restless, seeking, striving mortals, who believe that there is no happiness below the heavenly plane. She will remain always in the present writer's memory a vivid figure of a wholly and permanently happy woman. At fifty-two she looks scarcely thirty-five.

The Mary Anderson of her brilliant yesterdays, the elder playgoers tell us, was a very tall, very shy, very regal and somewhat sad young person. The Mary Anderson of to-day is still a type. No one even remotely resembles her. She is still very tall, but her regality has given way to graciousness. Her sadness has been succeeded by a warm, rich content, with flashes of girlish merriment. The shyness, in a measure, remains. Seeing her alone, there is a



MARY ANDERSON-NAVARRO AS SHE IS TO-DAY
From a photograph taken by Sarony during her recent visit to New York

hearth side cheer in her atmosphere. She talks as naturally and freely as a brook flows, or as that same hearth fire crackles. But when she is under a fire of collective observation, the shyness returns and envelops her. The radiant woman of a moment before vanishes. Constraint extinguishes half the light of her personality.

The contrast was strikingly evident in a situation which I unwillingly shared. In the library of the Century Theatre we were talking of her Broadway and ours, of Mary Anderson, and the Mrs. Navarro who had succeeded her, of her husband, who she said was the real source of her happiness, for he was her mother, brother, comrade, lover, counselor; all that a woman can want from all humanity. We were talking of her children, and she was saying that she thought their boy, José, who was at college at Glastonbury, would become a diplomat, and that Marie Elena, she hoped, would be a happy woman in a home, when the door was flung open and there appeared a press agent heading a procession of seven newspaper folk, a woman and six men.

Mrs. Navarro went forward to greet them, and sat at the head of a long table while the newspaper representatives grouped about it. Courteously but persistently they fired volley after volley of questions at her. She answered the questions with swift intelligence, and with a smile. She parried gently the queries she did not wish to answer. Studying her from a dim end of the long, stately room, I saw that her features were tense, that she sat almost awkwardly, in a sidewise posture, leaning far back in her chair, then by an effort bringing herself back to soldierlike attention. She was in an agony of self-consciousness, a woman transformed from the chatty, handsome woman of five minutes before to a person in torment. At last she rose, and with a pleasant smile, said: "And now will you excuse me? I have an appointment."

She turned wide, startled eyes upon me as the small army retreated.

"You are the appointment. I didn't know they were

coming. I was amazed," she said, "but I hope, though, I didn't show it," she added, with her quick, kindly sensitiveness and sympathy for the sensibilities of others.

"I don't think they knew," I answered. I don't think they did, for they were meeting her for the first time. They had had no vision of my comfortable companion of the interrupted chat. They thought her a gently reserved woman of exceeding dignity. The truth is, that the rattle of the musketry of publicity appals her. Alone, she is delightfully intimate. Under the gaze of a squad of reporters she flinches as a doomed soldier before his death volley.

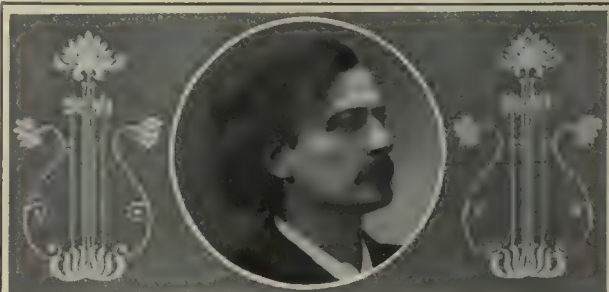
This incident is the best illustration of the line of cleavage between Mary Anderson's yesterdays and to-days. She shrank from being on parade, and because of that shrinking, and her longing for the calm joys of the quiet life, she left the service.

"It was awful," she confessed to me, "to be looked at by a lot of people, picked to pieces by many of them. That thought obsessed me. It drove me from the stage. When, an ignorant young girl, I went upon the stage, I thought only of the joy of living in the atmosphere of, and embodying, the great characters created by great minds. But I found that was only a part, the beautiful part, of stage life. The other was the inescapable publicity. I felt that my life and person were being inspected, torn to pieces by strangers. At

last I could not bear it. I left that life, and never for an instant have I been sorry. I have known what I did not know on the stage—happiness."

In 1904 Mr. James W. Morrissey, the well known manager, travelled all the way to Worcestershire to try to induce Mary Anderson to return to the stage. He took with him an invitation signed by many distinguished people. She was offered \$100,000 and a sharing of the receipts, but the ambassador was unsuccessful. "Our Mary" was not to be shaken in her determination not again to enter into the rush and excitement of public life.

ADA PATTERSON.



Interpretation

Paderevski plays!

Sweet, clear, the echoes of a fairy horn
In silver tinkles on the air are borne,
Fantastic sprites dance nimbly on the green.
Light voices cry, "Hail! Hail! Titania, Queen!"
The lady-moon, full-orbed, smiles from above,
Midsummer reigns—the Carnival of Love!

Paderevski plays!

Storm in the sky, low rumblings from afar,
Forked tongues of flame—the elements at war,—
The impetuous fall of mighty floods. Crash! Roar!
The beat of trampling surf upon the shore;
A heaving sea, ships stripped and tempest-tossed;
The boom of guns—a drowning cry, "Lost! Lost!"

Paderevski plays!

Hark! clang of arms, the clash of steel on steel;
The knights in tourney meet for woe or weal.
Look! In the lists Sir Lancelot! Sir Gawaine!
The days of old romance are come again.
The lover wears his lady's colors. See
The fluttering ribands! Hear the minstrelsy!

Paderevski plays!

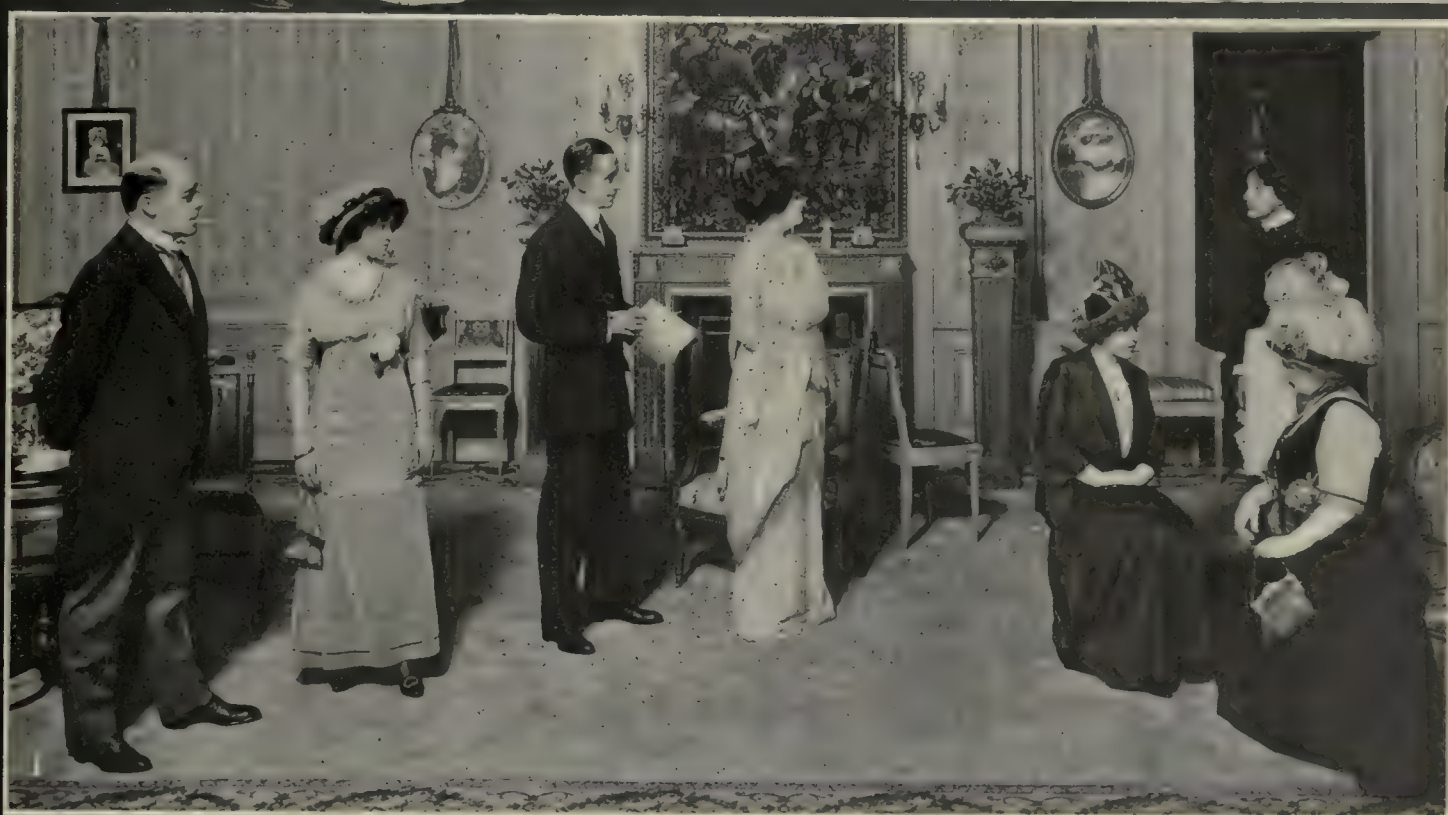
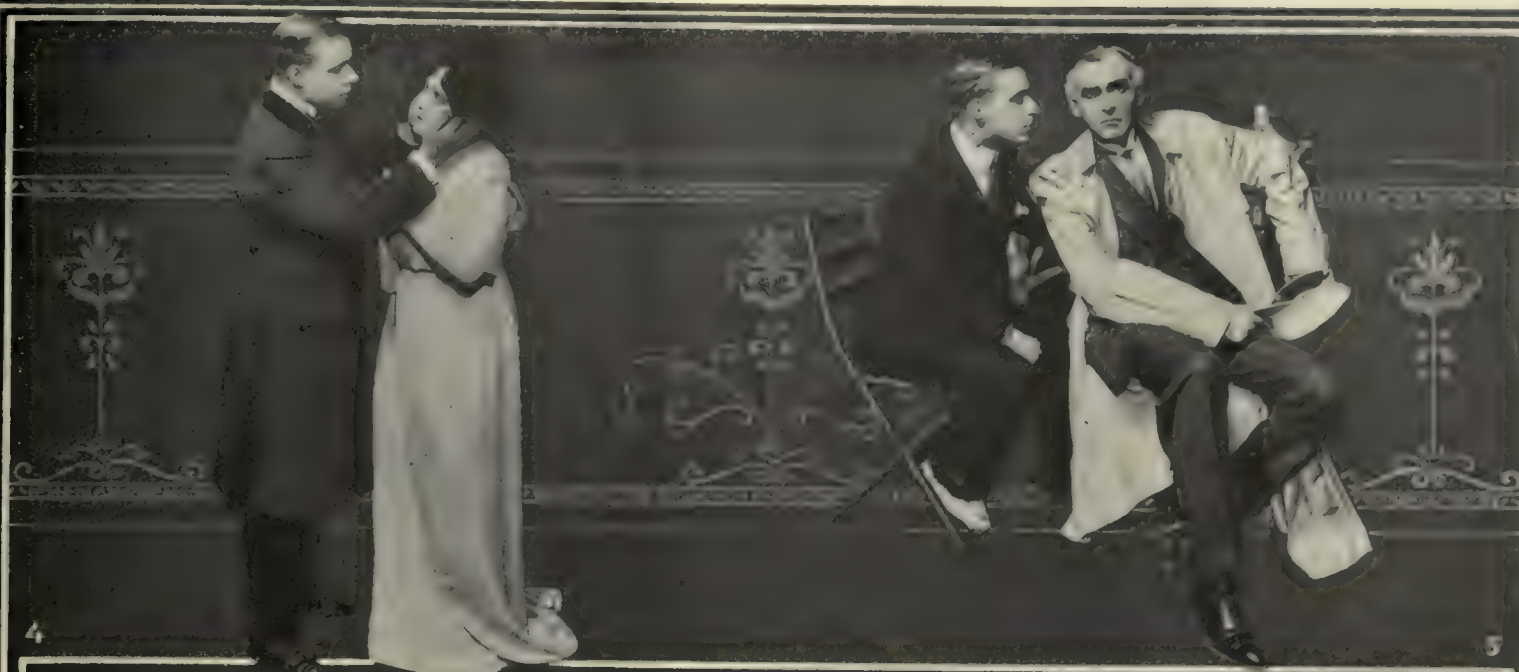
A solemn, slow-recurring bell. Toll! Toll!
Midnight and mystery! *Passes a soul!*
A grief uncomfirmed—tears, bitter tears!
The weary drag of melancholy years.
Mould! Damp! A sunken grave! A crumbling stone!
Despair and doubt! *Is life forever flown?*

Paderevski plays!

A hidden lark pours his ecstatic song!
Forgot, forgot earth's sorrow, shame and wrong.
God seems to split His heavens in two! in two!
And rare and radiant angels, not a few,
Pour on the spirit peace ineffable.
Heaven is no idle dream! *All's well! All's well!*

Paderevski plays!

SUSIE M. BEST.



Photos White

1. Mrs. Brainerd's "At Home." 2. Mr. Brainerd accuses his wife of infidelity. 3. Mrs. Brainerd admits her guilt. 4. Abandoned by her husband, Mrs. Brainerd finds her one steadfast friend in her only son. 5. Mr. Brainerd listens to his only son's arguments in defense of his mother

SCENES IN WINCHELL SMITH'S NEW PLAY "THE ONLY SON" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE



White

PAVLOVA AND MORDKIN IN THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S TWO-ACT BALLET, "GISELLE"

Gala Season of the Russian Dancers

THE sylph-like Pavlova, and Mordkin, the Muscovite Apollo, first brought out of Russia the sacred fire of ocular opera and glorified terpsichorean art that is now sweeping like a conflagration over the Western world. In New York, as in London, the ballet stars, with well-nigh unpronounceable names, vie with famous tenors in selling out the houses at a premium weeks in advance.

This extraordinary artistic conquest has been achieved within the short space of three seasons, yet long since it passed the bounds of a mere fad. The Russians have demonstrated that they have a new art to show us, and it is a kind of art that fits in wonderfully well with the æsthetic tastes and the luxury-loving disposition of our time.

Last year's tour of the Russians broke some records, financial and critical. Yet it was comparatively a mere curtain-raiser to what is now coming—in fact, is already here. Impresario Max Rabinoff, musical-choreographic czar of all the Russias, assures us that America has not yet seen

real Russian dancing, such as makes balletomaniacs and dance "fans" out of the subscribers of Moscow's and St. Petersburg's opera houses.

Convinced that the "ocular opera"—not only as an adjunct to the other kind, but as an independent popular attraction in itself—has come to stay, this management, by the gracious dispensation of the Russian Government (mollified by the paying of some big fines for broken contracts on behalf of artists under Imperial engagement), and by special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, has launched the American tour of the "All-Star Imperial Russian Ballet, accompanied by a full symphony orchestra under the direction of a well-known operatic conductor, Vittorio Podesti. Between now and next Easter it is expected that this tour will take the Russian luminaries to the principal centres of the Western Continent, from Canada to Central America, with a reasonably long season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York sandwiched in the middle.



LYDIA LOPOUKOWA AND ALEX VOLININE



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Mlle. GELTZER, THE SENSATION OF THE CORONATION SEASON IN LONDON

The personnel of this astounding aggregation includes, besides the already established favorites, such as Mordkin, Pavlowa and Lopoukova, a group of world-famed stars, including Tamara Karsavina, Katrina Geltzer, Carlotta Zambelli, Julia Siedlowa, and Vera Koralli. In addition to these "*assolutes*" and *premières*, the supporting company is made up of a score or more couples of "character dancers," and a round-up of accomplished *coryphées*, whose names if set down here would be only a dreary waste of consonants, like the Russian steppes, but whose dancing is warranted to make the "tired business man" sit up in his \$6 orchestra stall and take appreciative notice.

Are Russia's opera houses, then, depopulated in the meantime? Not quite. It is indeed going to be a hard winter for ballet in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but the great stars are out getting roubles and advertising that will benefit the home stockholders in the long run; and in the meantime opportunity will be afforded for trying out the understudies and young Conservatory graduates. The wandering stars will not



MIKAIL MORDKIN AND VERA KORALLI

be all wandering simultaneously—they will oscillate between the continents, as it were, dividing their time between Europe and America, so that the ballet season at home may not be altogether famine-stricken. While it is not to be expected that all the stars named will be seen together at any one time on any stage, yet it is certain that New York, and all the cities visited on this side of the Atlantic, will be dazzled by a larger galaxy of them, and in more elaborate costumes and scenic setting than the European capitals are accustomed to.

Of the new stars, possibly the most widely celebrated is Tamara Karsavina, a wonderful dancer and a woman of great personal beauty. Holding supreme rank in the Imperial Ballet as *première danseuse assoluta*, she is said to wield tremendous political influence at the Russian Court. She will be seen here in all the dances in which she made a sensation in Paris and London.

Another famous dancer who will be seen here for the first time is Mlle. Geltzer, whose name indicates



White

MORDKIN AND PAVLOWA IN ACT TWO OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S BALLET "GISELLE"



Bert, Paris

MLLE. TAMARA KARSAVINA, PREMIERE DANSEUSE ASSOLUTA



Photos Mishkin Stanislaw Kun



Sergei Moroseff



Stepania Paskovieskaia

German descent. She is Russian born and bred, and a graduate of the Imperial Mariensky Institute in St. Petersburg, where the members of the Czar's ballet receive their education. She is a sumptuous beauty with warm bronze tresses, and was the sensation of the season at Coronation time last summer in London, where in the "Dance Dream" ballet at the Alhambra she flashed into fame in a single night. She has often appeared with Mordkin in Moscow.

Carlotta Zambelli, well known as *première danseuse étoile* at the Paris Opera House, is Russian only by adoption, having been frequently "commanded" to the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera House as "guest artist," and as a consequence having absorbed much of the Russian tradition with which to supplement her own classical Italian art.

Miles. Siedlowa and Koralli have never heretofore appeared before English-speaking audiences, but both hold the rank of *prima ballerina assoluta*. Siedlowa replaced Pavlowa at the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera during the latter's recent absences. She is a specialist in solo character dances, such as the mazurka and the classic Russian and Circassian dances. She also created the stellar rôles in a number of recent grand ballets, already known throughout Europe, including the Tschaïkowski-Mordkin "Lac de Cygnes," "La Belle au Bois Dormant,"

"Le Corsaire," and also "La Forêt Enchantée."

Another rising star, whose grace and skill New Yorkers have already applauded, is Lydia Lopoukova, who at nineteen is recognized as an artist of the first rank. She was an infant prodigy at nine, and was graduated from the Mariensky in 1908, so that already she has a long start, and has danced not only in her native Russia, but also in Paris, London, Berlin and Brussels.

The principal male dancer, after the incomparable Mordkin, is Alexander Volinine, the choreographic director of the present organization. Like Mordkin, he is a P. D. C'que (*Premier Danseur Classique*) of the Russian Imperial organization, and enjoys a continental European reputation. He has the light, athletic build and mobile features of the typical hero of musical pantomime.

That is what the art of the Russian ballet is—musical pantomime, or mimodrame, latterly called ocular opera, which is opera in all its essentials, minus the words and singing. The repertoire of the splendidly equipped company is made up of two grand divisions—the divertissements, or separate and fragmentary short pieces, and the ballets proper, or full-length pieces calling for a full cast, supernumeraries and orchestra, in one or more complete acts.

Among the divertissements, timely prominence is naturally given to works of the class of



HELINA SCHMOLZ
(Character dancer)



LYDIA LOPOUKOWA
(*Première danseuse*)



White

MLLE. PAVLOVA AND MIKAIL MORDKIN IN "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, and the more recent compositions of eminent Russian, Polish and French composers.

The grand *ballets d'action* comprise (in addition to such favorites of last season as Delibes' "Coppelia" from the "Tales of Hoffman," Theophile Gautier's two-act poem, "Giselle," and the composite "Legend of Azyiade" from the "Arabian Nights") at least four novelties of first-class importance, both musically and dramatically. There is the Tschaïkowski "Lake of Swans" in four acts, rearranged for present purposes by the masterful Mordkin. Then comes "The Russian Wedding," a gorgeously picturesque costume piece, full of national and racial significance, with characteristic music by Rimski-Korsakow, Rubinstein, Glazounow, and Glinka. Finally, we are to have Glazounow's descriptive musical poem, "The Seasons," from which was extracted the *entrainante* "Bacchanale," which Mordkin and Pavlowa gave so brilliantly last season.

In all these productions, the interest is threefold—musical, dramatic, terpsichorean. Those who have seen the Russian artists know—and none else can possibly imagine—what a range and variety of technique is required for the vivid presentation of this "ocular opera" through terpsichorean pantomime alone. Not a line is spoken, not a word sung; only the graceful, eloquent and appealing movements and poses of the "dancers"—who in reality are skilled, intellectual actors and prodigious physical athletes as well—unfolds and illuminates the theme or story-plot. Yet it is clear as sunshine to all the world, for this is the universal language, the poetry of motion, the rhythmic action of the human form divine.

This art has come to be called Russian, because it has been fostered with peculiar zeal and concentration, and with a success in some ways unique, by the Czar's government in its most paternal spirit

The Imperial ballet nursery recruits its fledglings

at from eight to ten years of age. The course of instruction is a long and rigid one, developing a physique of steel and a technique unapproached by any other dancers in the world. And this bodily perfection is developed harmoniously with a certain æsthetic culture and poetic feeling that is a part of the natural faculty of the chosen Russian ballet star. This standard is jealously guarded throughout the artist's career, which in Russia lasts officially only to the age of thirty-two years.

The enormous toil and fatigue involved in the daily régime of a Pavlowa, a Geltzer, or a Seidlowa, for example, when at home in Moscow, is inconceivable, unless watched in detail at close view.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the ballerina knocks at the door of the great ballet master, Enrico Tsecchetti,

for a two-hours' lesson, in which not a minute of time is wasted. This lesson is taken in ballet costume—the short skirt of gauze, and slippers which have to be sewn on the feet each time. After this lesson, practically the same ground has to be gone over at ensemble rehearsal in the theatre, with scarcely pause for a cup of tea and a sandwich in the interval. Tired almost to death, the dancer returns home for a brief rest, and then is ravenous for dinner, at which "everything goes"—caviare, herring, cabbage soup, and black bread, and maybe a wood-hen and a glass of champagne, if somebody is kind enough to extend invitation for a restaurant feast.



Berger, Paris

Mlle. CARLOTTA ZAMBELLI
(Première danseuse étoile)



Mlle. JULIA SIEDLOWA, SPECIALIST IN SOLO CHARACTER DANCES

On the day of a big performance, the ballerina is probably peevish and excitable, taking only a cup of broth at 5 o'clock, and perhaps a little something solid just before going to the theatre. There it is necessary to do a course of limbering-up exercises before going on the stage. During the performance the only refreshment taken is a sip of cold water, maybe with a little mint in it. After all is over, the bath and midnight supper at home are almost heavenly. Sleep is blissful, too, but the star is up bright and early next morning with all the newspapers, devouring her notices. If they don't "roast" her, she is contented and thoughtful. If they positively praise, she is blithe as a bird,

and sees the future through a rainbow mist of triumph.

The ballet dancer's most interesting time is when she is getting up a new rôle. Sometimes she studies it for six months or more, reading the libretto (for the ballet pantomimes are all written out as elaborately as the operas that are sung) attentively over and over, listening to and absorbing the music, taking advice from the masters, and trying out the same scene in a dozen different ways. This is about the only literary culture the terpsichorean artists get, unless they read up in vacation time. As the old proverb says, "Whoever has to work with the feet must forget that he has a head."

HENRY TYRRELL.



White After an exciting and highly amusing chase all over town after a lost lottery ticket worth a million, the missing document is at last found in this saloon
SCENE IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE MILLION" AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

THE first novelty of the operatic season at the Metropolitan Opera House

The Composer of "Lobetanz"

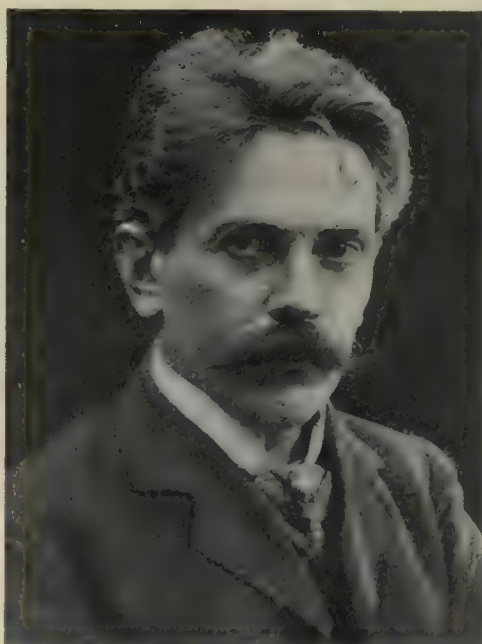
of Wagner, Brahms and Liszt.

But the greatest influence exerted upon him was the friendship

of Alexander Ritter, a broad-minded musician, who also wielded influence over Richard Strauss, who was also a fellow student of Thuille. Ritter, an older man, and a member of the Meiningen Orchestra, then conducted by Hans von Bülow, guided young Thuille's musical tastes and aided him in his development.

A year later, in 1883, Thuille accepted a position as professor at the Munich School of Music, and when professional duties brought Ritter to Munich the former friendship was deepened. Ritter guided Thuille's attention to the field of opera, and even composed the libretto for Thuille's first opera, "Theuerdank," which was produced at Munich in 1897. The music proved to be better than the libretto.

Ludwig Thuille is a German, born at Bozen November 30, 1861. He has behind him no long lineage of musicians, for his father was a merchant dealing in lumber, but found time in his leisure to practice music as an amateur. Ludwig was a prodigy in music, but unlike so many others that gave early promise, he amounted to something in later life. His first musical instruction came from his father, but when the latter died the lad was sent from home to a place in Upper Austria, called Kremsmünster, where he became chorister at a Benedictine Abbey. Here his education was continued, and when he was fifteen the boy returned to his native village and pursued his studies. By this time his talent for music entitled him to serious consideration, but his poverty precluded an expensive musical training. There came to his rescue the widow of one Naziller, late principal of the Innsbruck School of Music. She paid for his tuition, sending him to Munich, where he was enrolled at the School of Music, remaining at that institution two years. Here he came under the influence of the music



LUDWIG THUILLE
Composer of "Lobetanz," recently produced at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in America

In 1898 came "Lobetanz," poem by Otto Julius Bierbaum, first sung at Mannheim, but composed two years earlier than the date of its première. In 1901 a third Thuille opera saw the light of the opera stage, when "Gugeline," libretto also by Bierbaum, was brought out at Bremen. In addition he wrote vocal and instrumental compositions. He died in Munich February 5, 1907.

As a musician Thuille was admired for his refinement and cultivation; as a man he was beloved as a friend and respected as a teacher.



Sarony

ADELE ROWLAND AS ANTSCHI IN "THE KISS WALTZ" AT THE CASINO

AS I sat on the newly painted bench in City Hall Park and watched another lounge break a penny pretzel into small bits, which he scattered among a flock of eager, twittering sparrows, it struck me with a keen pang how much more fortunate than I were these wee, feathered chirpers, now reaping a meed of kindness, such as I would have been thankful for, indeed. I had just arrived from the West. My clothes still bore the tell-tale marks of my eventful journey—and these marks were not the imprints made by velvety Pullman cushions. In truth, the freight car which had hauled me to the city of my dreams had been filled with a consignment of potatoes packed in the coarsest of coarse bagging; on this knobby surface I had made my bed during the three horrible days of darkness, choking potato dust and bruising bumps. Lucky it was that I had provided myself with a loaf of bread and a bottle of water, else I should have arrived in New York all dead instead of half alive.

Well, anyway, here I was! I bathed myself in the bright April sunlight, drew deep breaths of the fresh, crisp air, and tried to imagine that some of those tall buildings before me, rearing up into the sky like huge exclamation points, belonged to famished, shivering me. What if my clothes *were* threadbare? What if bitterness of heart and hunger of stomach *were* fighting a futile battle against the indomitable armor of my spirit? I was here! here! *here!* In New York! ! Ever since I had reached man's estate, my fondest hopes had centered in this fabled and storied metropolis of the East, and I longed for the day when I might be enabled to tread its gilded pavements.

The man beside me had stopped feeding the sparrows. The birds, seeing that no more food was forthcoming, gave a chorus of peeps and flutters, and flew off. For some time I amused myself in viewing the pretty girls and prosperous men who streamed past. One of the latter threw away a folded newspaper. It struck me on the foot, and I picked it up. With almost feverish haste I opened the sheet and scanned the advertisements on the last page. "Isn't it exasperating?" I muttered, "only men with trades are wanted." In fact, column after column were filled with demands for artisans, bookkeepers, coachmen, designers, engineers, foremen, gilders—and so on down the alphabet. All the positions called for men skilled in special lines. Having never done anything other than farming, I should have cut a droll figure had I applied for something I knew nothing about.

I was about to close the newspaper in disgust, when my eye accidentally alighted on an "ad." It read: "Men wanted for the stage. No experience necessary. Apply before 11 A. M. to-day. Syrian Hall, 116 West —th Street." Hope, my only companion, urged me to an immediate decision. I would make an application. Arising to my feet, I shook myself as if I would throw off the weakness that made my legs tremble so, and started out to find the address given. An hour's walk brought me to the place.

Syrian Hall turned out to be a two-storied building of red brick, with a beetling, cavernous entrance. Noisy trains thundered past on elevated tracks before the

Irving and I

door; a variety of disagreeable smells from nearby Greek and Italian restaurants greeted the nostrils; men shabby as myself, though evidently better fed, stood about the door, eyeing newcomers with a curiosity as idle as they were.

Groping my way through the dark hallway, I ran full tilt into a man who was coming down a flight of stairs at my left. "Pardon me," I exclaimed, "can you tell me where —?"

"Right up at the head of these steps," returned the stranger, testily; and he hurried away before I could open my mouth to thank him.

Stumbling blindly forward I succeeded, with no little difficulty, in ascending a very rickety flight of stairs. I found the landing above crowded with a throng of men. All were eagerly pressing toward a doorway at the side of the hall where, in a sort of assembly room, a small, stout, red-faced man was gesticulating wildly, and shouting at the top of a wheezy voice: "Take it easy, gentlemen. There's lots of time coming. Please don't shove. Everybody has a chance!"

Before I knew where I was, I felt myself seized by a flank movement of some of the crowd, and pressed to the very front row of the struggling assemblage. The red-faced man put his two pudgy hands on my chest, and tried, with all the force at his command, to stop the influx of humanity, but to no avail. A flood of strange, English invective burst from his parted lips, as he was pushed, struggling with all his might, to the centre of the room, by the pressure of the applicants. For a moment he seemed to be at his wits' end. Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and whisked me behind him. Four or five others in the van of the press were likewise jerked unexpectedly out of the mass and literally thrown into the waiting positions.

The red-faced man beamed on the unlucky ones in front of him.

"Gentlemen," he bawled, getting redder with each word, "I've got all the men that I want. The rest of you will please file out with as little noise as possible."

A rumble of departing footsteps, some cat-calls, an imprecation or two from one of the disappointed, and the little red-faced man and the six of us were left alone in the empty hall.

Our employer carefully closed the door; then returned and faced us.

"Now listen," he began; "you are, all of you, engaged to take part in Sir Henry Irving's play, 'Robespierre,' which goes on to-night at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The job is only for this night, y'know, but if you suit, you're likely to be engaged for some of the other plays in Sir Henry's repertoire. Your pay will be fifty cents a performance." His small blue eyes swept me from head to foot. "You're certainly seedy, my lad; but I daresay you'll look different when you're dressed in the stage clothes of the French Terror period. Anyway, that peaked appearance of yours fits well with the idea of the condition of the lower class of French people at the time of the Revolution." He chuckled at his witticism. "What's your name?"

"David Garvice, sir," said I.

"Well, Dave, and the rest of you boys, follow me



Sarony

OLIVE WYNDHAM NOW APPEARING IN "THE ONLY SON" AT THE GAIETY

on the stage now while I put you through some of your paces."

Putting us through our paces proved to be a task of three hours' duration. The little red-faced man (his name is still unknown to me to this very day) showed himself to be a veritable engine in a brown suit. He drilled and re-drilled us, sometimes cajoling, sometimes praising, often cursing us, until we had attained perfection. His ruddy features reeked with perspiration, yet he bobbed around us with all the resilient activity of an India-rubber ball. As for myself, I felt as limp as a wet rag, and had difficulty in keeping my legs. The other young men seemed to enjoy the work.

The red-faced man now dismissed us, counseling us not to fail to be on hand at the theatre at 7 P. M. sharp. My companions went their different ways. I, having nowhere to go, decided to walk about the section of the city in which the theatre was situated, until the appointed time. In spite of my hunger and physical distress, in spite of the desperate position I was in—homeless and penniless in a place where I knew not a soul—I nevertheless felt a fierce joy and elation at the thought of the delightful prospect before me this evening. To see and hear, at close range, the greatest actor in the English-speaking world! Even in our small country home town we had often heard of the great English actor, Sir Henry Irving; and once when I had read, in a stray illustrated weekly, of one of his triumphs, I had wondered if I would be enabled to see him in the Great City when I eventually arrived there—some day. And now here I was—on Broadway, in a big metropolitan theatre! And I was to see Irving play, I was going to assist in one of his successes.

As this thought flashed across my mind, a warm glow of happiness suffused me from head to heels. I walked, or rather flew, along on wings of pure, undiluted joy. Empty stomach and leaden weariness were for the moment forgotten. Indeed, so possessed was I by the idea of my good fortune, that I strode over the next crossing without a look right or left, and narrowly escaped being run over by a speeding automobile. Only a hair's-breadth separated me from the grinding, snorting machine, as it shot past.

Promptly at the time mentioned by the red-faced man, I greeted him at the stage-door of the Knickerbocker Theatre. He directed me along a passageway, down three or four steps, then through another hall to an open door, whence issued a babel of excited voices.

It was a wide, low-ceilinged room that I entered. Before me, and at the sides of the place, were three long tables, filled with all manner of vari-colored wearing apparel. Here and there, hurrying about the apartment, were a score of young men of my own age. All were in various stages of dressing in the flaring, gay-colored French costumes heaped upon the tables. Some

of the men were fastening on wigs of gray over pates covered with shocks of brown hair; some had grease paint which they were smearing on their cheeks; eyebrows were being penciled, lips carmined, faces tinted. Everything in the room was bustle and animation, and presented what to me was an astonishingly novel scene.

A shirt-sleeved man, with a pendulous lower lip and a wicked eye, was blustering about directing operations. When his glance fell on me, he grasped my arm with a suddenness that caused my opened mouth to close with a snap.

"Say, super!" he bellowed, making a pass for my coat-collar; "get a hustle on, will yer? Whatjer standing there for? Here, get into these!"

As he spoke he threw me a bundle of clothing, a three-cornered hat glinting with gold lace, and a sword in a fancy chased sheath.

Almost before I knew it I was arrayed in full attire of the French Revolution of 1789—blue knickerbockers, coat of the same shade faced in white at the lapels, gilt buttons, striped vest, white stockings, and low shoes with brass buckles. Under the testy supervision of the man with the pendulous lip, I buckled the sword at my side, tinted my face and hands to a rich brown shade by rubbing them with thin colored papers, and pulled a hay-hued wig over my burning ears. Then

I pencilled my eyes. This done, I carefully placed the three-cornered hat on my head; then hurried to a huge mirror at the side of the room. As I surveyed my full figure in the glass, an involuntary cry of amazement escaped me. My, what a gorgeous transformation! Well, what would the folks at Hiram's Corners say if they saw me now, tricked out in this resplendent raiment?

I looked, for all the world, like a fierce buccaneer about to issue forth on a piratical sally—no one would ever take this picturesque figure to be the forlorn park loafer of the same morning. I laughed joyously, and the sparkling reflection in the glass joined in with a right good will. Even gnawing pangs of hunger could not obscure the fact that I was having a glorious day: at the thought I tingled and glowed as though I had just feasted on the foods of the gods.

At this moment I glanced around the room, and gave a guilty start when I observed that the eyes of several groups of the assembled company were upon me; some, indeed, were watching me with ill-suppressed amusement. When they saw me look in their direction, they grinned, chuckled, snickered, then guffawed in an explosive chorus. Not to be outdone—for I felt that their mirth was justified—I likewise joined in the general laugh at my own expense, and thereby, it seemed to me, reaped the reward of their good opinion;

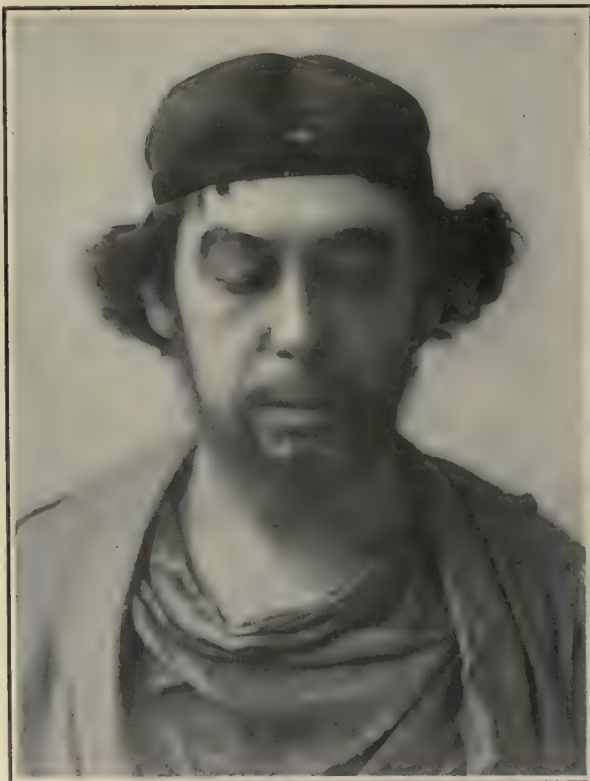
for a little while later I was taken in hand by sundry of the savage Revolutionists in flaunting tricolor and cockade, who banged me on the back and yelled in pure New Yorkese that I



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EMMY WEHLEN

Recently seen in the musical comedy "Marriage à la Carte"



White

JOHN KELLARD AS OEDIPUS

was "all right, all right!"

The tumult and activity were indescribable. Everyone seemed to be doing his level best to make a noise, although the best of humor prevailed; swords were clanging; someone was beating a snare drum—yells resounded. Above the din I heard the voice of the red-faced man. Almost immediately I discovered his portly form in the far end of the room, where he was hastily slipping into a white velvet suit with gold buttons. He saw me and beckoned. I rushed over to him, followed by others, whom he had also signaled. Somewhere a huge iron-tongued bell began to clang. The red-faced man pulled himself upon a chair that creaked under his weight, and, waving his arms, hurriedly addressed the variegated horde that surrounded him:

"Now, every man-jack of you, *remember!* when you're on the stage, don't keep still—do you hear? The first act is the Fête of the Supreme Being. At first you are to mingle in the crowd that is to await Robespierre. Every-

body is supposed to be wild to see this crafty, dangerous man. If you don't keep moving in great excitement, the audience'll think you are a lot of sticks. Act like real, live people. Up on the stage with all of you—now!"

With a whoop and a yell we dashed madly in the direction indicated by his outstretched forefinger. In less time than it takes to tell it, we had wended our way through a labyrinth of side scenes, bumping our heads and tripping over our swords in the darkened, narrow spaces behind the stage. All at once a blinding glare of light struck my eyes. I heard a band playing the *Marseillaise*; an overpowering gust of rich perfume was wafted to my nostrils; a confused murmur of laughter and voices raised in song reached my ears. Little by little, my eyes became accustomed to the dazzling blaze enveloping me, and I discerned that, instead of having reached the stage, I had really entered what to my youthful, unsophisticated eyes seemed a section of Paradise. Before me stood a double row of the most beautiful young women that I had ever seen. They were attired in long Grecian-like garments of a snowy whiteness, and were bedecked with roses, violets, and other sweet-smelling flowers.



MIGNON NEVADA

Mignon Nevada, who made her debut in grand opera last season in Lisbon, and who may be heard in New York this winter, is the only daughter of Emma Nevada. This young prima donna has the same small, exquisitely trained voice as her mother, and she has also decided gifts as an actress. She has been in training for her operatic career ever since she was five years of age, for at that time she commenced to warble her mother's rôles and to imitate all her stage mannerisms. At the age of seven she knew her mother's entire repertoire. Her mother used to stand her on the piano and let her sing and act for her friends. The accomplished performance of the child always caused a sensation

My enraptured gaze noted the glitter and sparkle of coruscating jewels on shapely necks, the shimmer of rich satin and ribbons of delicate hue, and the shining beauty of luxuriant tresses crowned with myrtle, oak leaves, and olive branches. Flowers were everywhere; they swung overhead, entwined in streamers, and the air was heavy with their penetrating fragrance.

Laughter, brightness and vivacity appeared to be the keynote of the beauteous throng before me. The play was on; they were celebrating the Fête of the Supreme Being. Paris was bowing homage to the Goddess Reason—and Robespierre. A miniature parade was in progress. Floats typifying Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity swept across the stage amid the wild applause of the infatuated multitude assembled in honor of the Incorruptible. At last he came. The girls threw flowers in his path, the band blared a welcoming air, and the general public, consisting of ourselves, including the stage hands, roared a riotous acclaim that must

have gladdened the heart of the red-faced man. Above the noise on the stage, and the thunderous plaudits on the other side of the footlights, I could make out the shouts of our indefatigable mentor, admonishing us to keep moving, and make as much racket as possible.

Sir Henry Irving was now making his entrance on the right side of the stage. As I stood well to the rear, I found it necessary to rise on my tiptoes in order to see the famous actor. He entered upon the scene, bowing right and left, with uplifted eyes. As he inclined his head, I observed that his was indeed a face where deep thought, kindly feeling, and every other noble attribute had left its indelible impress. A half-smile was playing about his lips; perhaps he took pleasure in the hearty applause with which the audience—of which I could see but a white space for the face and another for the shirt front—were overwhelming him. At this moment my glance happened to fall upon the red-faced man, and I was greatly struck by the air of reverence and admiration with which he was regarding the eminent figure in the gray wig, blue coat, white silk waistcoat, nankeen breeches, white stockings and brass-buckled shoes. Here, indeed, was the very

human reason for the energy and devotion displayed in Sir Henry Irving's cause, by his manager of "supers."

Meanwhile, the drama was progressing. At the extreme left of the stage, a small platform had been erected. Upon this the Incorruptible took his place, and began to read a reply to the sycophantic address of welcome by the Parisians. Then followed the attack on Robespierre, made by Olivier, the Chouan. Here we received another signal for concerted noise, and we certainly carried out instructions to the letter; for every one of us howled himself hoarse in vengeful cries against the assailant. After they had dragged him off, a beat of drums was heard, and all the supernumeraries, including myself, fell in line to march past the stand in review. Out came our swords; these we held at "present" until we had passed Robespierre, and reached the seclusion of the wings. The girls and general populace fell in behind us; the orchestra thundered a stirring march, and the reception closed with a riotous, cheering ovation to the Incorruptible.

The second act found all the supernumeraries, male and female, stationed behind the scenes, at the right side of the wings. We could hear, but not see, what was taking place on the stage. In this act, Clarisse (Miss Ellen Terry) enters the home of Robespierre, and reveals that Olivier, under sentence of death for his attack on the dictator, is really their son. She begs the agonized Incorruptible to save the condemned man, but the arch conspirator does not dare thwart the will of the blood-thirsty revolutionary mob. At a window the two watch the tumbrils pass. These are bearing the convicted to the guillotine: Robespierre and Clarisse scan the faces of the prisoners, searching for Olivier. The heart-rending cries of the pair, as they reached me off-stage, filled me with horror. Our part in the scene consisted in singing "Ca Ira" in an ascending scale; for we were the voice of the mob, which was following in the wake of the approaching tumbrils. If volume and variety went for anything, then we certainly were a howling success. In fact, our deafening strain must have sent tremors of fear down the spines of the timid in the audience. As usual, we were in charge of the red-faced man. There he stood in our van, swinging a large, white flag, as well as he could in the limited space between a stage tree and the whitewashed wall. The said flag served the purpose of disturbing the sound waves of the atmosphere, merg-



Matzner

MARGARET ILLINGTON

This clever young emotional actress is about to appear in New York in a new play by Charles Kenyon, entitled "Kindling"

ing them into the confused clamor of the mob, which the scene called for. When the red-faced man wasn't coaching us in the delivery of the lilt, he filled the interim by screeching what I judged to be a companion piece to "Ca Ira"; it was a French melody, with a rapid succession of vocal fireworks peculiar to the Gallic tongue. Sung in a high-pitched, squeaky voice, with a dead-in-earnest mien, and an inflation of chest and cheeks that made one fear a possible explosion like that of the envious frog in the fable, was it strange that rippling smiles played about mouths shouting for the heads of the abhorred aristocrats? When the act came to its close, the red-faced man, wiping his wet forehead with a damp handkerchief, ordered us off stage. Therefore, back to the dressing-room we crowded, pell-mell, and were furnished with other wigs and uniforms in preparation for the final, and most momentous, act of the stirring drama.

"Now, m'lads, in this act you must—" Again we were treated to a characteristic discourse by our energetic director. Robespierre, he

told us, between the puffs of a fat cigar, would meet his Waterloo in the subsequent scene; he would try to speak, but the first word out of his mouth was to be the signal for us to make an uproar, which should completely drown the voice of the Incorruptible. "And, whatever you do," continued the red-faced man, smiting the table before him with a clenched fist, "keep in motion. That's the secret of success where 'supers' are concerned. When they stand around like the figure 'I,' then the audience laughs, and it's all off with the show." Having ended his speech, he bustled about lending his aid wherever he could to hurry matters along: here, someone had difficulty in squeezing a 38 body into a 34 coat; there, somebody missed a shoe—these and other cases were smoothed over by our florid friend with urbane celerity. Presently, the call-bell rang, and we lost no time in proceeding upstairs.

On the stage a semi-circle of benches has been erected. They were a marvelous example of lightning stage carpentry, for they looked substantial enough to have taken days, instead of minutes, to build. On the left side of the stage, a sort of tribune or platform had been placed. Upon this Irving and the main actors of the piece had already taken their positions. Miss Terry, attired in eighteenth century costume, was chatting vivaciously with Sir Henry, who was listening gravely

(Continued on page vi)

Scenes in Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah" at the Century Theatre



White

ACT I. THE DANCING HALL IN CAIRO. ANDROVSKY GIVEN A GLIMPSE OF ORIENTAL PLEASURES



White

Mary Mannering

Lewis Waller

Eben Plympton

ACT II. COUNT ANTEONI'S GARDEN. THE SAND DIVINER IS SILENCED

How Mary Garden Made Her Début in Opera

"OH! That wonderful night! Do you know, sometimes I have wakened out of a sound sleep just thinking of it, and have pinched myself to be sure that it was really I, that it all happened to me. The first time one ever steps on the stage and faces the audience in dead earnest is a thing one never forgets."

Mary Garden was speaking. It was one day at the Metropolitan Opera House. The writer had been honored by an invitation to come and see the now famous prima donna behind the scenes, and he found the singer, who was busy "making up" for the second act of "Thaïs," in a reminiscent mood. The woman who has said: "I like battles; they don't frighten me," told of her early struggles for recognition.

"To go back to the very beginning, I made up my mind in '97 to leave Chicago, go to Paris, and find out what there was in me, some friends who had confidence in me furnishing the money, which was necessary, for goodness knows I didn't have any. I did as lots of girls do, went to my teachers pretty regularly, and studied French diligently. Whatever happened I never neglected that, but in those days I did not hurt myself with overwork. How I learned to know and love Paris and the exquisite language they speak there! And as things turned out, it was, perhaps, the best kind of study I could have done.

"It was all a beautiful dream, and I the gayest butterfly in all the land for about two years, and then one morning the heavens fell. My allowance was stopped by the people who had sent me over, and I was dumped out into the streets of Paris without a cent, to sink or swim. For a few hours after the letter came I was dazed, but you know we red-headed Scotch are fighters when our blood is up, so I gave myself a good shaking, and said: 'Look here, Mary Garden, now you have got to show the kind of stuff you are made of.' Give up, go back home and learn dressmaking? I guess not. Admit that I could not stand on my own feet and make my way, but had to be bolstered up by friends with money and pull? I might have robbed a bank or done any other desperate thing, but sneak back to America with nothing accomplished—that I would not do.

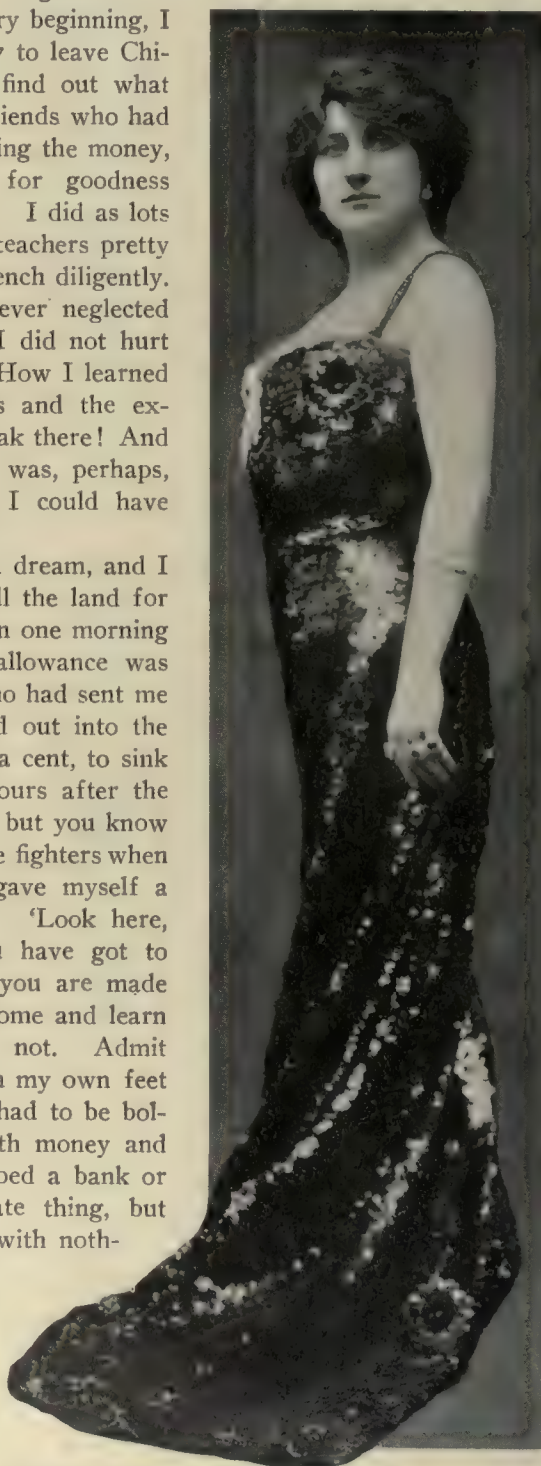
"So I put on my hat and went to see my teacher of singing, my diction master, and the

dear old man with whom I was studying dramatic action. I told them just what had happened, and asked them if they would 'stake' me for a few months until I could get something to do. Up to that time I must admit that I had not done very much for any of them, but somehow they felt that I could, and besides I suppose I looked so woebegone that they had not the heart to say 'no.' At all events each said he would see me through. That made me feel better, and I started out walking on the boulevard thinking, thinking—the hardest I had ever thought in my life—what I could do, and whether there really was anything in me. It was the late fall of '99, and I was just twenty-three years old. That was before the number came to have ominous significance, so it did not bother me, but were you ever turned adrift at that age in a city like Paris, and a girl into the bargain? Think! I assure you I did think, and the more I thought the less I knew about anything. Maybe the sky was not black and the street cold!

"One day by chance I met in the street that glorious woman, Sybil Sanderson, whom I knew only slightly. There must have been something in my face in spite of my fighting Scotch blood, for she came right up to me and asked what was the matter. Her carriage was waiting nearby, so we got into it, and while we drove along I told her about the predicament I was in. She was then at the height of her fame, a magnificent woman, beautiful as a goddess, and with a heart as big and warm as the sun. As soon as I had told my story, she said: 'You will come right to my house and live with me.'

"Her home was one of the centres of the art life of Paris, and in a week's time I had met more interesting and important people than in all my two years before.

"One night M. Carré, then manager of the Opéra Comique, came to dinner, and after the coffee Sybil asked me to sing. I did it, badly enough I know, but possibly there was something about my way of doing things that interested him, so after we had had a little talk he offered me an engagement to sing Micaela in 'Carmen,' at the Comique. This was midwinter, and I was not to make my début until the following October, but I had got my toe in, and every drop of blood in me was ready to fight to hold on. This engagement gave me the privilege of an *entrée* to the theatre, not only to all the performances, but the rehearsals as well, and I went to the theatre every day. I missed no



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MARY GARDEN AS SAPHO



Copyright Matzene

MARY GARDEN AS CARMEN

opportunity to learn something. There was nothing for me to do, nobody ever looked at me, but I could listen and watch; study how they did things, and wonder whether the chance would ever come to me, or if it did, what I could do.

"That winter they were rehearsing for Charpentier's 'Louise,'

and one morning when I was there they began a stage rehearsal, which I heard for the first time. The overture was not half over before I was mad with enthusiasm for the music of the opera. I don't know what happened to me, but there was something in the tones of that music, as it first came to me, that set me on fire. I could hardly keep from screaming, it excited me so, and the moment the rehearsal was over I ran to a music store to buy a copy of the score. I carried it home, locked myself in my room, and simply devoured it. I did not want to eat or sleep, it seemed that I could not rest a moment until I knew every note of it, and, hard as the music is, I had it all in my head in a week. All day long I did nothing but sing that part, never even going to the rehearsals any more, until Miss Sanderson said I would drive her crazy, and had me moved into a room at the very back of the house, with four or five doors between.

"What did I care? I had the music, I had found my part, and I was determined in my soul that sometime, somehow, I would sing Louise. I may have loafed before, but I worked now, and I had begun to thank my kind friends for turning me adrift, for it had opened me to myself.

"One afternoon Sybil and I were at home alone when there came a ring at the telephone, which she answered. I heard her say, 'Yes, she is here.' Then, 'No, of course she can't.' Something in me said that she was speaking of me, so I called out, 'Who is that?' 'It is M. Carré,' she answered. 'He wanted to know if that little girl who lived with me could sing Louise this evening, and I told him that of course you couldn't.' Instantly I was on fire. I ran to seize the receiver before she hung it up, and called out: 'Is this M. Carré?' 'Yes,' came the voice. 'Well, this is Miss Garden, and I *can* sing Louise.' 'Why, Mary!' cried Miss Sanderson, 'you are simply crazy. You have never studied the part, never been on the stage, never had any experience with an orchestra, and "Louise" is one of the hardest things ever written. You don't know what you are talking about.'

"I don't care,' I retorted, doggedly, 'I do know the opera, and I can sing it this night if they will let me.'

"I was wild with excitement. It seemed to me that if Miss Sanderson made them think I could not do it. I would jump into the river. M. Carré had kept the receiver all the time; in fact,



MME. JOHANNA GADSKI

Distinguished dramatic soprano who appears again at the Metropolitan Opera House this Winter. Mme. Gadski will also give a number of recitals in New York and other cities, and will be heard with the Philharmonic

I suppose he could hear all we said, and at last he asked me if I knew what I was saying, and believed that I could do the part? I knew I could, so he told me to come to the theatre that night prepared to go on if they needed me.

"The opera had been produced only a few weeks previous with enormous success. The girl who sang Louise was particularly successful, but she had never been strong, and the strain of the production had been so severe that they were afraid she would break down. M. Carré said that there had been a tremendous sale of seats for that night, but he did not believe she would be able to finish the performance. If anything went wrong, he wanted to have somebody there, and I was the only one he could think of.

"I went down to the theatre, and they put me in a seat way over in the corner, where I squeezed myself into as small a bundle as possible. One minute I felt hot all over; then it seemed as though somebody had run an icicle down my back. The first act went off all right, but the wear began to show in the second act, and

in the scene in the dressmaker's shop the poor girl looked every moment as though she were going to faint. During the intermission, when I saw old Vizentini's white head poking itself through a door, I knew that my time had come. Just for a second I wanted to run away, but he came forward, took me by the hand, and the next minute I was on the stage.

"Here there was an awful muss. Messenger, the conductor, was for dismissing the audience. At first he would not listen to anything, said it was ridiculous to think of putting an absolutely untried girl into such a part, that he would not risk his reputation in any such fiasco, jammed his hat down on his head, and started off. M. Carré pleaded with him, and at last exercised his authority as director, said he knew I could do it, and if Messenger would not conduct he would put somebody else in his place. He had courage. Messenger fumed, Carré held his ground, while poor I stood there with my heart in my mouth waiting for the answer. Finally Messenger shrugged his shoulders, and then everybody scurried away to find something I could wear. The other girl was a head shorter than I, so her gown was out of the question, but they found some kind of a rag, pinned me into it, and Messenger went out into the orchestra shaking his head ominously.

"The third act opens with that tremendous *Song of Paris*. I took my place on the stage with my back to the curtain, while there stretched before me the picture of Paris painted as one sees it from the summit of Montmartre. I was to take the place of a great popular favorite, and I was on the stage for the first time in my life without a rehearsal of any kind. I heard the first notes of

the orchestra, then the lifting of the curtain, something seemed frozen within me; I gripped my hands over my heart, saying to myself: 'Mary Garden, if you can't do it now, you never can.' Then a great wave passed over me, and I turned to face them.

"Oh, that night! to have lived that is to have lived! All that was in my heart and soul I gave them, and before I realized it men and women were standing up cheering me. I hear those shouts again and again in my dreams, and wake all trembling with joy to think that it was really I. Since that night I have sung Louise more than three hundred times, and for ten years nobody but I ever sang it in Paris.

"My monthly salary was 250 francs (\$50), but soon M. Carré raised that to 500 francs. Then, bit by bit, it crept up until I received the highest amount paid at the Comique, 10,000 francs a month. It has been a matter of pride to me that I, an Amer-

Last winter, when the production of "Salome" in Chicago had aroused a tremendous storm on the part of the public, the directors of the Chicago Opera Company met to decide whether to withdraw the opera or face it out. The whole question rested on Miss Garden's interpretation of the title rôle, and no matter how much they argued, it came back to that. Finally one of the directors said to Mr. Dippel:

"Couldn't you persuade Miss Garden to change her action a bit, soften it a little, so to speak, so as to remove some objection?"

The director shook his head. "You cannot say a word to Miss Garden about her art. She is quite capable of taking the Twentieth Century this afternoon and sailing for Europe to-morrow if she took the notion, but she would not alter so much as one ribbon for all anybody could say to her."

The prima donna cannot be driven, but no one could be easier



White

Harold H. Forde

Kitty Gordon

Hattie Arnold

Act II. Vivian (Kitty Gordon): "Is your Majesty taking my chateau by storm?"
SCENE IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE ENCHANTRESS," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

ican, should receive the highest fee of any artist in the famous Opéra Comique, but, as you can see, one does not make a fortune singing in France."

When you speak to Miss Garden at close range, and feel the power of her dominant personality, her absolute fearlessness, the supreme confidence of one conscious of unusual capacity, you understand how it was possible for her to work the miracle. People talk about the "God-given gift of voice," but, after all, it is the gift of brains and grit that makes the great artist.

Born in Scotland, raised in Chicago, reaching full maturity in France, Miss Garden has drawn strength from each of her foster mothers—the grip of the Scotchman on the great facts of life, irrevocable as death itself, the keenness of wit and adaptability of the American, and the logic, the intuitive appreciation of art of the Frenchman. Her utter fearlessness and logical mind have made her the most striking personality on the American stage. Her presentation of such characters as Salome and Louise has evoked the most extravagant praise and the bitterest denunciation, through which she sails serenely, faithful to her own conceptions of artistic truth, and apparently perfectly indifferent to the noise outside.

to get along with, if handled diplomatically by the manager.

One evening at the Auditorium Mr. Dippel came to her box to arrange the repertoire for the week after.

"Miss Garden," he said, "how do you wish the operas to come? You know we agreed to do 'Louise' and 'Thais,' then Friday you go to Milwaukee."

"It does not make any difference at all to me," she answered, "arrange it as suits the general plan."

"But could you sing Tuesday and Wednesday? That will make two nights running."

"Why, yes, why not? It won't tire me a bit."

"Which would you rather do first?"

"I don't care, only M. Renaud, I think, would rather sing 'Thais' on Wednesday, it will suit him a little better, but fix it up as you please. I don't care either way."

What could have been simpler? Mr. Dippel probably had made out his schedule just that way beforehand, though perhaps if he had told Miss Garden that she must sing certain operas on two successive nights there would have been a tremendous row. A package of dynamite must be handled gently.

The actual sum paid to operatic artists are secrets well



White

INA CLAIRE
As Prudence in "The Quaker Girl" at the Park Theatre

preserved, but last year Miss Garden's contract with the Chicago Opera Company called for some fifty performances at \$1,400 a performance. This was actual money that banks would accept, not the kind of currency usually passed on the stage. Then there were some extra performances and a long tour to the Pacific coast at the close of the opera season, which netted her almost as much as the regular season. It is not possible to give complete figures, for managers do not show their books, but after paying living expenses, costumes, gowns, presents, and everything you can think of to make the money go, Miss Garden must have sailed away last spring to rest in France with more than \$100,000 to show for her winter's work.

This year she returns with a contract even more favorable and containing one clause most unusual, giving her the control of the cast of the operas in which she sings. No artist can sing with her who is not acceptable to her. Last spring a distinguished artist wished to join the company to sing a certain rôle for which he thought himself especially well fitted. The composer happened to be in New York, as was Mr. Dippel, so the artist sang for them. They looked at one another as soon as he finished, and Mr. Dippel said: "Well, how is it with you? It is perfectly satisfactory to me." "Perfectly satisfactory to me also." "Then," said Mr. Dippel, "I will telegraph Miss Garden, and if it suits her we will consider the matter settled." So he telegraphed to her, and when her answer came, "Entirely satisfactory to me," the contract was signed. Only the favored ones of the earth ever sit in so comfortable a seat.

However lightly Miss Garden may at times speak of some of the study hours she wasted in her early youth, deeds carry more weight than words, and by her deeds she has shown herself a firm believer in the gospel of hard work. Every department of her art she has worked over and over again down to the most minute detail, and she has it all at her finger tips. Nothing that could have any possible bearing on the picture to the audience is too insignificant to escape her notice. The last act of "Thais" she makes a scene of exquisite beauty. As the curtain rises she is seen, garbed in the costume of the White Nuns, lying beneath a spreading tree, with the pallor of death on her cheeks. Her position is such that the audience sees her perfect profile, while from above and behind a soft, golden light is thrown upon her. One night the "spot-light man" carelessly turned on a brilliant white light, which she sensed immediately. Without moving a muscle of her face that was visible to the audience she hissed out of one corner of her mouth, "Tell that fool to soften the light, he is spoiling the picture." To the audience not the tremor of an eyelash, but up-stage that look at sight of which everybody had learned to jump.

Miss Garden, with her Scotch spirit of independence, has never said a word in explanation of any of her actions, letting her public life speak for her, and living at home exactly to suit herself. A few years ago every newspaper in the land had a front page story of the suit brought against her for money loaned for her education, but never a word could they get out of her. The story is too intimate for telling, but what Miss Garden said long after is so characteristic that it ought to be repeated.

"No! That I could not forgive. Two days later I met her in the lobby of the Manhattan Opera House. She came up to me, smiling, with her hand held out, but I could not see her. I looked straight through her at the wall, and then I knew I had done it. Next morning I received notice that suit had been entered against me for twenty thousand dollars, which was the original amount plus compound interest at six per cent. for the whole period, so that the interest itself amounted to the original sum, and I was advised that if the sum was not paid by twelve o'clock next day that matters would be pushed to the extremity."

"Again I had to stop to think it over. My first instinct was to fight. But I had actually received the money, had used it, owed it, and though the manner in which repayment was demanded was abrupt, still I owed the money. I went to my lawyer, and he would not hear of anything but

(Continued on page vii)

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 1: Cleopatra

THE women of history, who have survived in the drama, are they who have loved violently. They range from queens to slaves, and long before Adrienne, of Paris, asked, "What is living without loving?" they were pondering this question, throwing themselves into the maelstrom of suffering, if only for love's sake. And most of them were sinners in the sight of man. As James Douglas once said, "Life is as immoral as art." The sinners of history have often outshone the saints. Most of the great actresses of the world have contended that audiences do not care to see the virtues of women represented on the stage, and as plays are written for women, it has been a natural thing for playwrights to search the pages of history for the inspiring tales of romance, passion and the tragedy associated with names that have been survived in the public mind chiefly by reason of their love affairs.

The world remembers a famous London actress, not so much because she caused the royal master to open his purse for the maintenance of hospitals and to perform the only noble deeds of his life, but on account of her love affair with the king. The world remembers Francesca, of Ravenna, not because she was cruelly deceived by her noble father, but because her love for the handsome Paolo caused their death. Pretty Peggy is remembered because of the romance attaching her name with Garrick's, rather than on account of her genius as an actress.

The world loves its lovers, and because they risked empires, ignominious defeat and death for their love, Antony of Rome, and Cleopatra of Egypt, have had a peculiar fascination for the sentimentalist of earth, and survive as the very symbol of romance, decked in purple finery, bathed in the perfume and mystery of the East, lounging at wonderful banquet-boards, dreaming to the soft strains of the lute, floating on golden barges in soft Egyptian moonlight, and finally, through an error, purely a human error, going down to death—the way of the flesh—by means of the sword and serpent. Little wonder that the life of Cleopatra has inspired artists, sculptors, composers, playwrights, and the rest of the world. There were in her life all

the elements that appeal to the romantic leanings of men. A few years ago the distinguished historian Ferrero, created a commotion by declaring that Cleopatra was not the bronze-hued beauty represented by modern artists. He even ventured the opinion that she was not beautiful at all, and sought to destroy the sentimental halo associated with her name. But this was futile, and it was nothing new. Plutarch said that her actual beauty was far from being so remarkable that none could be compared to her, but he added that

it was delightful to hear the music of her voice.

The world declined to accept this appraisal, just as it will decline to give more than passing heed to the words of Ferrero. Her name is a synonym for a kind of sensuous, Oriental beauty. Ferrero says she was stout, but the art works of the centuries contradict this libel.



Photo Sarony

FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA

Ferrero says she may have had red hair and a brown complexion (sic!), but the world knows that she had long braids of hair, blue-black as the raven's wing. All other Egyptians of the olden day may have been dark, but the world knows that Cleopatra was not darker than a beautiful brunette. In this purple glow of romance, Cleopatra has been revived upon the stage ever since there were theatres in the world. No writer dared to tell the truth about her in drama until George Bernard Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra," in which Gertrude Elliott represented nothing of the traditional serpent of old Nile, but physically, histrionically and historically realized the frolicsome maiden who, betrothed to her own brother, came to the throne of Egypt in her seventeenth year, and succeeded in fascinating Julius Cæsar. Antony did not arrive until Cleopatra was twenty-seven. They spent ten years together, and at the battle of Actium he gave up the world for her. Then, in fear of being carried off to Rome a captive, she accomplished death by her own hand—perhaps from the sting of an asp, from poisoned fruit, or a dagger thrust. The older dramatists began their plays where Shaw ended his rather frolicsome comedy. Shaw has seen the tragedy of life in living. Where Sardou delighted in killing his heroine with poisons, dagger and by drowning, Shaw, Ibsen, Bernstein and other moderns have pointed out that to live



White

Harrison Hunter

George W. Barnum

Helen Ware

Act II. Prof. Damaroff (Geo. W. Barnum): "Say nothing, your happiness depends upon it"
SCENE IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S NEW PLAY, "THE PRICE," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

and suffer the penalties of sin is a greater tragedy than to die.

Sardou's "Cleopatra" was exactly what the people wanted, because she was the luxurious and sensuous beauty they have insisted upon accepting as the historical personage. Thus they found far greater pleasure in witnessing the spectacular glory in which Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport disported themselves than in the childish antics of Shaw's girl queen, as participated in by Gertrude Elliott.

Most of the early dramatists took Plutarch's colorful reference to Cleopatra as the inspiration for their work. This was notably true of Shakespeare, whose "Antony and Cleopatra" remains one of his greatest works, and one of the world's greatest tragedies. It has been performed by the most talented actors of each succeeding generation since it was written, the most notable among recent revivals having been made by Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, who made it their principal offering in a tour of the world; Sir Herbert Tree, who made a sumptuous revival in London, and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sotherton who, as guest stars, appeared in the rôles of the ancient lovers as the opening attraction of the New Theatre in New York.

Theophile Gautier wrote a thrilling and romantic episode in Cleopatra's life called "One of Cleopatra's Nights," which became the basis of the ballet, "Cleopatra," which has recently held the

American stage as a vehicle for the Russian dancers. Cleopatra remains one of the most romantic figures of the stage to-day, as she was in the time of Sedley's old tragedy of "Anthony and Cleopatra," Dryden's "All for Love," and Samuel Daniels' "Cleopatra," first printed towards the close of the sixteenth century. Daniels' tragedy is a strange drama when viewed to-day, the principal events transpiring off stage, with a seemingly in-

tentional effort to make it tedious and uninteresting. Even the death of Cleopatra is related to the audience by a messenger, which is quite remote from modern practices in which the heroine of the drama demands that she be in the centre of the stage at all climactic episodes, and exacts the privilege of appearing before the curtain afterwards.

"Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt: Her Tragedy," by Thomas May, is a similar workmanship, although it seems to have been more successful when acted in 1626, as its popularity continued for many years, and in 1639 it was published in London. An

adaptation and dramatization of Rider Haggard's novel was produced in New York in 1891, having been preceded one year by the melodrama of Emile Moreau and Sardou, which perhaps manipulated the romantic machinery of fictional history to better advantage, from a theatrical viewpoint, than any of the attempts to depict the joys and sorrows of the most illustrious of historic women who survived in the world's theatre. ARCHIE BELL.

To Anna Pavlova

Betwixt the zephyrs of the golden noon
I've seen the foam-frail cherry blossoms sift,
The subtle wonder of a sea-gull's lift,
And whirling outposts of the swift typhoon,
Or, tossed to rhythms of the ocean's croon,
The spouted spray wreaths from the sea-crest's rift,
All in thy dance, the ebb and flux and drift
Of all the captive tides beneath the moon.

The mystic measures of the swinging seas,
The pulse of the moving heavens' power
Are thine inheritance and thy dower,
O incarnate Soul of the changeeful Breeze,
Child of the wind's immortal ecstasies!

R. E. MARSHALL.

Wolf-Ferrari—A Composer of Dual Nationality

THE eyes of Wolf-Ferrari are those of a poet; his forehead shows strong intellectual development, but his face, for all its gentleness of contour, is full of enduring determination. A German-Italian ancestry combine to give him these contradictory traits. It has required patient waiting and a well developed sense of patience to bring him upward. Now his delayed aim has finally been reached, in one great stride, which this year places his operas on the boards of the Metropolitan in New York, the Auditorium in Chicago, Covent Garden in London, La Scala, Milan, and in Berlin. Of living composers Puccini has achieved no more.

Twelve years ago his first opera, "Cinderella," a work of his youth, although it succeeded later in Bremen, made a complete fiasco in Venice on its *première* there. He watched its failure as he smoked his cigarettes, then, putting back the unfinished package into his pocket, calmly said, "These I shall smoke some day in revenge, when I write a work which brings success."

"It is not vanity," he declared to the writer, simply, one afternoon last summer in Munich, and taking the still preserved cigarettes from his pocket, he said: "I felt that something would come, and I felt the responsibility of it."

When Wolf-Ferrari begins a conversation, it is with the deliberate earnestness of a German, then going deeper into a subject near to him, and if the hearer is sympathetic, a fervor genuinely Italian carries him forward into a field of fresh ideas and frank expression, and, psychologically, he understands himself as few men do, not in a sense of vanity, but of impersonal study, and there, again, the German, analytical strain comes to the fore.

Though his name is a familiar one to musicians, Wolf-Ferrari first became known in New York generally with the production of "Vita Nuova," an inspired setting of some sonnets of Dante, and, presently, through that charming trifle, "The Secret of Susanne," sung last season at the Metropolitan, where this winter both his "Le Donne Curiose," and his newest opera, "I Gioielli Della Madonna," will be given. To this array the composer's presence during the season will lend a note of intimate interest. Of all this sudden, world-wide acknowledgment, Wolf-Ferrari only says: "I would rather that things went slower, for I would direct every detail with love at every rehearsal of each opera; all now goes so quickly."

At first in his work the Germans found him too Italian, and the Italians too German, which would seem to prove that he has struck the combination of a happy medium between the two; a strain for which, with our eclectic tastes, we seem rather to have been waiting. There is, too, the promise of a union freshly new.

A rather humorous trait in his dual nationality is that he no sooner reaches Italy than he wants to go back to Germany, where, in turn, he longs for Italy again. Of this dual development in his music, he said that day in Munich:

"I love the beautiful in both, and have tried to make them one. Thought—deep, calm, German thought—is passion; the Italian must have beauty in expression."

It was at this point that he wandered into psychology, and on the theme of the dual life of the composer:

"Composing," as he put it, "draws a man away from the world, draws him away so completely that any interruption by association with many is fatal. When he is once at his work, it must be in absolute isolation. Then comes the opposite, an emerging from that seclusion suddenly to be in contact with a stageful of people and an orchestra in rehearsals. Then, too, he is brought face to face with his characters in actual being,

and is searching, watching always this point or that, which may be more fully developed. All this throws him into quite another channel of thought; he must be another man, as it were. There he handles interpretation and, as well, the extraneous. Before that it must mean absorption in creating the material. Both in solitude and busy action, he must be in full accord with demands."

Unlike some, though, who can stop short in the middle of a score, and go here and there conducting, it must be with Wolf-Ferrari the one thing or the other, but never the two intermingled.

"After being so long alone," he explains, "I am happy in the new life, happy to be with people, but composing draws one back from the world. 'Donne Curiose' I worked at in all hours, by day, and at night in bed, when each bar of the music sang itself in my mind as I lay there in the dark. In three months of feverish toil the opera was finished."

"I am no writing-table composer; I create as much while I am walking or in bed as I do with music-paper before me. The whole act of an opera I will have in



ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI

my head before I write down a note of it. Yet, once an opera is printed, I cannot remember a note of it. It is the same with *motifs*: they remain in my mind for years, unused and forgotten, but once I have made use of any one of these, it goes from memory. That forgetfulness of the thing once recorded is," he added, "but a part of the economy of nature. I can imagine just that trait, and in the same degree, with a literary man."

ing singing at the Munich Conservatory. When he was twenty they were married. At thirty-five he is the father of a boy of thirteen, and jovially declares that at forty-five he may likely be a grandfather.

One day, in his very small years, he concluded to compose a *Fantaisie*, and dipped his fingers in ink, thinking that the marks left on the piano keys would guide him to play it again. The first



White Grace Elliston

Beatrice Bertrand

Robert Edeson

Beatrice Noyes

Act 1. Lady Méchante starts to make a gentleman of a coal heaver
SCENE IN ROBERT EDESON'S NEW PLAY, "THE CAVE MAN," AT THE FULTON THEATRE

"When I write my own opera text, as I do now," the composer went on, "words and music come into my mind together, not in full detail, as in the score later completed, but the principal moments. When I begin to orchestrate, I have no idea of the number of instruments I may need, that is a point which settles itself as I progress. Sometimes when I am through I am surprised to see how many I have used, not all at once, of course, but in groups.

"When I compose, I think and think! But when one orchestrates one works like a clerk and sleeps well—for then one is a regular man, instead of working in the middle of the night as if it were high noon.

"Always I seek new types as subjects, but on the type, to my way of thinking, depends the size of the orchestra as much as does the general treatment. 'Donne Curiose,' in its lightness and gaiety, needs but a small orchestra, and requires only two hours in performance. 'I Gijelli Della Madonna,' is an opposite work, it holds the joyous, but it holds also the strongly tragic, a wider scope requiring a great number of instruments. The type of character engaged must influence so largely the call upon orchestral demands; I cannot, for instance, picture a weak, attractive creature like Don Juan requiring a great mass of supporting tone—for the individual character must live in the orchestra exactly in proportion to its type."

The love story of Wolf-Ferrari began early, at seventeen, when he became engaged to Miss Kilian, an American, who was study-

part of his program proved successful, the failure of the second started him in study of the instrument, not for its own sake, but that he might become acquainted with the literature of music.

At eight he made his first attempt at composing, beginning serious study when he was sixteen, and in counterpoint with Rheinberger, with whom he remained three years. For the six years following he studied on with a close friend. Meanwhile, at twenty, he was director of the International chorus in Milan. At twenty-six he assumed direction of the conservatory at Venice, where he stayed five years, "Always," as he speaks of it, "getting farther and farther away from composing." To gain a freedom he had not possessed before, he ended his engagement, broke up his home, and has since been a wanderer.

Aside from the works named, Wolf-Ferrari has composed chamber music and a little Biblical cantata, old, but just now to be given, for the successful composer in the end hears all things. But in the comparatively brief list that he has already given out there is a noted range in variety; the opera of "Cinderella," written in the modern romantic school; his second opera, "Le Donne Curiose," full of bright gaiety; "Vita Nuova," inspired with strong religious feeling; chamber music of deep musicianship, and lastly an entrance into the field of dramatic opera in "I Gijelli Della Madonna," carrying its tragedy. Wolf-Ferrari's appearance as librettist of this last opera must be awaited with interest, for with him intellectuality is as strongly present as is his musical gift.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



LITTLE by little old Lutece has assumed its normal aspect and many-sided interests, for the fashionables are again in Paris after long months spent at the seashore, in the mountains, and at the cha-teaux for the hunting.

It is an interesting fact that the races mark the seasons, and as the Grand Prix de Paris is the signal for the summer exodus, so the Prix du Conseil Municipal, held months later, draws back all true Parisians anxious to assist at this great sporting event of the autumn season. Unfortunately, the weather was not propitious this year, and consequently necessitated many changes in costumes; thus the winter fashions were suddenly and unexpectedly launched to meet the requirements of the lowered temperature. The profusion of velvet and ermine assures us of its fashionable importance.

In passing I must speak of the Autumn Salon, where every year at the same season the neurasthenics of the palette exhibit their latest elecubrations.

Annually we assist at the hatching of new

schools of painting, such as humorists, pointillists, and other devotees of impressionism. This autumn has bestowed on us a new brood of men painters, who call themselves "cubistes." Their technique is simple, though opposed to all the laws of painting. They divide the panel, whatever the subject may be, into little cubes, like a draughts board. Their exhibition, however, was not taken very seriously, and we are looking forward to different contributions from these young painters at the next Salon.

The theatrical season, as has been announced, opened with great brilliancy, and this can easily be understood after reading a list of the authors represented at the different theatres. However, honor to whom honor is due, and from Mr. Albert Carré is awaited the signal for the formal opening of the season.

Mr. Albert Carré for the third time takes up his unique task, which he has carried through so brilliantly for fourteen years, as director of the Opera Comique. The ap-

pointment was made for the first time by Mr. Alfred Rambeau, Minister of Public Instruction. In these fourteen years Mr. Albert Carré has presented seventy-four new works, making a total of two hundred and sixty-eight acts. He has also introduced or presented all the singers who are now celebrated. Without exception or prejudice, this school has given works of true merit. In the repertoire a prominent place has been given to classical music, and to four or five of the masterpieces of Glück, such as "Iphigenia en Aulide," "Iphigenia en Tauride," "Alceste" and "Orphee." He revived "Fidelio" of Beethoven, which was very little known in Paris, and presented magnificently Mozart's "Enchanted Flute," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and "Joseph in Egypt," by Méhul.

In these years the Opera Comique, with the artistic impetus given by Mr. Carré, has won a world-wide reputation and the importance of established success. In sending to Mr. Carré the notice of his reappointment, Mr. Steg, the present Minister



Photo by Felix

MME. JANE FABER

Wearing a Paquin creation in "Primerose" at the Comédie Française



Photo by Felix

MME. JANE HADING

In the "Femme Nue" at the Porte-St.-Martin, wearing a creation by Redfern (of Paris)

of Public Instruction, framed it in very flattering words: "In notifying you of your reappointment, I am happy to state that the Opera Comique under your direction has rendered a great service to lyric art, and am confident that the Institute under your further guidance will mature in even greater prosperity."

Such expressions of appreciation are incentives towards carrying on the great un-

dertaking with enthusiasm and unabated zeal. And since his return from the Argentine, where he made French music splendidly triumphant, Mr. Carré has been preoccupied in arranging a more than usually brilliant programme for the season, of which the first performance will be reserved for subscribers.

Mr. Henry Bataille reigns simultaneously at the Renaissance Theatre and at the

Porte-Saint-Martin. "Le Scandale" and "La Femme Nue" were as warmly welcomed as on their first presentation. "Le Scandale" is an uneven and rather painful drama, while "La Femme Nue" is a masterpiece. As I have already stated, the beauty of this latter work lies in its truthful simplicity. Its success is not due to complicated intrigues, stage tricks, nor an artificially scintillant dialogue, but to the sincerity of the



Photo by Reutlinger

MLLE. PROVOST

In "Primerose" at the Comédie Française, in a lovely creation by Cheruit



Photo by Felix

A PAQUIN CREATION



Photo Felix

A CREATION BY DOEUILLET

sentiments, the truthfulness of the character studies and the pathos and quiet tragedy with which it is impregnated. In short, it is wholesome and free from all unhealthy excitement such as marks many of the other works of this gifted author. And though Mr. Bataille in "La Femme Nue" shows up unsparingly the flaws in human nature, he does so with true poetic feeling and insight. Mme. Bady was the ideal embodiment of the humble and unhappy Lolotte; this comedienne depicted with great delicacy, childish gaiety, confusion, consequent on a new social environment, passive resignation to hostile shafts, and lastly, despair. Mr. Pierre Magnier had to work strenuously to displace the formidable memory of de Guitry in the same rôle, and his reading of the part was manly, forcefully impassioned and noble. And in "Le Scandale" it was the same when Mme. Juliette Margel was weighted with a rôle already unforgettably associated in our memories with the personality of Mme. Bady. If Mme. Juliette Margel did not give quite as great an impression of mystery and dreaminess as Mme. Bady, yet she infused into her portrayal intense life, keen intelligence, and an amorous ardor with which she seemed to vibrate. The two pieces are splendidly played: at the Porte-Saint-Martin by Mme. Jane Hading, Messrs. Jean Coquelin, Armand Bour and Juvenet; at the Renaissance by Messrs. Chautard, Cappelani, and the delightfully natural and motherly Marie Samary.

Messrs. Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet have, since their first arrival on the scene, dominated the theatrical situation, nor have they ever turned aside in their persistent and indefatigable quest of novel forms of comedy.

The success of their efforts is undoubted, and has assured the continuance of the sentimental fantasies cleverly portraying Parisian characters and situations that afford the public such unlimited amusement. After "Cœur à Ses Raisons" and "Sentiers de la Vertu" came "Miquette et Sa Mère," "L'Eventail," "L'Amour Veille," "L'Ane de Buridan," and "Papa," all very great successes, and yet Messrs. Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet are not content to rest on their laurels, as many others would be. The daring of the one and the imagination of the other make for the success of a collaboration such as theirs. Their powers of invention appear to be inexhaustible, and they give to Parisians the forms of comedy which they appreciate most.

They first wrote "Le Roi," with the assistance of Emmanuel Arène. The success was immediate and unmistakable. Next came "Le Bois Sacré," for which the laurels blossomed again.

To-day, under the colors of a nosegay, they are continuing their campaign. In "Primerose" it is declared that "Though times are dull, yet men are gay." They may be, yet it might readily be assumed that their gaiety is not likely to be increased by a love tale that unexpectedly turns out to be a study of religious questions. To-morrow, perhaps, the social problem in their practised and juggling hands may be made both diverting and instructive.

Messrs. de Flers and de Caillavet in "Primerose" have treated a delicate subject in a convincing and masterly manner which holds the attention and interest, pleases the fastidious and does not in the least offend the most sensitive. It is enchanting and is splendidly acted. Mlle.

Marie Leconte in the title rôle is delightful.

The first act brought us to an evening reception in one of the stately châteaux on the banks of the Loire, giving us the opportunity to admire many lovely gowns. Mlle. Leconte, the embodiment of youth, wore a very girlish frock of white trimmed with small roses. Mlle. Provost appeared in a sheath of rose silk, swathed in draperies of blue tulle and lace elaborately embroidered with gold thread in a very effective design.

Mme. Paquin, who knows so well how to dress our fastidious and lovely artists, has again created marvellous gowns, original and with the Parisian chic which appeals irresistibly to our fashionable women. First, there came Mlle. Faber in a lovely gown of canary yellow satin charmeuse, the lines of which were simple and most graceful. It was untrimmed save for a bouquet of small roses that clasped the drapery of the skirt and gave an individual touch.

Mlle. Devoyod wore an exquisite gown of green—the green of budding trees; the corsage was composed of a network of beads embroidered in pearls and diamonds. Mme. Paquin's art is revealed in the small details which are so important in the making or marring of a creation, and in distinguishing it from hundreds of other gowns.

The second act also had a beautiful setting, that did not, however, call for a display of elaborate gowns. Mlles. Leconte and Bovy wore the habit of *The Little Sisters of the Poor*. Mlle. Provost appeared for so short a time that one had little opportunity for observing her gown of yellow linon, veiled with a short tunic of amethyst. Mme. Pierson wore an entire costume of old blue, the soft tones of the hat and gown being most becoming. Her gown in the last act was particularly striking and successful. It was of shimmering heliotrope velvet, trimmed entirely with old Venise, which formed two large revers, descended to the skirt and bordered the tunic on the left side.

Mlle. Leconte wore a nunlike gown of dark blue crêpe de chine, with a simple collar of white muslin, which cleverly conveyed the impression that, though she had returned to the world, she was not quite in touch with its coquetties.

At the Vaudeville the play by Messrs. Duquesne and Barde, "*Sa Fille*," was given a warm reception. In execution this piece plainly shows the hand of a man who knows the theatre. The striking effects are produced by clever situations, and are not merely conveyed by the words of the author. The story is unrolled in the different scenes with a clearness that holds the spectators breathless with interest. Romance and reality are cleverly interwoven, and certainly the situations are never commonplace.

The piece is splendidly interpreted. Mr. Duquesne is remarkable in the rôle of the marquis. Mme. Marcelle Lender on her side gave us a marquise of supreme elegance and charm. To Monna Delza was given the heavy task of representing "*Sa Fille*." This is the first time she has been given so important a part, that is to say, the principal rôle in the play. Her interpretation was worthy of great praise, and placed her immediately among the first actresses of the day. Though slightly nervous, she was charming, dignified, and appealing.

Mlle. Monna Delza, since her famous creation of "*La Vierge Folle*" last year at



Photo Felix

MME. JANE HADING

Wearing a creation by Redfern (of Paris) in the "*Femme Nue*" at the Porte-St.-Martin

the Gymnase has shown such progress in her chosen art that one does not hesitate in predicting an enviable artistic career for her.

This young artist has arrived at a time most propitious for her advancement, as the different theatres of the boulevard are suffering from a famine of talented young actresses. This is particularly evident in the demands made by many of the current plays, and there seem to be few indeed capable of filling the places of such comediennes as Jeanne Granier, Réjane, Hading, and other great pioneers.

Mlle. Monna Delza's grace and talent, after her brilliant success in "*Sa Fille*," assure her a place among the stars of the first magnitude in the theatrical firmament.

It may not be out of place to remark here, that the ravishing hats worn by this lovely young actress were unmistakably the creations of that artistic modiste, Mme. Len-

théric, whose hats Mlle. Delza wears.

I must not close without mentioning that the autumn toilettes, which were particularly remarked in the enclosure at the last race meet, were made by two houses, whose creations can never be mistaken, and whose names are authoritative—Redfern and Chéruit. I also noticed many exquisite costumes by Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, the well-known couturier of the Faubourg St. Honore.

The author of "*Cid*" has affirmed that "Value is not reckoned by years" and it may be taken for its motto by this important dressmaking establishment. That Mme. Jeanne Lanvin is a great artist is definitely established by her exquisite taste and grace in things feminine. I hope to describe to the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE at different times some of the successful creations that emanate from this temple of good taste.

PETRONIUS.

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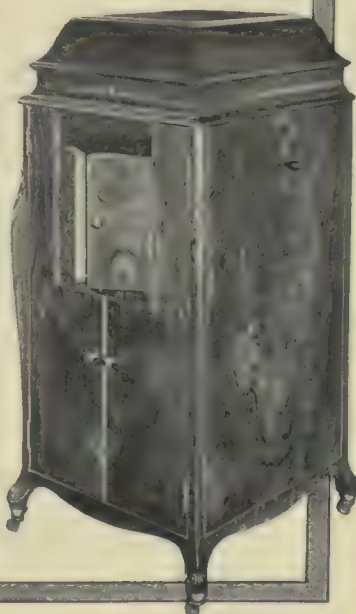


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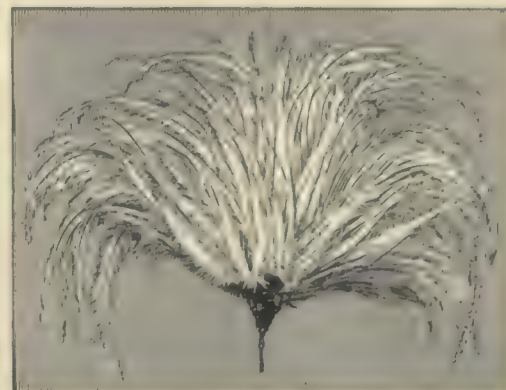
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IRVING AND I

(Continued from page 212)

to her lively flow of speech, nodding now and then, and putting a word or two in edgewise; once he smiled at some telling point made by his fair partner.

While the rest were taking possession of the benches, I kept my gaze glued on the principals of the play; I watched their every movement with the overpowering curiosity common to all of us where celebrity is the attraction—especially because I was from the country, had never been on the stage before, nor been so near to a famous "star" in my life. And yet, behold! here was I, homeless, penniless, and very weak and hungry, filling a novel, picturesque part, that hundreds, aye, thousands, of luckier beings might have envied and desired!

Without design, I had taken a seat in the centre of the second row of benches. I was unaware at the time that the place carried with it a particular significance; but such it did, as subsequent events proved. All my companions of the previous acts now completely filled the seating space around me, forming a bizarre, yet pleasing, picture in their warm-hued, striking costumes of the stormy French period. Good-natured banter and joking were going the rounds among the assembled company; the stage directors (my red-faced man among them) were fuming with the heat of accentuated bustle incident to forming a semblance of order where confusion reigned; the actors on the tribune, glancing hurriedly over manuscripts of their parts, already struck attitudes in momentary expectation of the curtain's rise. The sobbing strains of the orchestra out in the playhouse reached my ears. Suddenly a silvery tinkle resounded.

Up went the curtain and the lights. Sir Henry Irving walked slowly to the centre of the stage. In the twinkling of an eye he was a man transformed!—Robespierre, in the toils, facing the fate that he had meted out to uncounted thousands; a snarling, groveling, threatening, pleading, demoniac figure, deserted by the false friends who now were banded together to destroy him. These crowded the tribune, and took turns in denouncing the shattered idol, who squirmed in helpless rage and protest before them. The Incorruptible essayed to reply to the accusations of his foes; pandemonium broke loose: his every syllable was drowned under the avalanche of yells, howls and screams, launched at him by the infuriated members of the Assembly. Rendered desperate by the hopelessness of his unenviable position, and vainly seeking a means to save his skin, Robespierre makes a personal appeal to the different sections of the inimical Assembly—first to the Right, then to the Left, next to the Centre. The first two laugh him to scorn, and vote solidly for his arrest; only the Centre wavers, refusing to assent to the motion of commitment. A ray of hope enters the heart of the Incorruptible. He bounds joyously to those whom he believes are still his friends. "Oh, ye, at least, righteous men of the Plain!" he cries.

Being one of those of the Plain, or Centre, it fell to my fortunate lot to be placed so that the following never-to-be-forgotten occurrence was made possible:

When Sir Henry Irving faced us for the above-mentioned speech, his deep-set, green-rimmed eyes swept over our little company with a searching gaze. His glance met mine—joy!—and halted. Then, behold (will wonders ever cease?) it was to poor me—do you hear?—to me, Dave Garvice, "hobo," and general good-for-naught, to whom this great and wonderful artist was addressing the words I have quoted!

Truly, I had not lived in vain; I sat transfixed, thrilled to the very marrow of my being; and trying, in the shock and confusion, to do adequate mental justice to the astounding honor that had been so unexpectedly thrust upon me. But the effort proved too much for my weakened condition. A blood-red mist seemed to envelop my vision; through its gory haze I faintly discerned a circle of Robespierres whirling around and around like a set of dancers in the second figure of the lancers. I attempted to rise—two steely grasps tightened on my arms—two hoarse whispers grated on my ears, and made me sit still. Now the spinning forms of the Revolutionist leader appeared to sway perilously near the edge of the footlights. Bang! A pistol in his hand exploded; yet I hardly felt sensible of the concussion, so much was it like one of the stormy throbs of my wildly beating heart. The outline of the Incorruptible began to shrink and shrivel to my blurred gaze—I have a faint recollection of a mad dash by the white-clothed

FINLEY PETER DUNNE IS IN THE DECEMBER



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Clarisse toward the desperate suicide—then a roar like a hundred cannon struck on my ears, and I knew no more.

"Surely, I am in heaven, and this is the sound of angel voices chanting a divine melody," said I to myself, when returning consciousness began to filter through my brain. Indeed, exquisite is a mild word to apply to the swelling harmony which sobbed in my hearing, as with closed eyes I floated serenely on substance lighter than gossamer. My airy journey did not last very long, however. A splash of cold water on my face caused me to open my eyes with a start. I found myself outstretched upon the bench from where I had seen Robespierre fall. Hovering above me were a group of excited faces belonging to actors, "supers," and stage hands. Evidently smelling salts, whisky, and cold water had served their purposes (judging by the sensations I was now experiencing), and my looked-for return to consciousness was the signal for audible sighs of relief by divers of the company crowding about me. Among these I recognized the faces of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry, and the red-faced man: troubled faces they were, too. Perhaps I had ruined the play! This was a painful thought, indeed. At this moment they lifted me to a sitting posture; plied me with questions—what was wrong with me—who were my folks—where was my home? For reply I motioned toward a glass of water held by the red-faced man. Glancing about me I saw that the curtain had fallen, and the play was over; the small electric light over my head, sharp and bright though it shone, made but a slight inroad on the mammoth darkness-made-visible, which towered above us sky-high.

I took a few sips of water, drew, it seemed to me, the longest breath I had ever drawn, and began a labored recital of what I had to tell. As I progressed in my tale I paused, at different junctures, waiting for laughs at my folly. But none came. Really, the faces about me got graver and graver. Exclamations burst from the red-faced man; he seemed unable to get over the fact that my sole nourishment, during the past three days, had consisted of only a loaf of bread.

Another surprise awaited me.

As I was explaining what it was that had been the cause of my fainting spell, Sir Henry Irving patted me on the head, and said, in a voice filled with the music of a deep emotion:

"My poor boy, you have unwittingly paid me the greatest compliment I have ever received." He put his arm about me, and helped me to my feet. Miss Terry (imagine!) took hold of me by the other arm.

Sir Henry turned to the rest, and told them they might go. Three or four tried to thrust some bills into my hand, but Irving stopped them.

"I'll attend to the boy," said he, simply.

I should like to tell the conclusion of my adventure, but I gave my word to Sir Henry never to divulge it. Suffice it to say that that same night, arrayed in a brand new outfit, Dave Garvice was regaled with the best of food in a well-known hostelry; and afterward slept, for the first time in his checkered existence, in a soft bed redolent with the air of cleanliness and sanctity.

EDWARD ACKER.

MARY GARDEN'S DEBUT

(Continued from page 218)

fight, but though it came hard, I could not make up my mind to do it.

"They did not like my independence, felt that I had not been sufficiently grateful, so calculated that this would bring me to them on my knees. They did not know me. I had no such sum of money, which they probably knew, for I had been earning large fees for so short a time that there had been no chance to get much ahead, but I did have \$10,000. The president of the bank, where I had the money, was a box-holder at Hammerstein's. I knew him slightly, so I went straight to him. As soon as I was in his office, I said:

"I have \$10,000 on deposit at this bank, and to-morrow before noon I must have \$10,000 more to meet a note. Can I borrow such a sum just on my own name?"

"Miss Garden," he said, 'you can have anything there is in this bank.'

"In five minutes the whole thing was settled, and first thing next morning my lawyer took \$20,000 in crisp, new banknotes and paid the last cent. I was flat broke, without a cent, but I was the happiest girl in New York. They thought they would humble me on a mere question of dollars,—they did not know me."

KARLETON HACKETT.



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Mary Garden Triumphs as Carmen

(Continued from page 191)

excuse for both. All the tones of a superb voice, all the resources of his actor art are used to portray the violent passions of a weak man. He becomes almost revolting in his brutal jealousy of the more successful Escamillo; he is abject, pitiful, in his insane pleadings for a re-awakening of Carmen's love. These two past-masters in acting have never done anything more poignantly realistic than the quarrel scenes between the woman who is tired and the man who clings desperately to the last fragment of a worn-out passion. Ever and again as the orchestra plays the cruel "Carmen" phrase, Mr. Dalmores' voice breaks into actual cries of torture.

The fortune-telling scene is delicately handled. When Carmen has dealt herself the fatal death-cards, her eyes stare into space as though she saw there her own corpse; her features actually stiffen. She snatches the cards again, desperately; again and again she deals them. Then with a pitiful, dreary bravado, she sings the "In vain" song, low-keyed.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dufranne's usually splendid rendering of the Toreador is not quite equalled by his acting as Escamillo. A little more of the apparent disdain of the conquering male for woman-kind would have seemed more natural than his easy good-humor. The part needs a Spanish Bill Sykes,—the sort of man for whom woman has always sacrificed herself, even while the finer type pleaded vainly in the background.

The last scene is as usual the most powerful—but Miss Garden's work in it is not usual. She has broken far away from the idea that Carmen must be craven in the face of death. The cards have told the girl that she must die, and the intense superstition of the lower-class Spanish woman leaves her no other belief. At least, then, she will not lie. It would be easy to cajole Don José, even now, but she faces him imperiously instead. Continually he blocks her way to her new lover, but he cannot yet kill the thing he loves. At last Carmen's nerves give way in a burst of hysterical laughter—and her life instantly pays the penalty.

Debussy has called Mary Garden the "unforgettable Melisande." The term might equally well be applied to her Carmen. From entrance, surrounded by her would-be lovers, laughing at this one, alluring that, defying all,—to the moment when her shriek of laughter brings the dagger of the maddened José to her breast,—she is a picture never to be lost to the memory—this brave, cruel, merry, vicious, tender, "unforgettable" Carmen. CLARE P. PEELER.

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Two numbers which are always prime favorites at the Paderewski concerts have been chosen by him for his first representation in the Victor lists. The first is the graceful valse, which at his concerts always forms part of the eagerly awaited Chopin group, without which no recital is ever complete—Chopin's *Valse Brillante*.

The second is the familiar and beloved Minuet in G, by Paderewski, which the virtuoso does not usually include in his printed programmes. He is always obliged to play it, nevertheless, after the impetuous rush of excited femininity which always takes place at the close of the concerts; while the somber members of the audience sit quietly and expectantly in their seats, waiting for the extra numbers which the artist always good naturedly plays.

The Paderewski who plays to us in these records is the same Paderewski as of yore,—with his wonderful delicacy of touch, his beautiful singing tone, his moods and eccentricities, and his power to stir the emotions and charm the senses of his hearers. He has merely become simpler and more dignified,—his magnetism is as wonderful as of old.

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MRS. FISKE

(Continued from page 192)

Horace—ostensibly. She only grants him the privilege of escorting her to the home of her best friend, who is happily married, and from whom Mrs. Bromley learns the secret of the "new marriage." This is nothing more than the old, old idea of living in peace, tranquillity and forbearance with husband and children; but it comes to Mrs. Bromley as the latest word of emancipation.

The third act betrays an organic weakness of farce. Characters pop on and off the scene so rapidly that they are hard to identify. In action and dialogue, the mood of the piece becomes scatter and clatter. Agnes, who has gone back home full of the "new marriage," is, of course, the vortex of the whirl. Her tongue is double-edged with sarcasm. She laments: "I never had a mother, I had a fashion-plate." She professes an intention of giving up her home and moving into a hotel, though admitting that "when you enter a hotel, the end is in sight." She informs her husband, when he refuses to quell the revolt in the servants' quarters, that he is "a regular American husband, who boards with his wife."

Then comes a scene which resembles musical comedy in its mechanics and its fantastic motivation; all the upper-class characters in the piece are grouped in the Bromley's drawing-room to listen to a rehearsal, by Agnes and Leona, of the addresses they have prepared for a woman's club conference on the sex problem and the new feminist movement. Agnes routs her would-be rival by a bewildering travesty on feminist and suffragist phraseology. As intellectual burlesque, this episode is extremely diverting, but as a part of the play it is more or less of an excrescence.

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Mr. Sothorn on Shakespeare

"The only way to popularize Shakespeare," says Mr. E. H. Sothorn in the *New York World*, "is to work like the devil and give the public good acting. Shakespeare cannot be popularized merely by reducing the price of admission. An actor might play Shakespeare to an admission price of ten cents and, instead of adding to the popularity of the great dramatist, might injure it. Good acting is the first requisite towards making Shakespeare's plays popular. Shakespeare is popular if well acted—he doesn't have to be made so. The price of admission is regulated by the seating capacity of the theatres where we play. Our expenses are, roughly speaking, \$5,000 a week. If the theatre is large enough so we can cover expenses and make enough to pay us for our work in addition, we keep the price at \$1.50; if not we charge \$2.00, basing our calculations on the business we have done in that city in the past. If we could make a fair profit I would rather play at 50 cents and have a full house than to half a house at \$2.00 or \$3.00, because of the satisfaction and inspiration to be gained from capacity audiences, and also from the business point of view that, if a good performance has been given, we have made that many more friends who will want to see us in the future. The friends that an actor makes through good work are his asset for the future. I have never had a losing season in Shakespeare—not even in my first season in 'Hamlet' in 1898, when I did that play exclusively for the entire season, and that notwithstanding the fact that it was my first appearance, at the head of my own company, in a Shakespeare play. Furthermore, my production was burned in Cincinnati, and a new one had to be built. In addition, I was ill ten weeks that season. But when the accounts were closed at the end of the year they showed a good profit. It proves that the public will pay to see Shakespeare if it is confident that the producer is giving it the best production and the best acting he is capable of. In a number of cities, notably Baltimore and Philadelphia, business was not good the first season or two that Mrs. Sothorn and I appeared there in our Shakespeare repertoire, but since then it has increased until now these two cities are among the most profitable which we play. We are working on three Shakespeare plays now—'King Lear,' 'Othello' and 'Cymbeline.' We shall probably produce at least one of them next season. Mrs. Sothorn wishes very much to play Cordelia; the beauty and sweetness of that character appeal to her; and I naturally want to play Lear. Whenever I do, though, I expect all the older theatrical writers to raise a hue and cry."



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B

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 187)

the time the curtain goes up on the first act to the very last, and no mean features in the success of the piece are the originality of the idea and the rollicking slap-bang manner in which it is acted. It strikes an entire new note in farce and it is played by a most competent cast in exactly the right key.

The story has to do with the disappearance of, and the frenzied hunt for, a winning lottery ticket. A number of artists are living in Bohemian style in company of their models. They subsist chiefly on credit and kisses. Their funds are about exhausted and the landlord threatens eviction when suddenly one of them finds that a despised lottery ticket, in which he had placed little faith, has won the Grand Prize for a million. Immediately there is a wild whoop of joy and to celebrate the occasion the artists begin to smash up things—chairs, easels and plaster-casts being sent to smithereens amid a whirlwind of dust and noise. When this cyclone of joy had quieted down they find to their horror that the lottery ticket was in an old coat which had been given to an escaping burglar. Immediately a wild hunt begins for the missing garment and the chase is kept up with all kinds of adventures throughout four acts.

Taylor Holmes made a distinct hit as the impecunious artist determined to get his lottery ticket at any price and William Burruss was equally successful as the lightning-change burglar. It is, however, hardly fair to mention individuals when the cast is so uniformly excellent.

GLOBE. "GYPSY LOVE." Opera in three acts. Music by Franz Lehar. Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. (From the German of Wilbur and Bodansky.) Produced October 17 with this cast:

Zorika, Marguerita Sylva, Phyllis Partington; Niklas, Harry McDonough; Jozsi, Arthur Albro; Fedor, Carl Haydn; Ilma, Frances Demarest; Mikel, George L. Bickel; Lilia, Dorothy Webb; Kaspar, Robert G. Pitkin; Moschu, Albert Hart; Sacha, Lucie Mitchell; Magda, Josephine Harmon; Dimitri, Anton Hanschmann; Fancha, Kittie Saville; Henry, Master Robert Smith; Etta, Oralla Mars.

Having won popular laurels and having fattened his purse prodigiously with "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar decided to seek a divorce from comic opera and devote his tuneful talents to writing something more serious. This he achieved in "Gypsy Love," recently sung for the first time here at the Globe Theatre. The rights to it were purchased a year or so ago by Andreas Dippel, who had in mind its production at the New Theatre. But fate shattered those plans, so the English rights passed into the hands of A. H. Woods, who had an American version made by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith.

Originally "Gypsy Love" was a romantic opera. The playbills still announce it as such, but a lot of the humor in it is scarcely of the grade or quality to warrant its inclusion in a serious work. But the edict has gone forth that Broadway wants fun liberally mixed with its music, so fun is injected at any cost.

And more's the pity, for the music of "Gypsy Love" is sufficiently good to interest music-lovers who are willing to forswear allegiance to much of the tinkling trash that is ground out of unambitious composers and is in turn ground out at the audience.

Ill luck, however, pursued the New York premiere of this opera, for the prima donna, Marguerita Sylva, succumbed to hoarseness at the end of the first act and her place was taken by Phyllis Partington, a newcomer. Miss Partington, who had been understudy to Miss Sylva, sang exceedingly well and with good voice. But the glamor of the first night had been rubbed off, the entire first act went for little. Marguerite Sylva, known years ago as comic opera singer—her last appearance was at the Casino seven years ago in a revival of "Erminie"—has since appeared at both the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses in grand opera. She is known to possess temperament and a good voice, and perhaps her return to the cast will breathe new life into this production which, by the way, is an exceedingly handsome and elaborate one.

In Lehar's music there are touches that are almost grand opera, while again there are fascinating waltzes and dashing march numbers that are excellent light opera composing. The prevailing characteristic of this music is Hungarian, there are wild Hungarian czardas, and languorous Lasso. The score is beautifully

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Sylva, the star of "Gypsy Love,"
had two "first night" audiences.
One had to be content with
her understudy, but the other
heard the real Marguerita.

PERHAPS you were among the "first nighters" who went to welcome Marguerita Sylva in the opening performance of the newest and most widely heralded European success, "Gypsy Love," masterpiece of Franz Lehar of "Merry Widow" fame. Perhaps you were one of the vast assemblage that witnessed the beautiful prima donna's distress at being obliged to relinquish her rôle after the first act on account of an untimely attack of laryngitis. At any rate you read all about it in the papers next day—how the star, too ill to sing, was obliged to accord the first night's laurels to her understudy and to disappoint a brilliant audience that had waited weeks to see and hear her.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, at the very time that it was announced from the stage that Sylva was too ill to sing, she was singing her principal numbers from "Gypsy Love," and in excellent voice, to an equally brilliant and very much larger audience.

The explanation is that shortly before the opening of "Gypsy Love" in New York,

Madame Sylva made records of her principal numbers for the Edison Phonograph, in ample time so that the records could go on sale simultaneously with the opening of the New York production—a feat never before accomplished in the talking machine industry, a triumph for Sylva and for the Edison Phonograph.

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made, and the orchestra is ably conducted by Louis F. Gottschalk.

As for the company of singers, it is generally good. Both Miss Sylva and Miss Partington have already been mentioned. Then there is Arthur Albro, who plays Jozsi with compelling dash and sings with stormy temperament. Frances Demarest, as a young widow, sang and danced well.

ASTOR. "THE RED WIDOW." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Music by Charles J. Gebest. Produced November 6 with this cast:

Cicero Hannibal Butts; Raymond Hitchcock; Violet Butts, Jeanne Newcombe; Oswald Butts, Harry Clarke; Anna Varvara, Sophie Barnard; Yvette, Gertrude Vanderbilt; Ivan Scorploff, John Hendricks; Baron Maximilian Scareovich, Joseph Allen; Dick Graham, Lincoln Plumer; Tantul Popova, George E. Mack; Captain Basil Romanoff, Theodore Martin; Princess Sophya, Augusta Lang; Countess Alexandra, Clara Schroeder; Kirgig, Stanley Fields; Paskof, Rokey Johnson; Adyk, Lee Carriere; Ovak, William Lafferty; Manager of the Alcazar Music Hall, Ralph Harlowe; Clerk of the Hotel de l'Europe, Ralph Harlowe.

The standard of musical comedy has been so raised of late that it has to be a very good show to hold its own on Broadway. Raymond Hitchcock, always a popular favorite in these parts, is now the electrically emblazoned star at the Astor. His medium is called "The Red Widow." It is a combination of unequal merit, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Hitchcock's amusing personality and some of its good features will enable it to remain for a lengthy stay on Manhattan's great thoroughfare. Mr. Hitchcock seems to have a fixed formula for his stellar rôles. It is seldom that he is called upon to act other than his quaint, humorous self, but he insists that as the seasons roll around it shall be projected into a new and fresh geographical environment. This year he is a successful Yonkers manufacturer of corsets, whose adventures start in London and are then transferred to the land of the Czar.

The authors of the book, Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, may possibly have been inspired by Col. Savage's "My Official Wife"; since their protagonist, Col. Butts, N. G., N. Y., under a passport for himself and wife takes Anna Varvara, "The Red Widow," and an avowed Nihilist over the Russian frontier. That Butts has his troubles with the anarchists—he is supposed to be one of them—with his own wife who arrives at a most inopportune time, and from the Little White Father's police emissaries, goes without saying. Some of these incidents are broadly comic, some fall flat and others are fairly successful in getting over the footlights. The music by Charles J. Gebest is extremely commonplace. The few numbers which please have a most familiar ring, while so many are written in the same vein, a most hurried tempo, that they tire. But their principal fault is that they veil the really witty significance of several of the lyrics.

The production is a handsome one and some novel features, especially in the first act, have been introduced by Frederick G. Latham, who personally staged the piece.

HUDSON. "THE PRICE." Play in three acts by George Broadhurst. Produced November 1 with this cast:

Mrs. Dole, Jessie Ralph; Susan, Margaret McWade; Ethel Toscani, Helen Ware; Stanard Dole, Warner Oland; Professor Damaroff, George W. Barnum; Dr. Bristol, Harrison Hunter; Florence, Gertrude Dalton.

Mr. George H. Broadhurst has always been recognized as a playwright of keen observation and technical effectiveness. This season he seems disposed to drive his record home with particular incisiveness. His "Bought and Paid For" is the big dramatic hit of the year and now he follows it up with another play from his pen which is causing audiences at the Hudson to sit up and take particular notice of what he has to say on certain phases of contemporaneous life. "The Price" is the title of this piece. It is said that it was first tried out on the Pacific Coast. In its original form it failed to catch on, but believing that he had the essential idea for a dramatic play of moving worth Mr. Broadhurst set about it valiantly; hacked here and there, knit together this and that, killed off certain characters, and elaborated others until he had a play which Manager Henry B. Harris deemed a suitable vehicle for the display of Miss Helen Ware's emotional talents.

Now it is a peculiar fact that although "The Price" holds the interest from start to finish, it is by no means a well made play from the constructive viewpoint. Many of the so-called essential rules are violated, the strong arm of coincidence is constantly called in and the central figure at hardly any time enlists a genuine sympathetic interest. Yet the play grips and pleases.

There are some splendid acting scenes in the

play, and they are made the most of by Miss Ware, movingly powerful as Ethel, by Harrison Hunter, manly and forcible as the outraged husband, and by Jessie Ralph as Mrs. Dole. The latter's impersonation of a marvellously well-developed character is well nigh perfect. She is the shrewish, determined Nemesis to the life. Gertrude Dalton as the ward is sympathetically sweet and the artist Dole is played with discreet fervor by Warner Oland. Susan, a servant, is acted with natural feeling by Margaret McWade, and a stage professor, a most dismal bore, falls to the lot of George W. Barnum.

LIBERTY. "UNCLE SAM." Comedy in three acts by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea. Produced October 30.

Weird, wild and woolly are the adjectives which properly describe the new and extravagant farce, which, recently produced at the Liberty, has since been transferred to the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. Its original reception was certainly mixed; but personalities count a great deal with the theatregoers of this city, and as the two principal rôles are in the capable hands of the jolly, rotund and unctious Thomas Wise and the handsome, alert and mercurially impudent John Barrymore it would seem as if execution had risen superior to subject matter and that "Uncle Sam," written "solely to amuse," by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea, would last longer than its intrinsic worth apparently warrants.

HERALD SQUARE. "THE WIFE HUNTERS." Musical play in two acts. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf. Lyrics by David Kempner. Music by Anatol Friedland and Malvin Franklin. Produced November 2.

"The Wife Hunters" is a title that might well be patented because of its all comprehending merits. There are few stories that it would not fit. No doubt it has a plot but it is more satisfactory to one's intelligence to consider it a transaction in dancing and singing.

Miss Emma Carus may be described as the principal. She has abundance of vitality and sings such songs as "Girls, Keep Your Figure," songs well adapted to the boisterous approval of rounders. Mr. Lewis Simon, as an humble valet who is slapped about on occasion and who takes all manner of violence as a joke, is amusing. The songs and dances have plentiful swing about them, and the young women are uncommonly attractive. It is a show of the kind that Mr. Lew Fields, with his associates, provides with unfailing certainty of effect.

GAIETY. "THE ONLY SON." Play in three acts by Winchell Smith. Produced October 16.

In "The Only Son," Mr. Winchell Smith, who established himself with "Brewster's Millions" and "The Fortune Hunter," again demonstrates his remarkable facility and expertness in the handling of scenes. The play at the Gaiety Theatre is uncommon in many of its qualities, and is particularly uncommon in its main theme and proposition. The gist of it all is that "the only son" reconciles his father with his mother after she had confessed to infidelity and been driven from home by her husband. After all is said and done in the play, the problem remains, Shall an Unfaithful Wife be Forgiven? Common sense will tell us the answer to that question as a proposition of universal application. In this particular case, the husband has provided his beautiful young wife with every luxury, but, in his pursuit of money, has neglected her, leaving her for a long period without his companionship. She offers no other explanation of her conduct. The husband calls in his two children, his only son and his daughter, and makes the revelation to them. The daughter turns away in horror, uttering reproaches. The son declares that if his mother is driven from the house he will accompany her. This he does.

Mr. Wallace Eddinger is eminently adapted to the expression of the impulses of youth, whether in moments of frivolity or of serious care, and simplicity and truth are manifest in his emotion. All the other players have a like fitness, Claude Gillingwater as the father, Louise Randolph as the wife, Olive Wyndham as the girl loved by the son, Elmer Grandin as the Western inventor, and Leslie Kenyon as the Englishman who marries the daughter for her money.

PARK. "THE QUAKER GIRL." Musical play in three acts. Book by James T. Tanner. Music by Lionel Monckton. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Produced October 23.

Those who saw it in London frankly declare that "The Quaker Girl" is better in New York, so there remains but little excuse for staying away from the Park Theatre, formerly the Majestic Theatre, which began its new career under its new name with this English musical comedy. Lionel Monckton wrote the music, which ensures

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a pretty score; and the book by James T. Tanner and lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank all do their share toward making this one of the prettiest and daintiest musical offerings of the present strenuous season.

The prima donna is Ina Claire. She appeared in the cabaret of the late Folies Bergère this summer, giving imitations, chiefly of Harry Lauder. Now she is through with that, for as Prudence she sang charmingly, using a pretty voice with unusual skill. She is good to look at and dances well. May Vokes, who always provokes a laugh by her desiccated humor, was excellently cast as a maid, and her amusing partner was cleverly acted by Percival Knight, who was droll as ever. Nellie McHenry, she of former stellar glory, was cast for a small rôle. Lawrence Rea sang his waltz song resonantly and without the hoarseness that had marked his singing in "The Spring Maid." Maisie Gay, as a Paris dress-maker, was exceedingly funny in the part, and Daphne Glennie had good acting and singing to her credit in the rôle of the Princess Mathilde.

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LYRIC. "THE DUCHESS." Comic opera in three acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book by Joseph Herbert and H. B. Smith. Produced October 16.

Candor compels it to be said that this show is disappointing. Nor is it difficult to put one's fingers upon its weak points. The book is bad. In the language of the race track, it is a "dutch book." The first act is slow, but fair; the second picturesque and spirited; the third atrociously puerile and stupid. When conditions such as these confront a composer, it is not surprising that his output does not come up to his established standard; and this is true of Herbert's score. While it is always musicianly, frequently melodious and orchestrated with that skill, ingenuity and taste which ever marks his work, it is thin throughout, often reminiscent—still Herbert only appropriates from himself—and not equal to his reputation.

It is not to be wondered at that, with such slim material to utilize, Miss Scheff has her work cut out. She does labor valiantly, perhaps a little too much so, for while she brings her capable training to the vocalization of the rôle, she is not always true to the pitch. But her trills please her audiences and she gives them plenty of them. It is as a comedienne she shines.

NEW YORK. "THE ENCHANTRESS." Comic opera in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book and lyrics by Fred. De Gresac and Harry B. Smith. Produced October 19.

For a composer there must be some inspiration from a good book. Herbert nodded when he penned the score for the feeble libretto of "The Duchess," but the fecund Victor came valiantly to the fore when he set down the musical accompaniment of "The Enchantress." Now "The Enchantress," which gives every indication of holding the boards at the New York for the remainder of the season, is all that a musical show should be. It is presented with lavish extravagance by Joseph W. Gaits; the company is one that can not only sing, but act as well. The book tells a consistently interesting and engaging story and Herbert's score is the best he has furnished since "Mlle. Modiste."

The title rôle is acted and sung by Kitty Gordon, and a wonderfully beautiful and alluring figure she makes. Her impersonation is quite remarkable for the finish and feeling which she injects into the histrionic side of the part, while her voice, small though it be, is admirably trained and her numbers are sung with an intelligence, surety of pitch and clearness of enunciation quite refreshing. Her gowns are artistic marvels. The dashing prince is acted with fervor by Harold H. Forde, and Arthur Forrest's long experience in the legitimate helps him in giving distinction and force to the rôle of the minister of war. Nellie McCoy, a dancer who may be classed with her talented sister Bessie, has a congenial part as an American heiress, which she acts as breezily as she dances, and some acrobatic terpsichorean work is contributed by Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witchie which secures numerous encores.

BIJOU. "THE THREE LIGHTS." Comedy in three acts by May Robson and Charles T. Dazey. Produced October 31.

Miss May Robson is so well worth seeing in whatever she appears that her new play, "The Three Lights," with her in it, does not deserve to be condemned out of hand. It is amateurish, but she is delightfully artistic. The play lacks proportion and motives here and there.

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WEBER'S. "THE WIFE DECIDES." Comedy drama in three acts. By Thomas McKean. Produced November 14.

It is not necessary to make exhaustive critical comments on a production which fails and which perhaps by no possibility may be retrieved into a success. There are many plays which are properly abandoned after failure, but there are others which easily could be made worthy, popular and profitable. "The Wife Decides," by Mr. Thomas McKean, possesses none of the qualities that could be used for resuscitation. Mr. McKean is no doubt a man of ability and of ideas. His novel, from which this play was made, gained considerable approbation in press notices. If the novel had a definite aim, the play has none. Of course, the best material could be ruined by amateurish and uninformed dramatic treatment, but in this case it is not the treatment alone. The play is neither definitely a satire of easy divorce nor a study of feminine temperament. There are traces of points of view of the kind, and the play is an admonition against hasty separations. The play is wholly undramatic. Occasionally Mr. McKean demonstrates that he can write a good scene; but, on the whole, he has rashly intruded upon the metropolitan stage.

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GLOBE. "THE THREE ROMEO'S." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced November 13.

"The Three Romeos" is neither better nor worse than half the musical productions of the day, some of them a bit vulgar here and there, and all of them gorgeous as productions. It is simply a matter of singing and dancing and specialty work. It's a hard case when Mr. Fritz Williams cannot put you in good humor. In a fragmentary way he was amusing. Elita Proctor Otis, the mother of one of the girls, contributed her share to the foolishness. To remember her and Fritz Williams in their real achievements makes one marvel at the range of accomplishments possessed by so many actors. Miss Georgia Caine was at her best, in her own way, and wore a number of gowns that must be a delight to the feminine beholder.

FULTON. "THE CAVE MAN." Farce in three acts by Gelett Burgess. Produced October 30.

It is hardly necessary to waste words on this piece, which scored a decided and well deserved failure. Based on a rather clever book by Gelett Burgess entitled "Lady Méchante," the satirical idea the story contained failed completely when an attempt was made to transfer it to the stage. The idea that there is the making of a gentleman in every man no matter if he be a coal heaver, provided he wears the right cut of clothes and is trained how to use his knife and fork properly, is whimsical enough and, handled more skillfully, might have made a capital background for a play. But the scenes as they developed in this version were so trivial, so amateurish, so grotesque, so completely lacking in interest that the audience was not held for a moment. Mr. Robert Edeson, a capable actor, has never been seen in anything worse.

WEBER'S. "MRS. AVERY." Comedy drama in three acts. By Gretchen Dale and Howard Estabrook. Produced October 23 with this cast:

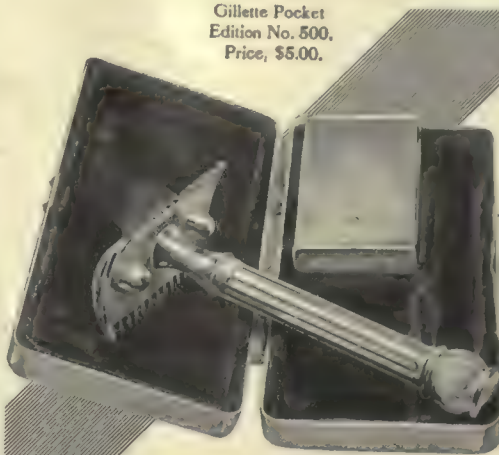
Waldo Avery, Howard Estabrook; Maid, Anna McConville; Collins Blaine, Norman Tharp; Seamstress, Coronella Birkett; Thyra Avery, Gretchen Dale; Another Maid, Rose Wincott; Mabel Cummings, Helena Byrne; Gertrude Ryder, Helena Head; Collector, William Martin; Clarence Crowle, Brandon Hurst; Ivan Barzias, Emmett Corrigan; Workman, Ralph Dean; Irene Loring, Eleanor Bourne; J. M. Calhoun, Henry S. Robinson.

It is only necessary to mention this play by way of record. It was not a success.

LIBERTY. "THE LITTLE REBEL." Play in four acts. By Edward Peple. Produced November 15.

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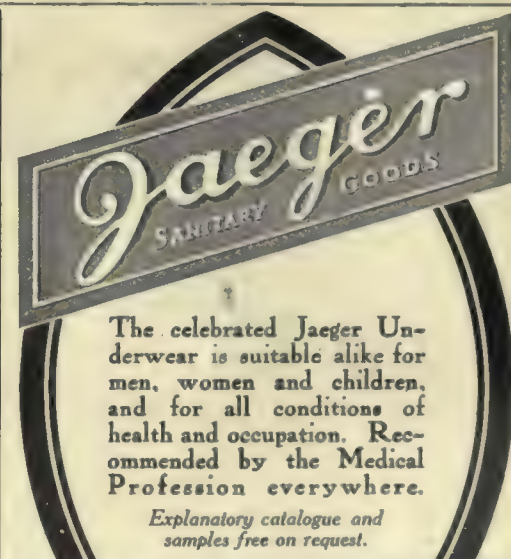


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Sincerely yours,
Marguerita Sylva.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Felix
Mlle. CHENAL, OF THE OPERA, IN A VERY BEAUTIFUL EVENING WRAP OF SUPPLE VELVET TRIMMED WITH SKUNK

FASHIONS FOR CHRISTMAS AND AFTER

THERE has been considerable gossip about the uncorsetted figure within the past six months. I gave little heed to these rumors, because a certain well known corset manufacturer told me that the leading stores in New York and Chicago were ordering their corsets more heavily boned than ever.

Yet the continued vogue of the Empire lines in costumes, even in our tailored street dresses, would make it possible for a slender woman in good physical condition to dispense with a corset. Most of us, however, have not given sufficient time and attention to the development of the torso to be able to do without the corset in some form.

You will see that we have gradually been evolving towards more rational shapes in feminine apparel. If you will give a backward glance on the history of fashion for the past fifty years, there have been dress reformers like Doctor Mary Walker, the first wearer of bloomers, and Jenness Miller, who endeavored by lectures and writing to gain adherents to her cause. It was only ten years ago that a German woman endeavored to gain admirers for the uncorsetted figure. But to judge from the reports in the German newspapers the average German woman, when without a corset, looked like a pillow with a string tied about the waist.

However, Paris dressmakers, or rather corsetières, have discovered a way to give all the freedom, ease, and grace of the uncorsetted figure, but with none of the objectionable features. They have invented the boneless corset!

You cannot remedy the defects of nature with a boneless corset. But a boneless corset will remedy many of the ills to which feminine nature is heir, because it will not constrain the figure in any part. No more indigestion, etc., etc., for the wearer of the boneless corset. It is made of an excellent quality of silk tricot, which because of the way it is woven gives with the motions of the wearer. It sustains the figure without restricting it. But, alas and alack, the boneless corset is not entirely boneless, for it has the usual steels in the front and bones in the back! But truly it is so near boneless that it well deserves the praise given it by its wearers.

Peau de chamois is by all odds the classiest and most up-to-date material for the construction of tailored suits and costumes. Every woman who can afford it should invest in it, and it will be economical in the end, for it is a high class material that has been found impossible so far to reproduce in inexpensive goods. It has a soft and velvety finish that is most entrancing, and comes in an exquisite range of shades and colors.

I saw an exquisite model afternoon gown in peau de chamois at one of the leading Fifth Avenue dressmakers the other day. It had the high waistline and simulated tunic skirt, a broad hem going up the right side of the skirt. The tunic stopped a few inches below the knees and the skirt was completed by a shaped flounce of the peau de chamois.

The bodice opening extended in a diagonal line from the right side of the waistline to a few inches from the neck. The round opening was filled in with a bit of canvas-colored lace, while the elbow-length kimono sleeves were finished with narrow plaited ruffles of canvas-colored lace and net. There was a plaited frill of the lace outlining the opening of the bodice from the waistline to about three inches from the top. A little knotted blue cord was tied in a small bow, the ends finished with silk tassels. The peau de chamois was of a soft shade of American beauty red, while the card and satin girdle were of king's blue. This color combination sounds rather startling, and certainly might be so if attempted by any but an artist in color.

One of the oddities of this costume was that it was made on a lining of heavy net. And I am told that this is to be the lining par excellence for our summer frocks, whether they be of silk, linen or voile. It is a quality of net which washes nicely, and is slightly boned to keep it from riding up. The great advantage of this heavy net lining is that it adds nothing to the weight of the frock, and yet gives the dressmaker a foundation by which the drapery of the bodice can be held in place. This should certainly make for decidedly more artistic effects in our summer costumes, and the cost is so slight that it can be used even in ready-made frocks without adding anything worth counting to the cost.

A friend has just brought back from Paris one of the most exquisite fur coats imaginable.

It is of tailless ermine with a wide sailor collar of the ermine and dolman sleeves. The coat is very long, and this extra length is gathered up about the ankles, the deep folds making a pretty movement from back to front where they terminate at about the knee. This not being exquisite enough Drecol added a silver fox, the head and front paws of which rest on the right sleeve, while the tail and back paws occupy much the same position on the left sleeve.

I wonder how many women know what a rare and valuable fur silver fox is? One animal alone now costs nearly a thousand dollars, and only the vandal would use less than a whole animal. The seemingly careless way in which this animal was thrown across



Photo Felix

Mlle CHENAL

Coat of broadtail trimmed with opossum



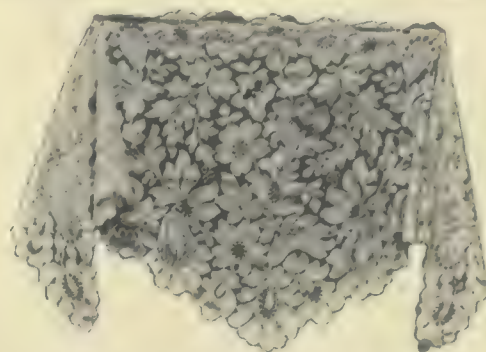
V1572. Bulgarian Hand Embroidered Purse with carved ivory trimming.

Price.....\$10.00



I5005. Japanese Kabe Crepe Handkerchief and Glove Cases, hand embroidered.

Price, each.....\$1.75



Spanish Hand Run Scarf and Fichu.

Price.....

\$7.50

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AS DISPLAYED BY VANTINE'S

HAVE BEAUTY and INDIVIDUALITY

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The Oriental follows no set pattern—his work expresses individuality. Exclusive, unique, artistic—these gift articles collected by Vantine cannot be measured by price, and will reflect your careful thought in choosing.

You are cordially invited to inspect our Christmas displays. If perchance you cannot, we have saved for you a copy of "Gifts from the Far East," a book illustrating over 200 moderately priced articles. Your copy will be sent free on request. Mention the Theatre Magazine.

Oriental Rugs, Drapery and Wall Fabrics, Dress Silks, Oriental Perfumes, Ivories, Bronzes, Porcelains, Teas, Oriental Jewelry, Fans, Screens.

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P3. Lacquer Jewel Cabinet, velvet lined containing one ¼ oz. bottle each of O'Lotus San and Wistaria.

Price.....\$1.00



D4569. Damascus Engraved Brass Dressing Table Lamp with shade to match.

Price for lamp.....\$7.00
Price for shade.....7.50



Chinese Hand Decorated Lacquer Tea Poy, consisting of 4 tables to the set, graduating in size.

Price.....\$25.00



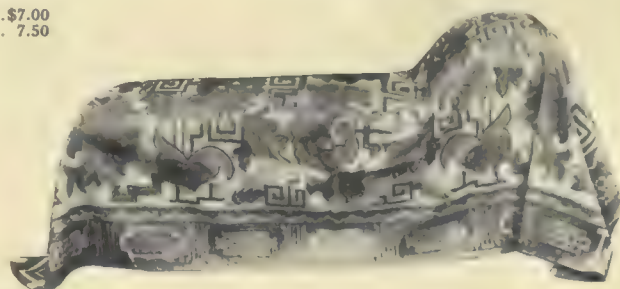
Chinese Crepe Skirt, with hand embroidered panels.

Price.....\$15.00



Chudda Shawls, cream white with fringe, 2 yds. square.

Price.....\$20.00



M908. Japanese Couch Covers in tan, red and green grounds, with mixed colors in center and border.

Price.....\$10.00



A5474. Japanese Bronze Hot Water Kettle with alcohol lamp.

Price.....\$2.75



I5578. Hand Embroidered Tea Cosy, chrysanthemum design, all shades.

Price.....\$4.50
I30N. Rose design.....4.75



Photo Felix

Mlle. DE KOROFF

A wonderful evening gown of black velvet, embroidered with large silk flowers and trimmed with skunk. The revers are faced with straw-colored satin



Photo Felix

Mlle. BRUNIN

Long wrap of martin, showing a clever arrangement of the pelts

the shoulders was the most artistic thing I have seen in fur fashions.

Dressmakers seem to be getting tired of the chiffon tunics, for many of the smartest gowns for afternoon and evening wear are now being made with satin tunics. The fashion idea is that the tunic shall be of a contrasting color to that of the gown proper. For example, black satin is draped over white satin. Indeed, black seems to be the favorite color for the tunic.

This idea probably comes from the vogue of the expensive double-faced satins, and is one which can easily be adopted to less costly fabrics, and even to the reconstruction of an old gown if one be a connoisseur in color. It is the soft clinging satins or satin finished crêpes that are best suited for this purpose. Black over old gold, turquoise, or rose red are some of the most admirable color combinations I have seen.

Of course, there must always be the bit of lace or net guimpe showing at the neck. This may have the high-boned stock collar, if the wearer desires, or may be finished with the round Dutch neck if preferred. The sleeves of the guimpe may end at the elbows, where they are finished with many frills of the net or lace, or they may be the long gauntlet affairs that extend well over the hands in deep points, or merely finished at the wrist with deep plaited ruffles of the net or lace. And, by the way, string-colored lace has almost entirely superseded white lace. While most lace comes in the dead white shade, it can easily be dyed the shade desired.

These guimpes are really very practical articles, for when they are made separate, it is an easy matter to always have a fresh one at hand. And it seems as though one could never have too many

of these guimpes, for they are used with every style of dress, except the décolleté evening gown.

The new chiffon blouses for wear with cloth and velvet tailored suits are usually attractive, and quite different from those we have had in past seasons. They are the thinnest of veilings of chiffon over lace or soft silk linings. That is, the chiffon is laid over the foundation without any fulness whatever. There are wide revers or bands of chiffon for trimming. These are generally in a contrasting shade of the same color as the chiffon of the body of the blouse, though sometimes they are of a contrasting color. The only contrasting color combinations that are universally well used are the black and white.

Black and white, black and white: will the world of fashion never get tired of the combination? We have had it with us now for many moons, yet there seems to be not the slightest sign of a decrease in its popularity or fashionableness. It runs through every article of feminine apparel, hats, gowns, tailored suits, wraps, even shoes and stockings are shown in black and white combinations.

It continues to be equally well favored in Paris at the present moment. Black and white striped zibeline is one of the favorite cloths for tailored suits over there. Many of the fashionable women at the last races of the autumn season appeared in gowns of black and white combinations. A black velvet costume with a black hat trimmed with white ostrich, white corduroy suit ornamented with black lynx with a white silk plush hat ornamented with black, and a black and white striped velvet costume worn with a set of pointed fox and a big black hat, are examples of

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FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

OFFERS A LARGE ASSORTMENT SUITABLE FOR

HOLIDAY GIFTS

Sacques and Matines\$ 3.75 to \$20.00

Tea Gowns and Dinner Dresses..... 15.00 to 45.00

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Loose full length Coats in Serge, Crepe de Chine and Pongee

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For street, afternoon and evening wear. Made in one piece. Designed especially to balance the figure. Will expand to fit without alteration.

Made to Measure, \$15.50 to \$91.00**Washington Heights Branch, Broadway and 163d St.**

221—(as illustrated). Most charming tea gown of crepe de chine, trimmed with velvet ribbon in a contrasting shade, and handsome lace scarf. Handsome satin roses at sleeves, bodice and hem of skirt finish this creation. Price, \$47.50



1114—(as illustrated). Pretty Empire dress in crepe Meteor with bertha of Macramé lace. Velvet girdle. Vest and cuffs of fine lace veiled in chiffon of a contrasting color. Skirt with shirred bands at hem. Price, \$60.00

"Shoe Elegance," so essential to the well-gowned woman, is assured by the use of

Largest
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Whittemore's

Shoe Polishes

Finest
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QualityTHE ONLY perfect preparation for cleansing and polishing
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes of ALL kinds and colors**THEY BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE THE LEATHER**

Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky

**"Gilt Edge"**

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, the only black dressing that positively contains OIL. Softens and preserves. Imparts a beautiful lustre. Largest quantity, finest quality. Its use saves time, labor and brushes, as it **SHINES WITHOUT BRUSHING**. Always ready to use. Price 25 cents.

"French Gloss," a smaller package, 10c.**Liquid Suede Dressings**

For cleansing and recoloring all kinds and colors of suede and ooze leather footwear, also buck and castor. Put up in all colors. Also in powder form (all colors). No waiting for shoes to dry. No matting down of the nap. In sitting top cans.

We recommend for **BLACK** suede shoes the liquid; for **ALL** other colors the powders. Either kind, 25c.

"Dandy"

Russet Combination. For Cleansing and Polishing Russet, Tan or Yellow Colored Boots and Shoes.

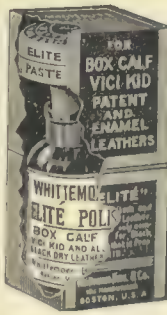
A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size, 25 cents.

"Star" Russet Combination same as **"Dandy,"** smaller size. Price 10 cents.

Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Gun Metal, Green and Blue leather shoes. Same sizes and prices.

"Elite"**Black Combination.**

The only first-class article for "Box Calf," Kid, "Vici Kid," and all black shoes. The **ONLY** polish endorsed by the manufacturers of "Box Calf" Leather. Contains oil and positively nourishes and preserves leather and makes it wear longer. Blacks and polishes. Price 25 cents.

"Baby Elite," a smaller package, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us his address and price in stamps for a full size package

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"I wish that every woman would try Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this winter. There is really nothing like it for the skin and complexion in cold weather."—The Hinds Cream Girl.



We are sure of this because such a vast number of refined women have for years used

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in preference to all other toilet creams, and the demand steadily increases everywhere.

It is so delightful to use, so refreshing and prompt in relieving

ROUGH OR CHAPPED SKIN

that it becomes a favorite in every home. It will keep the pores clean and free from impurities—prevent blemishes and eruptions of the skin. It is simply ideal as a *complexion beautifier*.

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Exquisite in style and color; full POSTPAID of life and interest; the daintiest, prettiest and most attractive art panel imaginable. No advertising on the front. You will like it and so will your friends. Send 10c to-day and we will mail it postpaid.

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A. S. HINDS, 95 West St., Portland, Maine

Size 11 x 46 inches

what the most fashionable women in Paris were wearing in the afternoon one month ago.

While it is yet too early for me to have seen much velvet worn in this country, I am assured by the dressmakers and tailors that there will any quantity of it be used both for street and evening wear. Black, dark blue and brown are the colors considered most appropriate for street wear, and share favor with the chinchilla velutinas that are quite new this season. Plums and purples always look well in velvet, and I have noticed some of the nattiest street hats are small draped velvet affairs made of those shades, and entirely self-trimmed.

Another smart idea for the velvet street hat is a severely plain covered shape, which rolls slightly all around, and a trifle more at the left side. It is a style that is certain to find more favor with the majority of women than the new silk plush hats, which a number of the younger women are wearing. This hatter's plush is a bit trying to any but the most perfect complexions and the most youthful contours. Velvet is a fabric which is becoming to young and old alike, whether worn in hats, costumes or street dresses. Besides many charming models in dark velvet, Franklin Simon is showing a stunning long coat in white corduroy with a big black fur collar that is particularly stunning, and is the sort of garment that will be useful both for afternoon, carriage and evening wear.

Among their petticoats and negligées are many dainty and quite inexpensive styles that will make delightful Christmas presents. Indeed, I have often wondered why more people did not give really useful presents when such dainty ones can be found, and of petticoats, negligées, neck frills, and blouses I am sure no girl ever yet had enough. Speaking of petticoats I must tell you of quite a new idea that a young friend of mine has originated. "You know," said she, "we can't wear frilly things on the outside of our petticoats to-day; they would spoil the hang of our skimpy evening gowns. So I have just had mine put on the inside. Catch the idea? Why, if your skirt happens to hike up a bit in front for some reason or other when you are sitting down, the little frilly things make a delightful background, don't you see?" I found out that other people did.

Among the useful and artistic presents to be found at Vantine's are the hand embroidered Japanese silk kimonos. You can find a very pretty one embroidered in chrysanthemums for \$15, while a somewhat more elaborate embroidery of cherry blossoms is \$18. The short embroidered kimonos in silk are \$10, in Kabe crêpe they are \$18.

Kabe crêpe coats that can be used for evening wraps, if one so desires, are hand embroidered in wistaria or rose designs at \$75. These stunning, if somewhat conspicuous Chinese hand embroidered evening coats come in dark colored silks with embroidery in various colors, and in large disc and floral designs. These range in price from \$45 to \$165.

Equally artistic and useful are the hand embroidered waist pat-

terns worked on either Chinese grass linen or Chinese silk at \$15. For men there are some equally useful gifts to be found in the Japanese silk house coats, which come in either narrow stripes or plain pongee at \$6.50, while men's pajamas in white silk or natural colored pongee are \$12 and \$10. I am sure that any man who get such presents ought to be more than grateful.

One of the many unique departments at Vantine's is that of the Oriental sweets, pickles, tea and cigarettes. No afternoon tea table seems to be quite complete without it bears some of these unusual sweetmeats. There are stuffed dates, and prunes, and cherries stuffed with pinon nuts. Spanish nougat always seems to be a little better than nougat made anywhere else in the world, while eaten on Fifth Avenue Vantine's Turkish Delight becomes a New York delight.

But really if I keep on enumerating all these fascinating sweetmeats that actually melt in one's mouth, I shall find myself squandering all my pin money on them to-morrow.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

For a time toilet vinegar fell into disuse with American women. There are many women of the present generation who have never even heard of toilet vinegar, yet it is one of the greatest necessities to the well-groomed woman. Toilet vinegar has many good uses. When the face is tired, is unnaturally hot, or is dry and burns, a few drops of toilet vinegar in the water in which the face is to be bathed will give immediate relief, and will restore the soft feeling and smooth look to the skin. Used in this way it is also said to prevent and remove freckles, wrinkles and redness.

A good toilet vinegar is also excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it almost instantaneously allays irritation.

Friction with toilet vinegar employed pure, restores impeded perspiration, and promotes the circulation of the blood. A bandage steep in vinegar, diluted with water and applied to the brows, will often cure headache. For purifying and fumigating the air of a room a few drops of this commendable toilet vinegar poured on a hot iron is excellent, for the vapors therefrom remove all unpleasant smells, and replaces them with a fresh and agreeable atmosphere.

During the autumn and winter months the hair is more likely to fall out than at any other time. For some reason or another men are more subject to baldness than women, and it is interesting to learn that some of the most prominent men in this and other countries highly endorse a certain hair tonic, which is said to arrest falling hair, eradicate dandruff, and, by removing the unhealthy condition about the hair roots, stimulate the growth, and also impart a much desired natural glossiness to the hair. If in very poor condition the scalp needs massage night and morning until



Photo Felix

MME. HARDANGES

A tailor-made of blue velvet, trimmed with bands of chinchilla

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The King of Perfumers

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS



THE ROSE OF ROSES

Among all the fragrant products from the establishment of that master perfumer, Lenthéric, of Paris, many of which from time to time we have recommended to our readers, none is likely to surpass the vogue of his latest creation, which he appropriately names "La Rose des Roses." It is the very essence of the queen of all flowers, and the roses from which it was made were remarked for their special beauty, just as a handsome woman might be more particularly noticed for her charm when in a group of other handsome women.

This new perfume is manufactured from the very best flowers, carefully selected in order to obtain a superior extract remarkable for the delicacy, fineness and purity of its aroma, and this explains its name, "La Rose des Roses."

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ALL THE SNAPPY NOVELTIES
IN STERLING SILVER

CHENEY SILKS

Spring fashions are now crystallizing
and there are strong indications
that Cheney

"Shower-Proof"
Foulards

will enjoy greater popularity than ever,
due, without question, to the beauty,
quality and "Shower-Proof" features
of these well-known silks.

Cheney Silks include "Shower-Proof" Foulards,
Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods,
Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Rib-
bons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc., etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS

Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 14th Street, New York



Photo Felix

Mlle. CELIAL

A novel wrap of velvet and plush combined

it shows improvement, after that the treatment may be gradually decreased until only a weekly massage is necessary. The massage should always be accompanied by the use of the hair tonic to produce the quickest and best results.

There is an excellent face cream, which not only keeps the skin soft and clean, but likewise keeps it wonderfully fine in texture. Continued application of this cream night and morning will reduce enlarged pores to their normal size. The cream is well compounded of pure ingredients, and can be used to advantage by every one. It is splendid for use after shaving. Women should use it in conjunction with soap of the same make. The face should be well lathered with the soap when cleansing the face at night. Then after the soap has been thoroughly washed off the cream should be applied and smoothed over the skin. It should then be manipulated into the skin by means of deft, quick pats, which will increase the circulation, and thus permit the skin to absorb the cream more quickly. The superfluous cream may then be wiped off with a soft cloth or bit of absorbent cotton. In the morning, after the face has been washed in cold water a light coating of the cream should be applied, and allowed to remain a few moments.

Then wipe off, and apply the face powder, which comes in white, pink and flesh color.

BEAUTY: How Acquired and Retained. By Elizabeth Hubbard, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This is a well gotten up and attractive pamphlet, containing many valuable hints on the preservation of beauty. Considerable space is devoted in these pages to the prevention of many of the ills to which the face and complexion are heirs, thus the author is in thorough accord with the general tendencies in modern therapeutics, the disciples of which dwell so much more upon the prevention of disease rather than upon its cure.

While, in nine cases out of ten, it is easier to prevent than to cure any ill to which the flesh is heir, the great difficulty in the way is to make the general public realize this important fact. "The wise woman in these days," writes Mrs. Hubbard, "believes in prevention; therefore she begins to give thought and care to her complexion before the smallest wrinkles make their appearance. For those who have thoughtlessly neglected the care of the face until middle age, when lines are already deepening, the results from treatment are slower; and while they cannot be entirely removed, they can be partially effaced, and in some instances where treatment is persistent, they may be made almost invisible. Therefore, *prevention* is the easier and surer method."

All women may have a good natural color, and skin of fine texture. These are the great attributes of beauty, which may make the lack of symmetrical features less obvious to the majority of observers. To-day, most women have a good foundation on which to build up a good color and fine skin. For the present generation has paid more attention to the scientific and hygienic care of the body than did their mothers and grandmothers. They are better corsetted, and therefore carry themselves better and breathe more correctly, all of which makes for better circulation. And good circulation is the firm foundation upon which superb bodily health and a good complexion are built.

Mrs. Hubbard believes that texture of a soft, fine quality can be cultivated in a rough, coarse skin, according to the persistence of treatment. The complexion can be cleared, smoothed and refined by softening and cleansing the outer cuticle, thus evenly removing the waste scales of the skin. A healthful color can be acquired by scientific treatment, which stimulates and increases the flow of blood through the surface tissues. Active circulation of the blood in the face is absolutely necessary for removing impurities from the facial tissues, and also for replacing the life-giving elements which it eliminates. Poor circulation through the face means one of two things; either the tissue will shrink and become flabby and wrinkled, or they will insure a fatty accumulation that results in double chin and enlarged cheeks.

One chapter in this book is devoted to the home treatment of the face, eyes, neck and hands, so that the women who are unable on account of distance to seek Mrs. Hubbard's personal advice may, by following the directions here given, do much to add to their personal charms.

Mrs. Hubbard strongly voices the belief that the face need not become lined and wrinkled if proper occasional treatment be begun early enough. She says that prevention is far easier than restoration. So it behooves the woman who would retain her youthful beauty to begin the care and protection of her complexion before the ravages of time, climate, environment and ill-health begin to show their various disfiguring effects.

The National Horse Show brought out, as usual, the great public display of the latest modes. There were some decided novelties in the way of dress accessories, otherwise the great sartorial sensation was the début of the flounced skirt. This was worn by a fashionable young woman who had just returned from Paris, and the costume bore all the insignia of one of the famous houses of the Rue de la Paix.

In outline this was a costume that was reminiscent of the eighteenth century, from which were derived the modes of 1830. The

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It is applied to many kinds of cloths suitable for men's, women's and children's outer garments.

"Cravenette" Rain Coats

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An exquisitely graceful
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ORIGINAL novelties in all kinds of fancy
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Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health
Your Money Back if it Doesn't
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gown was made of a soft green and mauve glacé or changeable taffetas, and the four flounces which embellished the skirt were so shaped that there was really no fulness in them. The scalloped edges of these flounces were bordered with fringed-out plaited frills. Above them was placed a wide band of gold lace, veiled by a tunic of green ninon de soie. This, in turn, was edged with scrolls and bands of the taffetas.

The girdle was of mauve silk, ornamented with gold buttons. The upper part of the bodice was of draped ninon de soie over white lace, the latter also forming the chemisette and high stock collar. With this was worn a small black velvet cap, trimmed with a narrow line of white ostrich with a few dainty little rococo flowers tucked into it.

Quantities of fur were worn, principally in the form of huge neckpieces and muffs, that were larger than ever. Plenty of black and white fox was seen, and quite a few stoles showed the combination of white with black fox. Pointed fox, the black fox with long white hairs strewn over it, was worn by many of the best-dressed women.

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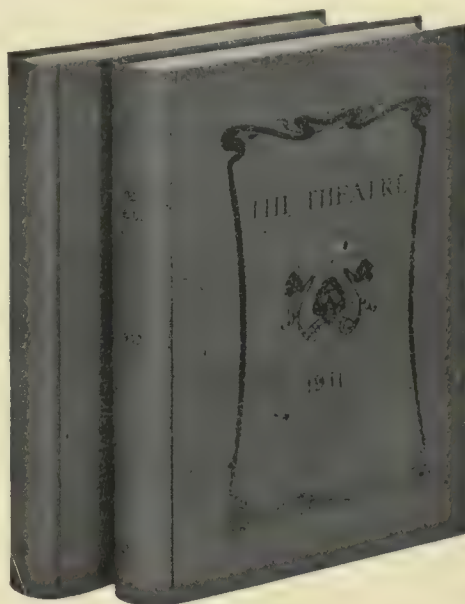
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The Theatre Magazine,
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N. Y. Times, Nov. 14th, 1911

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noticeable in the form and make-up of
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accounts of some of the composers whose
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boys in new uniforms doled out these
tablets of information, which are this
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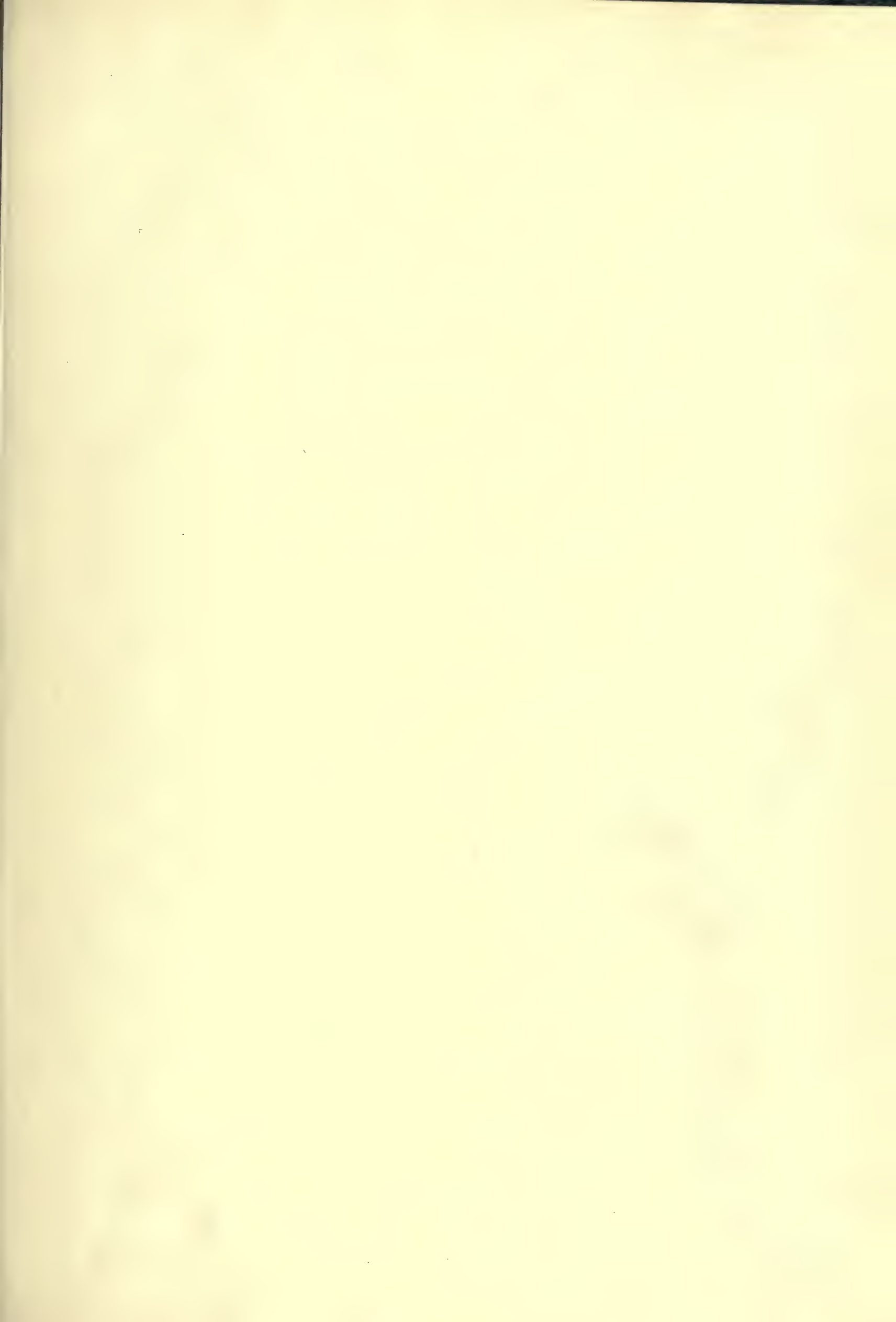
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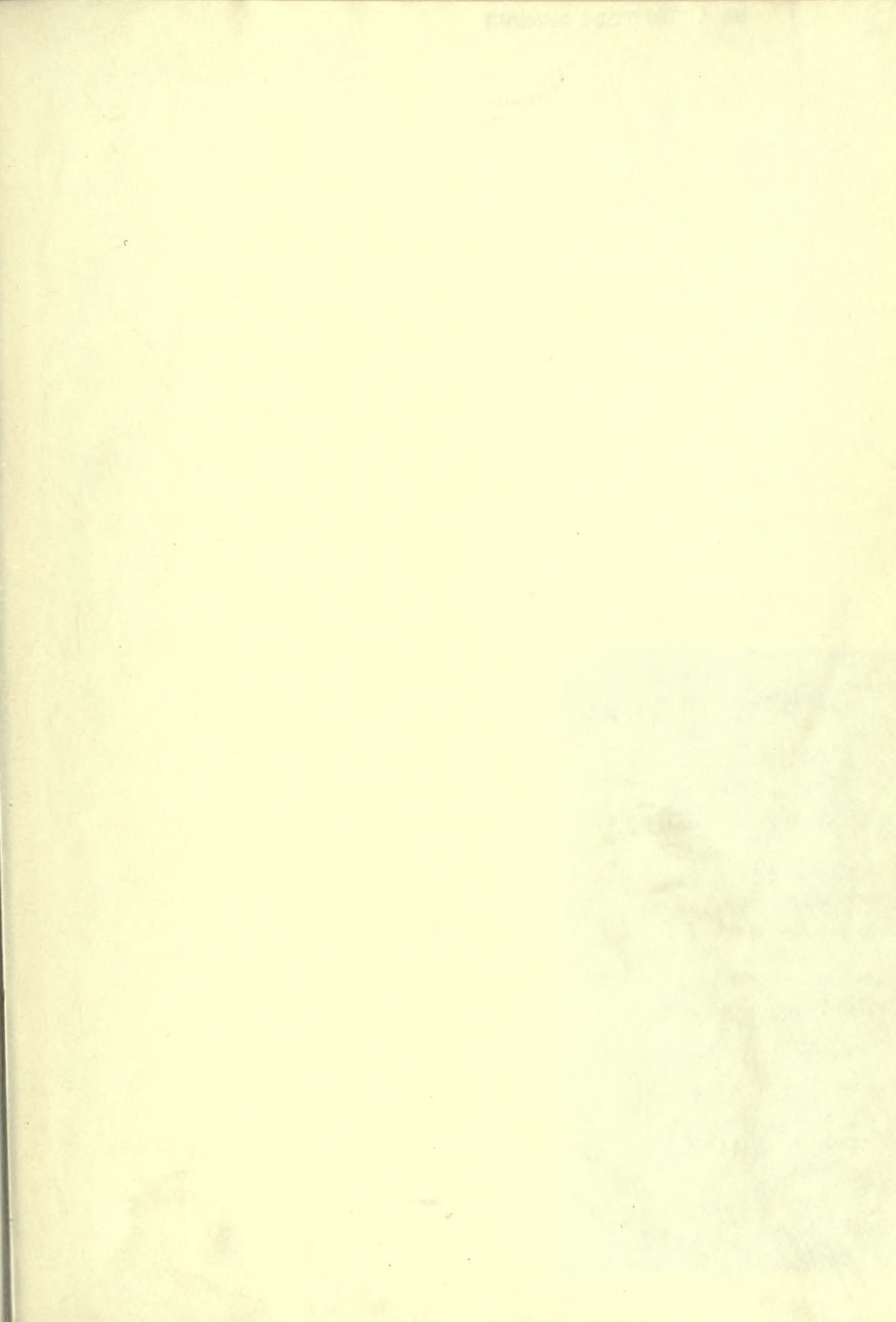
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